

Woman and the Home

Little Helps

Face cloths made of three thicknesses of mosquito netting are very satisfactory, especially for traveling. They keep white and dry quickly. A good finish for the edge is made by crocheting a small scallop in white, pink or blue silk.

I have found that in making traveling cases to hold toilet articles, such as brush, comb, toothbrush, and cases for other things, like rubber overshoes, it is better to stitch the rubber lining separately. Then when you wish to wash or iron the case, slip out the rubber case and you can iron the outside when it would be impossible to do so with the rubber lining.

"I've triumphed over these rubber men at last," declared a business girl. "I used to wear out three or four pairs of rubbers in a season until I learned to have a lift of leather (one thickness) put on the inside of the heel and another on the outside, to which was fastened the regulation heel plate. The cobbler will do the work for ten cents, and this lengthens the life of the rubbers so much that now I need only one pair a season."

Every mother of a small son knows how well-nigh impossible it is to keep a bandage on his finger. Also, how frequently little boys' fingers are in need of bandaging. Before throwing away old kid gloves cut off the good fingers for "finger stalls" for the boy. Cut the under side short, but let the top run back to the wrist of the glove; then split this strip to form straps to fasten around the child's wrist with a small safety pin. These stalls will be quite large enough to cover the bandaged finger of a small child and will save endless time and worry. For larger children use fingers from a man's glove.

A Daughter's Story

When it was proposed that George and I should go to his parents place to live after our marriage, it was I who demurred. I liked his father and mother, but — I wanted a home of my own. They urged our coming. Finally, to please them, I consented. Do you know, I had not been there a week before I knew that it was all a mistake. We should not have been cajoled and coaxed into coming. In the first place George's mother, in some respects the dearest, kindest hearted woman in the world, was, decidedly "cluttery." I, by nature and the teaching of a very neat mother, had an abhorrence of seeing things thrown around and I seemed to be picking up and putting away all the time. Mother Thompson didn't seem to care. She would laugh and say good naturedly: "Mary has a steady job," and then throw down her garments right on the parlor lounge or piano, if it chanced to be the handiest.

Then Father Thompson had a dreadful habit of chewing tobacco and spitting. I used to feel actually sick at times, yet, was it not his own home? How could I object, I, who had no legal right there and then, besides, he was so pleasant and always ready to do the chores and let George and I go away, how could I find fault with a life, long habit that, probably, had never been criticized and of whose nastiness he had no conception?

George was very good to me and I hated to complain to him of his own father and mother, especially when they were more than generous in the matter of division of the profits of the farm.

But somehow I felt as if I had no home, was, in truth, a sort of "pilgrim and stranger."

One day a lovely spring Sunday, I suddenly thought of a way out, a possible way out, if all hands would agree.

There was on the place a house that had been intended for a hired man and his family. It contained, for I had examined it thoroughly, five rooms, one very small, and it was much out of repair and needed a coat of paint very badly. But, in my mind, I saw this little house renovated and set in order and George and I living in it, in our own dear little home. I spoke to

him about it. At first he thought that, after the spaciousness of the big house I would be discontented with this smaller abode. Then, as I kept talking about it, he, too, became enthusiastic. We rather disliked speaking to the old folks about our desire, for fear they would think us very ungrateful, but, do you know they metaphorically as it were, jumped at it and I learned then, for the first time, that they, too, had been putting up with us as much as we had with them.

I heard Mother Thompson say to her husband: "I wouldn't have said one word, not if they'd stayed here forty-eleven years, but I think it's a mighty good thing that George has such a sensible wife. I'm tired of being picked up all the time. Mary

Training Boys to Cook

If any mother is perfectly certain that her boys are to spend all their lives in town, and if she is also certain that every emergency will find them amply supplied with money so that they can afford to buy cooked food or patronize restaurants perhaps she can feel easy about not teaching them to cook; but even then there are occasions when all manly men wish they had been trained to prepare a few dishes in their mother's kitchens. With domestic helpers so very scarce on the farms, it is not to be wondered at that many farmers' wives are teaching the boys to cook and to insist that cooking shall include dishwashing and cleaning up when they are done.

It isn't easy to persuade boys to like cooking unless there are some extra inducements to offer. Most boys think it looks "sissy" to putter about a kitchen; but once they are convinced that many good times go with a knowledge of cooking, they are not so hard to catch. One mother craftily helped to build a small furnace in the back yard where the boys could fry



Commencing a Mountain Climb in the Canadian Rockies

is so awful neat that I never know where anything is of mine any more and I have felt as if I was out somewhere visiting for a long time."

Then the dear, generous creatures fell to planning what they should give us to start to home-making with, and I guess they'd have stripped the house if we'd have let them. Now we're both contented. George and I have our own dear little home and the old folks have theirs, yet we are near enough to be helpful and handy, and we never have had and never shall have, a quarrel. Perhaps we never should, even with our varying tastes, if I had stayed at the big house, but none of us were really contented and now we all are. So, perhaps, my way may help solve the problem that is to-day destroying the harmony of so many households and keeping them from being homes

Drives Asthma Like Magic. The immediate help from Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy seems like magic. Nevertheless it is only a natural remedy used in a natural way. The smoke or vapor, reaching the most remote passage of the affected tubes, brushes aside the trouble and opens a way for fresh air to enter. It is sold by dealers throughout the land.

their own fish, boil green corn roast potatoes and pop corn without mussing up the kitchen and the way those boys took to cooking was most gratifying. In a few weeks they could fry bacon, boil eggs, cook corn and potatoes and even make doubtful looking corn cakes on their outdoor furnace. It took a great deal of dirt and confusion out of the kitchen and trained the boys in useful work, besides keeping them at home under supervision.

Taking the Rainy Day by the Forelock

By G. Wolfe, Simpson, Sask.

Even at the liveliest of summer resorts "Some days must be dark and dreary; some days the rain must fall." It is then that the dearest of children will droop, whine and eventually spoil your day. Happy is the woman who not only takes the rainy day by the forelock, but who also solves its problems before she flits to her summer home.

Among the many of children's amusements, none seem more universally liked than carrom, crokinole or checker boards.

If there are any of these in the home they should not be forgotten on "packing up" day. The rainy day—remember.

A pressed flower album is often of great interest to boys and girls. A large book should be taken along, in which the flowers may be pressed. Besides the pressing book, another book should be ready for the mounting of the flowers. This mounting book should have pure white drawing paper in it. The flowers will appear better on pure white paper. A tiny bit of mucilage will easily hold the flowers in place. The rainy day is a good time to look after this pressed flower album.

Not one person in ten ever will forget the times when they used to play school. Twentieth century children have seemingly inherited the liking for it, for in nearly every neighborhood every summer there are usually to be found a bevy of children forever playing the old old game that Socrates no doubt played in the long ago before he grew so wise. This game is an ideal one for the rainy day at the resort. The pleasure is heightened if a small moveable blackboard is provided, together with chalk and erasers for the little teacher. A box or two of crayons will not come in amiss, while plasticine, the very sound of which smacks of kindergarten days, always pleases little folks.

It is a wise idea also to have with you weaving paper of many colors. Colored squares of paper will suggest drinking cups and pianos which the childish hands are so apt in making.

Sewing cards also seem to attract many children. Three or four dozen of these cards will be none too many. Then tuck in as many spools of mercerized silk as you wish, together with a package of sewing card needles. The advantage in using these kind of needles lies in the fact that they are pointless and hence safer for the tiny seamstress. Little girls who have passed the doll stage and are yet too little to read to any advantage, will find sewing and embroidery very fascinating, especially if beautiful pieces of cotton, wool and silk are provided in a dainty work box.

With these amusements inside, the children will forget the dashing of the waves and the screaming of the wind-tossed sea gulls. At candle lighting time a happy group of youngsters will all agree that a rainy day is a happy day when mother takes that same day by the forelock.

Mother Hunger

If only I could find her—for the mother-hunger's on me;
I want to see and touch her, to know her close beside;
I want to put my head in the hollow of her shoulder,
I want to feel her love me as she did before she died.

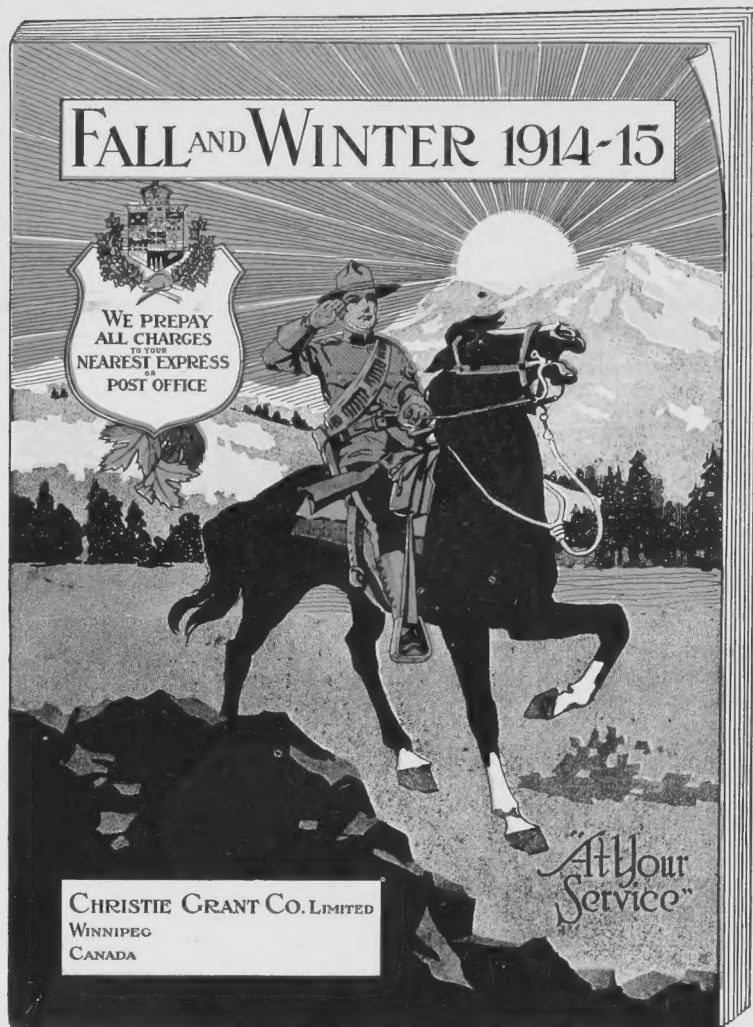
In all the world is nothing, love of husband or of children,
In all the world is nothing that can soothe me or can stir
Like the memory of her fragile hand on which the ring was slipping—
The hand that wakes my longing at the very thought of her.

The window in the sunshine and the empty chair beside it,
The loneliness that mocks me as I find the sacred place!
O mother, is there naught in the unerring speech of silence
To let me know your presence, tho' I cannot see your face?

Thank God that I have had you—that we held each other closer,
As women and as sisters and as souls that claimed their own,
Than any tie of blood could bind; and now my heart is bleeding,
My heart is bleeding, mother, and yours is turned to stone

O, no, I've not forgotten the triumph and the glory—
I would not bring you back again to struggle and to pain
This hour will pass; but O, just now, the mother-hunger's on me,
And I would give my soul to-night to kiss your hair again.
—H., in "Good Housekeeping."

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A Chat with Our Readers

IDEAL weather conditions are favoring Western Canada this season, and all authorities are agreed that prospects for a great crop are exceptionally good. The increase of acreage under cultivation is beyond all anticipation. The number of people who came to us during this season from other lands though perhaps in not such large numbers as formerly are said to be of the very best class in the lands from which they come. Men and women of energy and ambition are seeking in our Western plains many advantages denied them by the narrow environment of their former homes. From the United States many are marching in daily, bringing with them much material comfort and right ideals. From England, Scotland and Ireland every ocean liner brings hundreds, so that a constant stream of the best Anglo-Saxon and Celtic blood is flowing regularly into the Canadian national life. Others among the immigrants of this season are from such progressive countries as Germany, France, Sweden, etc., and are the very pick of their people—all joining us in the great task of building up the Canadian West.

AUGUST CONTENTS

Editorial Comment

Natacha Max McD.

In the Grip of the Law H. Mortimer Batten

Many Tales of Many Dogs Bonnycastle Dale

Aunt Priscilla's Money—and Jerry... Elspeth Wilson

The Evolution of Man and Woman... Amy Emil Seely

A Saskatchewan Harvest Home Edith G. Bayne

Robbing Peter Charles Dorian

The Light of Other Days J. D. A. Evans

Review of Current Events.....

The Philosopher

The Young Man and His Problem... Dr. J. L. Gordon

The Young Woman and Her Problem Mrs. P. R. Hamilton

Womans Quiet Hour..... Miss E. Cora Hind

Other Regular Departments Include:

Household Suggestions, The Farm,

Poultry Chat, Embroidery, Sunday

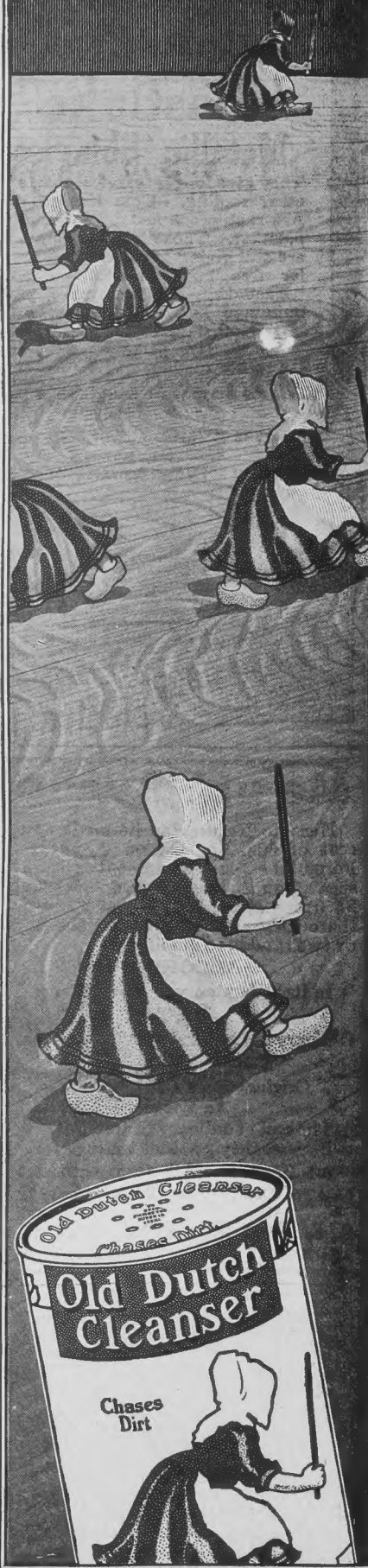
Reading, Patterns and Fashions,

Correspondence, etc.

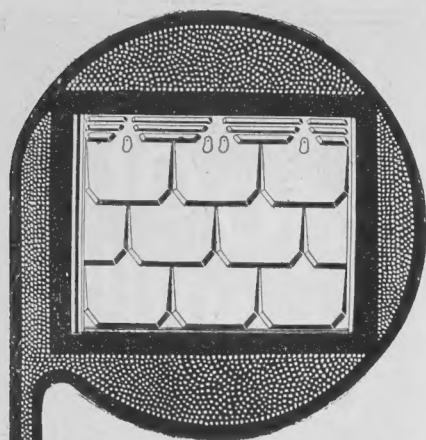
The aim of The Western Home Monthly has at all times been to be helpful to its readers, and to bring them from month to month ideas and suggestions that are healthy in thought, progressive in action, and which tend to make the conditions of life easier. It is not therefore too much to expect of those of our readers who find pleasure and profit in this magazine to introduce it to the newcomer as a healthy product of this Western land. The flattering comments reaching us by every mail from many subscribers are in themselves sufficient to inspire our best effort, and the endeavor of the future will be not only to sustain what has been attained, but with a keener and broader view of the requirements of our readers and the conditions which are peculiar to our land, to bring marked improvement to every department. The Editorial page will be a cheery salutation with an intelligent and impartial comment on the problems of the day. It won't be a sermon, but it will keep its readers correctly informed. All the other pages—every story—every poem—will carry its own special message, and they will all sum up and express what the magazine stands for—helpfulness. The publishers take a rightful pride in the men and women who, from month to month, contribute to the magazine. These include leaders in journalism, education, business, the church and the field of fiction. The various women's departments are in charge of those who are ripe in experience and culture, and who add to their qualifications an intimate knowledge of Western home life. It is this intimate knowledge of Western life and things Western on the part of its editors and contributors that preeminently suits this magazine to the requirements of the settler, and gives it preference over periodicals published in New York and London—separated from us by leagues of land and sea, and still more in conditions of life. The ambition of the publishers is to extend the sphere and influence of The Western Home Monthly so that by the end of 1914 it will carry its cheer to at least ten thousand more homes than it reaches at the present time. No reason that this should not be, if, as hundreds tell us—it is the best magazine they see.

A steady flow of appreciations continue to reach us by every mail. We candidly admit that we are delighted with the popular favor which the magazine has attained. Any of our readers who have anything to say—good, bad or indifferent—we will always be glad to hear from. Our aim is to issue a magazine giving pleasure and profit to all who may read it. We want our readers to understand that their interests and pleasure are first considerations with us. By the way, we want you to look over our Premium offers in this issue. These premiums are the most valuable ever offered by any Western publication, and you will observe that they can be obtained on very easy conditions. The many appreciations which we have received from our readers is ample proof of the exceptional popularity of these premiums.

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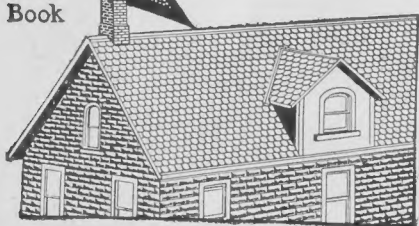
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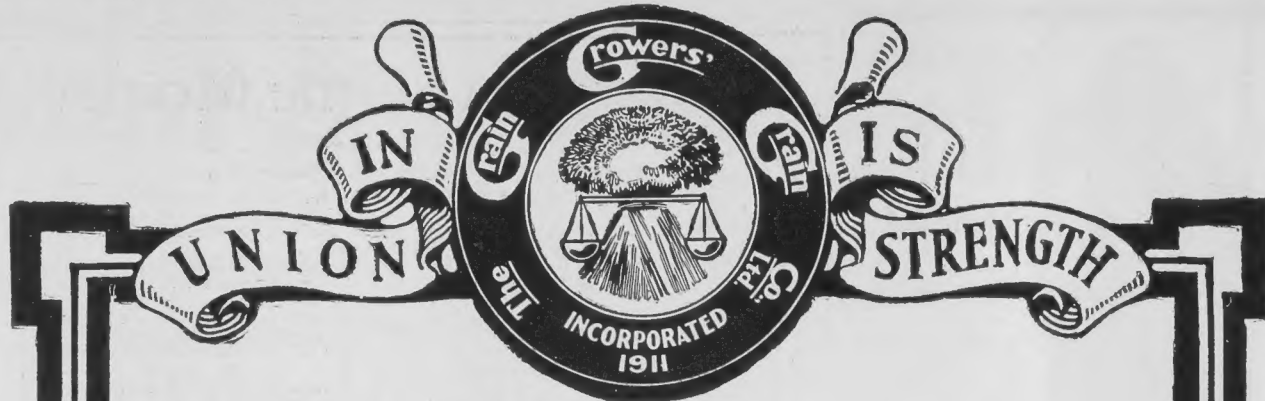
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Winnipeg, Man.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

LIFE PURPOSE

Because of the glorious promise of a bountiful harvest, half a dozen typical farmers in Western Canada were asked to reply in single sentences to this simple question: "If your crop turns out as well as you expect, what do you propose doing with the proceeds." Here are the answers, and they are worthy of a word of comment: (1) Intend to buy another quarter section; (2) I am going to pay for my machinery; (3) I am going to put it in stock; (4) I am building a new barn; (5) I have a girl in the Old Country; (6) I am going to try to repeat the trick for six years, and then the city for me.

These may not be typical answers, but taking them one by one, they set forth clearly some of the aims which Western farmers have before them. It is a good thing for a man to aim at a large farm. It is questionable if the right size of farm in an agricultural country is not one large enough to support a traction engine. Until farmers learn to co-operate cheerfully, there is loss through expenditure for machinery that is used but for a short portion of the year. Anyway, it is good to see a man aim at a half section. Some of his children will be looking forward to farming some day, and it is wise to have enough land for two. Yet when a man has a farm sufficiently large he had better fight against land greed. It was a pretty small life pictured by the Kansas farmer when he said he wanted more land to raise more corn to feed more hogs, to get more money to buy more land, to raise more corn, etc. So the answer given by the first farmer of the six may be praiseworthy, or it may indicate that greed which is the besetting sin of so many in a new land where materialism flourishes so naturally.

With the second farmer we can all sympathize. It is a terrible thing to be loaded up with debt and it is wonderful how many are in debt to the implement firms. It is said that eighty per cent of the money received by farmers last year went at once to the manufacturer of farm machinery or to the banks. And herein is a great pity—a pity that co-operative banks by farmers are not in operation and a pity that greater caution is not exercised in the purchase of machinery, and greater care taken of the machinery when it is purchased.

The third farmer is going to purchase stock. He believes in mixed farming. He knows that the day of wider markets and cheaper transportation is at hand. He is not going to depend upon wheat alone. He is going to be ready for the time when the world demand will be for live stock rather than for grain. That time has really arrived, and happy is the farmer who has anticipated it. There is a delight, too, in stock raising, and even to the man who would be chiefly a grain grower there is need that he keep cattle, else his land will become impoverished. It is just as poetic and just as significant of riches to refer to "the cattle on a thousand hills" as it is to the "fields of waving gold."

The fourth farmer would build a new barn. He, too, contemplates stock. Yet is it not a marvellous thing that in so many cases the improvement of the barn is placed before the improvement of the home dwelling? Surely the mother and the

children deserve some consideration. Ten, fifteen or even twenty years go by. The pink cheeks lose their color, the bright eyes their sparkle, and the hopes of youth fade away and die. Acres have been added to the farm, the stock has increased ten-fold, the barns are large and complete, but there is yet no real home, nothing in which the wife may take a personal pride, nothing which will attract the children and keep them on the land. A new barn is good—but sometimes it costs too much.

"I have a girl in the old land." What a story here of devotion and courage and fond anticipation! And there are hundreds of young men all over this land who are working and singing as they work, because they are looking forward to the time when they may send a message to the girl in the home land. Let us wish the harvest may be thrice bounteous so that when the young girl comes there may be ready for her not only the welcome of her betrothed, but some of those comforts which only money can buy, and which are almost necessary to happiness in what was once the great lone land, but is now only at times a great lonely land. Our young farmer is right. He needs a wife, and the country needs her, and she may be assured she will get a right warm Western welcome.

But what of the sixth farmer? How many, think you, are of his class? Well, there are not a few. The farm, a good place to make money, a poor place to spend it—that is the theory. It is a poor theory—poor in the first place because it implies that money making and spending are the ends of life, and they are only incidents of life. There is no better place in this whole world to build up a life and to spend a life than on the farm, if one only cares to make life all that it was intended to be. A man who restricts his activities on the farm to money making will find at the end of six years that he has capacity for nothing else. He cannot enjoy the city, he cannot sympathize with it. The only thing to do is to make farm life so full of variety that it will appeal to life on all sides. A good library for spare hours, some music, a few games, tools and materials for hand-manufacture, pets for the children and garden plots for each, opportunities for social enjoyment at least occasionally, participation in religious work—these are but illustrations of what might characterize farm life. Where a man and woman have their whole lives ministered to on the farm they will not wish to leave it, and their children will stay by them. One thing that makes children leave the farm is the unrest of parents, and this unrest frequently follows the pursuit of one-sided ideals. A very wise man once said: "The best place to spend middle age is the town, but the best place to spend childhood and old age is the country."

There is one remarkable thing about the testimony of the six farmers. They are all determined to better their own condition. They did not go much beyond that. If there is any altruism in their make up it is not expressed. Possibly all of them intend to get into better financial and social condition in order that they may be of greater service in the community. There is nothing more necessary to an individual who

would realize his highest possibilities than this community sense. A man cannot make real progress in any large sense unless he brings his neighbors with him. In the past Western farmers have been generous in aiding philanthropic institutions—schools, churches, hospitals and the like. There will be found an increasing number in the future who will consider that ministering to the comfort and safety of others is both a privilege and a duty.

Taking half-a-dozen in any other calling than farming how would their answers compare?

A CONTRAST

Within a few weeks two provincial elections have been held in Canada. It is interesting to compare the results, and in the light of these to estimate the character of the electorate in the two provinces.

In Ontario the one great issue was the temperance policy. Evidently the electors had not awakened sufficiently to comprehend the significance of banishing the bar. Some one has said that "people of Ontario are so inert and so wedded to established custom that it would take two generations for a new idea to be understood—to say nothing of being endorsed." Whether this is true or libellous does not just now signify. The fact is that the liquor interests are alive and active, and there does not seem to be very hearty co-operation among the forces opposed to the traffic. Perhaps it is true that although the politicians were fighting out the battle on the ground of temperance, the people were settling the issue on other grounds. They were comparing the administration of Sir James Whitney with that which preceded him, and not always to the advantage of the latter. Under his administration some splendid reforms had been introduced, such as the new penal system. Even in the field of temperance there had been a better system of enforcement than formerly. Above all the administration was honest, frank and sincere, and Sir James, especially after his illness, was loved by the people, while two of his lieutenants had not only local but a provincial reputation that brought support to the government. What can be said about Ontario, therefore, is that though it is incapable of appreciating a great moral issue as it should, it shows good sense in appreciating moral worth in those whom it appoints to office.

In Manitoba things were entirely different. Here there were three or four great moral issues and the electors as a whole were keenly alive to at least two of these. Nevertheless, it was evident to all on the ground that there was something more at stake than a difference of policies. There seems to have been dissatisfaction with some of those in political control because they were believed to have been lacking in frankness and sincerity. They were evidently believed to be playing a double game.

The people of Manitoba have shown themselves more capable than the people of Ontario in appreciating great issues; they have shown greater willingness to sink party feeling and to put a proper value on the triumph of moral principles. Both provinces are to be congratulated on this, that they demand in their leaders sincerity, honesty and good faith. May it ever be so.

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Natacha

By Max. McD.

IT was broken health that brought Nellie Bartlett to the West. She was an only child. Her father at the time of her mother's death, left her with an aunt and migrated to the land of the red men and buffalo. He was an illiterate fellow, Tom Bartlett, and his cow-puncher life developed in him a recklessness and daring seldom found in men of his age. But withal Tom was respected, and when his daughter, Nellie, came to spend a summer at the ranch, the place was just plagued with cowboys from the outfits for one hundred miles around.

Dick Crosby had been wrangler at the Bar U, and when things got dull at mid-summer he went over to help Tom Bartlett's men put up hay. Dick was handy with a towel, and it was not long till helping dry dishes in the kitchen fell oftener to Dick than to the other cowboys at the ranch; and to wield the dish towel for the only white girl in a hundred miles, was considered no small honor.

The change of climate did not work for Nellie Bartlett all that her friends in the East had hoped, and with the approach of fall she grew weaker and a total collapse threatened. To her father, then, fell the care of his daughter and the work at the ranch house.

Dick Crosby saw that something must be done to ensure better care for the little sick girl, for whom he had begun to feel so strong an attachment. Her father could not be persuaded to get a white nurse from the East, believing that he was doing for his daughter all that could be done. Dick knew that a woman's hand on the hot forehead was needed and he set out to hunt one.

The Indian reserve was thirty miles distant, and thither the lean-shanked man turned his wiry sorrel, leading a colt of four years, just halter-broken.

The return journey was not a long one, but for one of the two who rode the trail that day it meant a transition from the old life of the teepee to the new one in white surroundings.

A plainsman's instinct told the man it was noon time, and looking up at the sun, he signalled a halt.

"Better grub, Natacha!"

The Indian girl dismounted and in the stolid fashion of her race set herself to the preparation of the crude meal.

The man picketed his horse in the rank grass beside the lake where they had halted and hobbled the cayuse the girl was riding; then sat himself cross-legged before the small fire and began rolling a cigarette.

"Now, look here, Natacha," said he in a drawl that proclaimed his Southern birth, "we might as well have a sort o' final chin-chin while there's still time. Of course your old buck father is willin' enough and all that, for that there hoss I gave him was a shore beauty; but this here goin' and livin' in a white family and a stickin' to their white ways ain't goin' to come any too easy, 'specially at first."

The girl straightened herself to her full height from her crouch over the frying pan. And, looking at Dick Crosby, she inquired with a touch of scorn in her voice, "Lots to do?"

Dick underseemed his former rating of her as the best he could possibly have gotten. Here, indeed, was one who could lift the burden of household cares from Nellie Bartlett, for Nellie was but now recovering from an illness that had nearly taken her away from him. He eyed the little lithe muscular figure before him—a figure whose proportions revealed a strength many a good man, even on that range, might well have envied. Then he chuckled.

"Well, no, hardly that, girl. You ain't goin' to wear out, as it were. I was just speakin' about the difference in the kind of livin' you was arunnin' into. Still, I reckon you'll flop right

into the thing quick enough. I just thought I'd have this here little final powwow with you, 'cause, somehow or other, this tradin' game I worked with your old man kind o' weighed on my mind as bein' mighty near buyin' and sellin' a human. And now, hoss or no hoss, I'm givin' you a chance to choose for yourself. Fact is, I'm willin' to lose the hoss altogether; and," he went on reflectively, "it shore was a fine colt, that."

The Indian maid listened with rapt attention to all the big cow-puncher had to say and broke in suddenly with:

"You be there?"

"Well, no," he answered with a grin to himself. "The work is done at Bartlett's; but I do reckon I'll be there off and on, so it would only be a pibald lie to say I'll be there mighty often."

Then he went on chuckling to himself; for he had really been talking more to himself than to the Indian girl. Dick's mind was running back to the sick girl at Bartlett's to see whom his sorrel would soon wear a foot-deep path from his own lonely shack to old Bartlett's outfit.

Even a man accustomed to read the stolid faces of her tribe would have found it difficult to trace the slightest semblance of a problem being solved in the mind and heart of the Indian girl. But when she had tossed the two tin plates and granite cups into the saddle bags after they had finished their trail lunch and Dick had rolled another cigarette preparatory to mounting, she said, "I go."

The Bartlett ranch house lay in a valley between great hills. It was nightfall when the Indian girl and her white escort spied the frail form of Nellie Bartlett leaning on the corral gate.

"Howdo, Nellie," sang out Dick as he flung his long leg over the sorrel's back and dismounted to throw open the gate, "this here servant rustlin' o' mine has turned out some productive. This here's

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Natacha from the reserve out east. I reckon she'll prove mighty handy about the house."

Nellie Bartlett held out her hand in friendly greeting, and Natacha glanced from man to woman before her. At Dick's nod she bent slightly, and with a crude grace, took the white girl's outstretched hand, saying simply, "How?"

"Hello, Dick! You've got her, eh? Thank Heaven!" said old Tom, appearing in the doorway. "It seems to me if I'd had to keep up this here red-cross nursin' o' Nellie much longer, what with cookin' all the chuck and a scrubbin' all the wash, about the best thing for me to 'a' done would 'a' been to go right in fer aprons, curl papers, and a switch."

Natacha had wandered back to her pony's side where she stood in her wonted passivity. Dick availed himself of this opportunity to get a word in with Nellie.

"And now, Nellie, girl, it's a good canter every day for you. Roses in your cheeks, and the old sparkle in your eyes. You just let Natacha here wait on you and nurse you back to yourself again. I'm reckonin' on there bein' a weddin' here soon; don't you yourself calculate I've had about watin' enough?"

"You sure have, Dick," said Nellie, in the vernacular of the West. "I'm going to get better right quick, and not keep you waiting much longer. And oh! Dick, I love you so!"

He caught his kiss; then whirled to see if anyone was watching. Old Tom was indoors rattling dish pans, and Natacha was on the other side of her cayuse loosening a clinche girth.

Dick climbed into the saddle and began a fifteen mile ride to Fishburn, where he tumbled into one of the bunks at the Stewart ranch.

It was at breakfast next morning that a pony thumped up against the door of the dining room, and big Grati D'Alton strode his hefty person into their midst. "Smatter, Grati? You look like you had a rattler in yer shirt."

"Matter 'nough," growled Grati, "somebody's out doctorin' brands on this here range."

"Aw come off, Grati. There ain't been no rustlin' in these here parts since the two Brown boys were sent down to Stony Mountain three years ago."

"All right, have it your way," grunted Grati as he took a chair, "but I just come from a spot not ten miles back where a calf with a brand new scorch-mark I ain't never seen before hereabout—this here calf, I say, was a nestlin' up close and child-like to one of the Hatfield cows. That close it was that any of you coyotes here would hang a feller on the strength of said cow bein' the mother thereof. Savvy?"

There was a pause in the conversation as Grati sat down to refresh himself after his long night ride from the Hatfield ranch, where he was broncho-twister that year.

Finally Dick Crosby broke the silence of Big Grati's home thrust.

"Well, all the outfits on this here range knows their own brands and anyone as shows up to claim them calves at round-up time, we can spot them, can't we?"

"Yes," answered Grati, "but there's a lot o' outfits up north buyin' up cattle down here in the foothills and slapin' their own brands on 'em. Come round-up time you'll see 'em all down here a cuttin' out their cattle from among our'n."

"But what about the rustler?"

"Why, he just runs his new fangled mark on whatever calf he happens to fancy, or he gets a pal to do it for him; comes a struttin' round here big as life round-up time, and drives north with his outfit. Course he's got some windy-bellied Shorthorns of his own to make the thing look ship-shape. Tumble? Let's ride over and see the calf," continued the excited Grati, "taint ten miles up the Dry Fork."

The chairs grated back, but Dick Crosby sat still munching away at a flapjack.

"Ain't you comin', Crosby?"

"Like to, but I can't," answered Dick.

"Can't, eh?" grinned Grati, "something with petticoats fifteen miles back, eh?"

Dick joined in the laugh and answered, "It's more in the line o' business, fellas. So long."

The discovery of four more calves with brands doctored similar to the one Big Grati discovered the morning of the excitement caused a rising and ill-boding wrath among the cattlemen.

Dick Crosby heard little of the uneasiness of the punchers in the weeks following. His mind was more occupied with thoughts of Nellie Bartlett, of her recovering health, and of the nearing date of his wedding to her. He did not know that the cattlemen of the Kootenay Range had decided that the best place for the fellow who was doctoring brands, if caught, would be a ropeless and treeless land.

Late one afternoon as Dick rode into the yard of the Bartlett ranch, Old Tom was just turning his pony into the corral. Glancing about the crude dwelling and seeing no sign of the servant he had brought to help the Bartlett's Dick asked, "Where's Natacha?"

"Oh, she's gone off on one of those jaunts of her's. You see, Dick, every once in a while she seems to get restless, the Indian blood I reckon, and it seemed best to me to let her have her run. She's got her own pony, you know, and she comes back lookin' better and happier. She's always back before dark, and I shouldn't be surprised if she returns any minute."

Tom had come to value the services of the Indian girl in his home, and continued: "That same Natacha's the only Injun I ever see worth a cartridge even; but she shore is plumb valuable to us. I really b'lieve that Nellie there owes a mighty heap of her betterment to her; and, as for takin' household off'n me, why—" and he left to silence the task of his incompleting sentence.

After an hour spent in a lover's usual inconsequent talk, Dick once more slung his long right leg over the cantel of his Mexican saddle, and again took the trail that led its fifteen miles to Fishburn.

The second mile was almost behind him when he topped a rise and made a sharp turn past a clump of bushes that clustered around a big cottonwood tree. Upon rounding this he almost collided, head on, with the mounted Indian girl.

After the first surprise of the meeting was over, Natacha looked at him with eyes that glistened with an excitement quite foreign to her usual stolid self. There was another look too, that flashed itself into her black eyes as she recognized Dick. Dick had not noticed this as he sang out:

"Hello, Natacha! You're travelling pretty fast. That's a thunderin' fine hoss you've got there, ain't it?"

But she ignored his question with another:

"You been there with her again?"—she nodded back over the trail he had come.

Dick knew there was no rudeness intended so he answered simply:

"Yes."

"Man there yet?"

"You mean old man Bartlett? Yes, he rode up just as I got there. What's in the wind, Natacha? You're too worked up for an Indian. What's old Bartlett got to do with it anyway?"

She peered at him closely for a minute, then wheeled her horse and leaned over as though she feared she would miss a syllable:

"Bartlett, he the rustler. I see him 'self. I follow him, I hide, see him brand three calves. Iron hot, burn him, so."

Dick was struck dumb, but was aroused by the recollection that Old Tom Bartlett had often had a worried look of late. Could it be true? Tom Bartlett, jolly old Tom, father of the girl he was about to marry?

Quick to the belief that what she said, startling though it was, was true, came the question he shot at her:

"You've told no one else?"

"I just come back from Stewart camp. Tell 'em there. Man Bartlett thief. He her father. You no marry her now."

Then her expression changed as she said softer, "Natacha no thief."

Dick knew on the instant what that meant. He cast about him a wild look,



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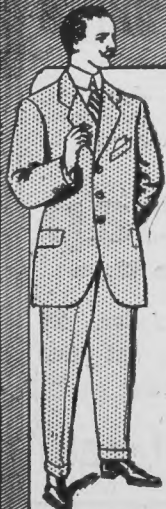
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as a man will in the perplexity of an undecided course. The Indian followed his every change of expression.

And just then, as though timed to the instant, as though but waiting the cue in this real stage, there stepped from among the shrubbery that flanked one side of the trail as it rounded the cottonwood, a slow munching cow followed by her calf.

Then the plan shaped itself quickly. Dick stepped his mount to a point from which he could further view the trail ahead of him, the trail lying toward the town. A rising cloud of pony-stirred dust told him to act quickly. The posse was already out, as he had expected, for he knew the heat to which they had been raised.

There was no time left him to dally, if he was to save Nellie back there the blow of having her father torn from before her eyes. There was no time to warn him to get out of the country. Besides, this plan that had flashed to him would not bring disgrace upon her; and, knowing the girl as he did, he realized that in that lay her greatest suffering.

With wide-eyed wonder Natacha watched his movements. He caught up the coils of his rope that dangled from his saddle horn, sent its hissing loop over the head of the calf.

With the calf bound and lying before him, Dick cast a hasty eye over his saddle-bag outfit in search of some suitable iron. A fence-repair kit he had kept since Texas days gave him what he needed; a short pry or rod.

He quickly kindled a fire which sent his iron to a red heat. He took it from the fire to approach the calf.

Up to that moment Natacha had watched him with wild noncomprehending eyes; but, tuned to the thumping of the oncoming cow ponies of the posse, came the full realization to her of what his purpose was. Then she sprang to Dick's side and began stamping frantically at the fire.

And this was the picture that Big Grati D'Alton, who headed the men, took in as they rounded a clump of shrubbery.

"My Gawd!" cried the burly leader in genuine amazement. And the others of the party were, if anything, more nonplussed.

Dick whirled around in a well-feigned surprise and made a move that would have been natural enough under the circumstances; he sprang for his horse. And the result of this move was as natural; for when he had turned to the sharp order to stop, he gazed into the blued eyes of a half dozen rifles.

"Well, fellas," said Dick, as though he realized that the jig was up, "I guess you got me at last."

And so it was that they captured him; but there was not a man among them but felt as if the thing was all some vague dream. But then, little by little, and to the voicing of Big Grati, they began to fit one thing to another.

"So, Dick Crosby, that there plumb child-like inexperience o' your'n as to what the game o' rustlin' really was—was only play actin'! Well, we galoots might 'a known as much, and no wonder you didn't have to come out that first day to see the new fangled brand, seein' as you'd invented it yourself. How did you come to miscarry ascendin' that there Injun girl to throw us into pore old Bartlett?"

Little by little the uncouth oratory of Grati was keying them to that pitch where the rope plays its role.

But an interruption offered itself abruptly.

"Stop her, Hank!" yelled Big Grati, but Hank was slow of comprehension and before he realized the import, Natacha had thrown her full weight upon his bridle which swerved him out of her way, and, clinging close to her horse's neck, she sped by him.

"Aw, well, let 'er go," said the leader. "Now, fellas," went on Grati ponderously, "course sech a thing seems plumb unnecessary in sech a case as this here, but I maintain we'd better hold a court right here."

This suggestion met with general approval and with a dry smile Dick awaited his "trial."

True to Dick's wish that she keep out in the open, Nellie was taking her

evening canter, when a mile from home she met Natacha. The Indian girl checked her mad pace, but for a second. Sponged as from a slate, all trace of jealousy had left her. There remained but one thought now. She must save Dick.

"Man Crosby," she cried, "mile back. They got him. Rope. They hang him. Hurry."

Nellie read the terror in the girl's eyes and realized the truth of the peril that mirrored itself so strongly in the face of Natacha.

Old Bartlett tipped over his chair in his haste to reach the doorway, for such a pace spelt something.

Blocking his exit, the Indian girl demanded of him: "You come with me!"

Conscience had a subtle power. There was no need for him to be told that she knew his secret; he felt it in her there before him, and as he backed to a low shelf by the fire place, his hand closed over a knife that lay there, and a kindred gleam leaped from the girdle of the girl.

He was old, but a man; wiry, knotty, a little man of the open air. She had youth with her, the panther strength of her blood.

He fought for the love of life; she for the love of a man.

Close caught and writhing in deadly grip, they swayed about the humble room. Then the knives glinted a mirrored answer to each other. It was but one thrust that each had made, but it was enough. Together they went to the floor.

A crimson drip followed the Indian girl as she caught up the man bodily and staggered toward the horse. With desperate effort she swayed him to a place across the horn of the saddle. Then she sprang erect and mounted.

Even Dick Crosby looked up from the face of Nellie as she lay before him in a faint, when Hank checked the beast that carried the double inert burden, and man and girl slid to the ground.

Big Grati's flask helped the explanation; for the eyelids of Old Bartlett flickered to the liquor.

"I didn't understand," he said. "The Injun didn't tell me as how Dick was to be strung up in place o' me. If she had, I'd a come along myself. Fer I was a livin' fer Nellie. Fact is, that's why I turned to the rustlin' game, goin' it partners with a feller from north o' here. That doctor I had from the East for Nellie, boys, you know, cost money, and I jest had ter have it fer her."

His face contracted in a spasm of pain, and Old Tom Bartlett had paid his penalty.

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Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

In the Grip of the Law

by H. Mortimer Batten.

THE worst camp in the West! Such was the reputation Outlaw City had won for itself, and Berwick's was recognized the worst saloon in the camp—a little inferno which the iron hand of the law strove in vain to quench.

Why Shal Morris went to Berwick's that night he could not have told you. He was a young man, grey-eyed and of powerful build, and though, as far as dress was concerned there was nothing to distinguish him, he was obviously not one of the gathering he found there.

A son of the plains Shal visited the city seldom. The glare and glamor appealed to him. He went from saloon to saloon, from one den to another, and thus found himself at Berwick's.

The saloon and the dancing hall beyond, from which issued the raucous strains of a gramophone, were crowded. The air was foul with tobacco smoke, and

It was unfortunate that Tim Carson should fumble one of his reserve cards at that moment. The card fluttered to the floor. With a quick movement the sharper tried to cover it with his foot, but it evaded him. The situation was not yet lost, however—or would not have been, had not the child pounced upon the card and restored it face upwards to the table.

One of the young easterners rose to his feet, an oath of accusation on his lips. With the eyes of a panther Carson stared at the child, then he snatched the revolver from his holster.

Someone shouted—"Stop him! Save the kid!" A woman screamed, and darted forward to clutch the boy, but too late. With a movement quick as the strike of a rattlesnake Carson struck the little fellow in the face with his revolver—sent him spinning to the floor in a way



The old-fashioned ferry boat.

the fumes of strong liquor. There was but one man Shal recognized as he glanced round the tables—Tim Carson, the sharper.

Carson was playing with two men, evidently from the east. They were buying their experience dearly. That Carson was cheating was obvious to everyone except those with whom he played. Held in position under the table by means of a crack in the boards, were three cards, from which he drew as it happened to suit his purpose.

No one interfered. Shal watched the game for a time, as he watched the other scenes around him. He drained his glass and was about to leave the place when he saw, standing by one of the tables, an incongruous little figure.

Shal rubbed his eyes and looked again. There, in the midst of this scene of vice and debauchery, was a child—a fair-haired, bright-eyed boy, of perhaps five. In spite of his neglected clothing the youngster bore some evidence of decent breeding, for his features were strikingly refined in contrast to those of the men and women about him.

"Who's the kiddy?" asked Shal, turning to the bar tender.

The latter shook his head gravely. "Tim Carson's youngster," he replied, indicating the card sharper. "Nice life for a decent kid like that, eh? His mother was a lady from Florida. She married Tim when he was decent. Later he began to go the pace, and I fancy it finished her. Anyway, Tim was left a widower with the kiddy. He takes him the round each night. The boys are decent enough about it, but—it's an all-fired shame."

Evidently the boy took after his mother, Shal contemplated, for there was little of Tim Carson stamp about him, and at that moment the child strode towards the table at which his father was playing.

that made men cover their eyes and turn aside.

Shal Morris had already seen enough to make him sick. He was a man of hasty moods, and had made more than one bad enemy through the promptness of his actions. Next moment he had Carson by the throat, heedless of the fusillade of blows showered upon his face and head.

Someone was picking up the child and carrying him away. Carson's revolver clattered to the floor, his body became limp. Shal Morris hurled him backwards among the tables. In an instant Carson was at his feet again—stooping to regain his weapon. Shal kicked it aside. Carson was upon him like a tiger.

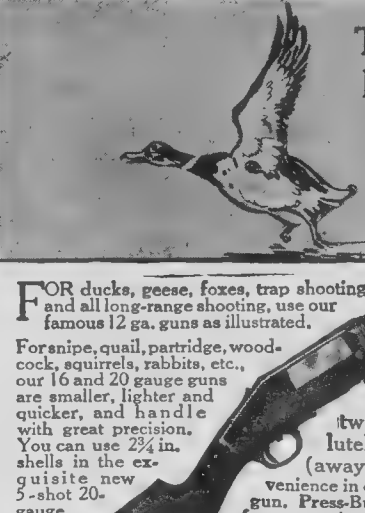
They say that Shal Morris hit the man once, and that he went down like a tree.

Had Tim Carson been in a normal state of health he would have come round in five minutes, not much the worse, but his constitution was undermined by years of dissipation and heavy drinking. Shal enquired about the kid, and was told that the woman had taken him. Several women were stooping over Carson; the two easterners were taking their losses from his belt.

Presently the bar tender touched Shal on the arm. "You'd best get out o' this, sonny," he whispered. "You've finished him, and the sheriff don't allow us quarter at this establishment. It's a life for a life every time. Anyway, I reckon you ain't known, and you stand a chance of pulling out."

Ten minutes later Shal was riding along the trail towards his home at Tamarac Cape. Daylight found him at Wolf Ford. He crossed the river and ascended the trail towards a wooden shanty on the breeze-swept slope.

A young girl was chopping firewood behind the hut. Shal dismounted and



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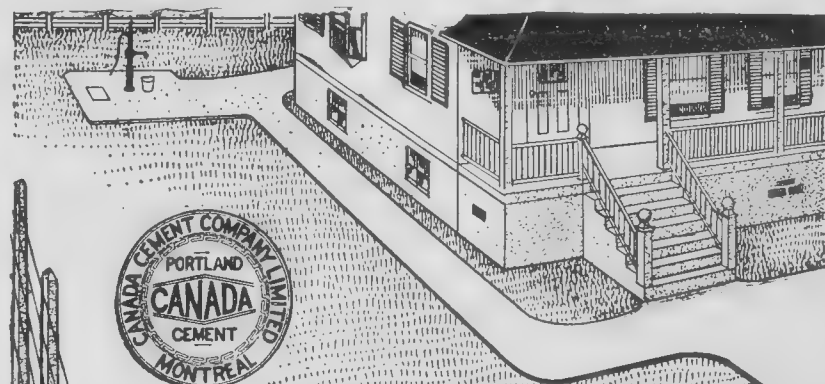
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walked towards her. She was little more than a child from her face and figure. Her hair was jet black, and hung in two long plats down her back. Her skin too was dark, though her features bore little testimony to the Indian blood in her veins. She was a half breed.

Shal took the girl by the hands, and told her all that has been written here. She listened silently, her gaze fixed upon the man's face with an expression first of wonder then of fear. Finally she gave a low, half-savage little cry. Her fingers clutched the lapels of his tunic, and her eyes sought the trail along which he had passed.

Next morning Shal Morris sat in the trading room at Cape Tamarac. A pile of correspondence brought in by an Indian remained unopened on the bench, and presently Shal started to his feet at the sound of hoofs in the compound without. He moved towards the rifle that hung above the window, but checked himself midway and smiled grimly. Then he opened the door of the shanty and looked out across the prairie.

Shal's features relaxed as he saw, rid-

ing towards him, not the men he expected, but the half breed girl with whom he had spoken at Wolf Ford. She slipped from her steaming cayuse and hurried towards him.

"You, Lilloet!" cried Shal. "Goodness, I thought it was the sheriff."

"No," answered the girl breathlessly, drawing him into the hut and closing the door after them, "but the sheriff is on the way. He and his posse reached Wolfe Ford about four hours back. They asked me if I had seen you, and I lied. They then went to the Indians, and Trailing Feather, whom we laughed at when he spoke to me of his love, told them the truth.

"The sheriff asked Trailing Feather to accompany them, knowing him to be a skilled tracker, and Trailing Feather agreed readily. As they rode away he turned to me mockingly and said—"Your lover will learn ere the sun goes down that he has made a bad enemy in Trailing Feather."

"So they are on their way now?" said Shal, glancing through the open window.

"Yes, they will be here any minute. I

came by the short road, but there is not a moment to spare."

Shal knew that the law knew no mercy in the suppression of a crime at Outpost City—above all at Berwick's. He regretted now that he had waited so long in the hope that his identity would not be discovered. His one chance lay in throwing the sheriff off his trail, and finally crossing the International Boundary into Canada.

Snatching up his sombrero Shal left the shanty. Lilloet stooped down, her ear to the ground. Presently she rose and followed hastily at his heels. "They are almost here," she cried. "I can hear the orses' hoofs."

It was the work of a moment to saddle one of the many ponies in the corral.

"Good-bye, Lilloet," said Shal from the saddle. "I shall make for the Lone Tree Hills. Even Trailing Feather cannot follow me there."

The cayuse bounded forward in a cloud of yellow dust. Lilloet turned and saw the sheriff and his posse ride into view over a near by ridge. She saw them quicken their pace as they caught sight

of the fleeing Shal—heading not towards their fugitive, but towards the corral.

Lilloet understood. The sheriff's horses were spent, and he would stand but a poor chance of outdistancing Shal unless his men were re-mounted.

The half-breed girl slipped back into the shanty, a new light in her eyes. The years of civilization slipped from her, the Indian blood rose up in her brain. For a moment she was the primeval savage, defending her master.

She took the Winchester rifle from its place above the window, and slipped outside towards the corral. Here she dropped on one knee in the sand of the prairie, her face towards the advancing horsemen.

The sheriff saw the dark figure awaiting him. He mistook the half-breed girl for an Indian brave, and being versed in the ways of the Indians he drew rein at a respectful distance, and ordered the kneeling figure to lay down the rifle.

No response. Lilloet never moved. The sheriff deliberately urged his cayuse a few paces forward. As he did so there was a sharp report, and the girl staggered beneath the heavy recoil of the Winchester. With a shrill scream the sheriff's horse staggered beneath him and fell.

The man landed on his feet—reached for the rifle in his holster. The kneeling figure fired again, and a cloud of sand spurted upward from the sheriff's feet. Then followed shot after shot, poured upon them with deadly intentions. "Fire!" cried the sheriff.

A sharp report, then silence. The kneeling figure by the corral remained for a moment motionless, fell, and lay very still.

They carried Lilloet into the shanty, and laid her on her master's bunk. "Lord, I thought it was a brave," muttered the sheriff. "And I only meant you to wing her."

He looked accusingly at Trailing Feather, whose rifle was still smoking, but the face of the Indian was as expressionless as the face of Lilloet, who slept the long sleep.

For the first few miles Shal had but one idea—to get out of the way of the sheriff and his posse. How far Lilloet assisted him in doing so he never knew. He kept to the hollows of the prairie, riding hard, and when at length he ventured to ascend a ridge and look behind him, his pursuers were nowhere in view.

Shal headed now for the stretch of rocky country, towards the Lone Tree Hills, where travelling would be bad, but trailing almost impossible. He knew it would require all his skill to hide his tracks from Trailing Feather, and at length he reached a deep ravine, strewn with great boulders of rock, and down the centre of which laughed a small creek. He descended the steep bank, and with a sense of security began to ride up the centre of the creek.

But Trailing Feather was infallible. They had long since lost sight of their fugitive, owing to the untimely incident at the corral, but where the Indian's hawk eyes failed to serve him his senses seemed to suffice. Quickly he sought on the trail, followed it among the loose rocks to the very edge of the creek. Then he turned and nodded to the sheriff.

"Him ride down centre of the creek," said Trailing Feather. "Make for Lone Tree Hills, so cross divide ten—eleven—twelve miles up. Better riding in creek than among rocks, but creek twist and turn—long way round. Sheriff stay with me and follow trail. Posse go straight on and wait at the divide."

The sheriff saw at once the wisdom of such a move, and gave instructions accordingly. He despatched three of his men to ambush Shal as he crossed the divide, and himself remained behind with Trailing Feather.

Shal had not gone very far when he realized what the Indian had pointed out—that it was far better riding along the sandy bed of the creek than among the loose rocks, or over the dusty prairie. Thus as the afternoon went on he rode steadily down the gully, little thinking that Trailing Feather would have guessed his plan, and that he was riding into the ambush set for him.

Soon the sun lost its fierceness, and by then Shal had reached the head waters where going was more difficult. At times he found himself riding through

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deep gorges, with towering cliffs on either side. The country was becoming more broken, severed here and there by great ravines, with strips of forest intervening. Shal's sense of security increased. The openness of the prairie had been a nightmare to him. He calculated that by midnight he would reach the Lone Tree Hills, where a hundred men might hide themselves from an entire army, so wild and densely wooded was the country.

The sun had sunk into a blood-red sea of light when Shal at length reached the recognized trail across the divide. There was no trail blazed, but the way was comparatively simple. He had reached the crest of the ascent and for a moment appeared silhouetted against the sky, when a rifle shot stabbed the stillness from the slope below.

The cayuse bounded forward with a snort of terror, and Shal realized that the animal was hit. Next moment it swerved to the right and broke into a gallop, the bit between its teeth, its breath coming and going with a strange choking sound.

Shal knew now what was wrong. His mount was shot through the lungs, and was bearing him on its last mad struggle for life. Headlong over the loose rocks it carried him—along the crown of the ridge, up and up, at times staggering as it went.

four hundred feet on every side. He's riding right into a corner."

"Guess he can't help it," answered another, regarding a crimson blotch on the ground at his feet. "Looks to me as though the cayuse is shot through the lungs. If it is it may take him clean over."

They rode leisurely in Shal's tracks, till they gained the crown. Ahead of them was the blood-trail, but no horseman. The leader urged his cayuse into a gallop, and next minute Shal heard the men at the foot of the jackpine.

One of them lay at the edge and looked down. Four hundred feet below was a terrific rapid, boiling and tumultuous. The man adjusted his glasses. He could just make out the grey shape of a cayuse, lying among the rocks and half in the water.

"It's taken him over all right," said the leader of the posse, again examining the hoof marks at the edge of the cliff. "He'd land clear of the cayuse, and he'll be well on his way to the lakes now. Seems to me a kind of a pity!"

"How's that? Saves trouble, doesn't it?"

The leader shrugged his shoulders. "Seems to me that a man who rides the country of such a skunk as Tim Carson ought to have a monument set up to his memory as a benefactor to mankind. Be-



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The head of the ridge was reached—Shal saw the plateau in front of him standing out clearly against the sky—beyond it—space! He had ridden out on to a cape, as it were. Ahead of him, on every side, was a sheep drop into the valley below. He threw his weight on one rein—trying to turn the cayuse on its own tracks, but the dying beast bore straight on, blind to all obstacles, unconscious of its rider's effort.

Ere Shal had time to think he was on the edge of the precipice. Directly ahead of him grew a single jackpine, the lower branches of which, it seemed, must sweep him from the saddle.

It was then that the man acted without conscious thought, and achieved a feat which otherwise he could never have achieved. He swung himself clear of the saddle, clutching to one of the lower branches with both hands. The cayuse passed from under him; for a moment he swung giddily outwards, the strain on his arms threatening to dislocate the joints. He saw the pony disappear from view within a dozen feet—fall silently into space almost as he left the saddle.

Next moment Shal had drawn himself into a sitting position on the branch he had clutched. Quickly his dazed senses returned. He realized that his life was still at stake. Glancing over the ridge he could see nothing of the sheriff or his men.

Twilight was rapidly settling into darkness, and above him Shal saw a thick canopy of branches, secure amidst a mass of shadows. He began to climb swiftly upwards till the ground was hidden from his view.

"Doesn't know the country, evidently," said the man who had fired from the ambush. "We got him now, sure. The cliffs at the top of the ridge drop a sheer

sides, it's just a matter of a life for a life, and the girl's gone. I reckon the sheriff would have been glad to let it drop after that. We'd best hike back, boys, and advise him."

As Shal Morris lay under the stars that night he thought of the child he had seen in Berwick's Saloon at Outlaw Camp. He realized with a start that the little fellow was now an orphan, thrown upon the hospitality of one of earth's rottenest cities. Shal clenched his teeth and beat his fists together. Before his eyes floated a second vision—a woman's face, sublimely beautiful, a woman's small hands upraised to defend him. He buried his face in the fresh green grass on which he lay, that woman's name upon his lips.

Very early next morning Shal Morris was under way. He went to the Base-line camp, and traded the gold ring he wore with the Indians for a cayuse and outfit. It was then that he turned his steps southwards on a journey which seemed, on the face of things, to be one of surprising folly.

Five nights later Shal Morris entered Berwick's saloon. He went straight to the bar tender, ignoring the gesture of warning that greeted him. "I've come for the kiddy—Carson's kiddy," Shal said simply.

"What you going to do with him?" enquired a sad eyed woman from a table near.

Shal Morris turned on her savagely, "Take him away, somewhere where he can breathe clean air," he told her.

The bartender regarded him pensively. "Guess it's the squarest thing you can do, boss, since it was you who made the kid an orphan," he answered. "But I reckon you're an all-fired idiot to come butting round this camp again. Take my tip, and don't waste time."

The woman rose to her feet, and mo-

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tioned Shal to follow her. She led him to a wretched little hovel, behind the houses of the main avenue. A painted face appeared at the window as they knocked. The child's clothes were hastily thrust into a pack, and the child himself, wrapped in a blanket and peacefully sleeping, was committed to Shal's charge.

As daylight wakened Shal drew rein above the ford, the boy on the saddle before him. He looked down into the valley at Lilloet's home. The sweet

scents of the dew-drenched prairie filled the air, and the lazy laughter of the river floated up to him.

"I ain't going to drag you up there, little girl," said Shal, nodding towards the north. "I got too much respect for you to make you the wife of a wanted man. I'm taking the kiddy along with me instead, and I kind of fancy he'll make the way easier."

Then Shal Morris turned his face northwards, and that was the last the prairies ever saw of him or the child.

Many Tales of Many Dogs

by Bonnycastle Dale

GET-UP kaw-ka-wak kaw-ook."

It sounded to us as if O'poots, our Kwakiutl guide was trying to say an Indian version of "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers," but no! he was saying in Chinook, the common jargon of the Coast Indians, "Get up, yellow dog." Literally a yellow dog, and of all the natural hunting beasts of prey these are most to be dreaded. The little Indian village we were studying our Natural History work near was deserted for the summer. All the males, and most of the women and children of the tribes that live along

it, and of all the foods that man is blessed with fish fed pork is least to be desired.

Now, although I can tell you a certain amount about the best kind of dogs to own, do not mistake me for a dog fancier. I only know of a few breeds from having owned them and used them in my work. Of all the big, gracious pets commend me to the St. Bernard. The one I picture is Champion Victoria Chief, one of the prize winners of the Coast. Mine was out of Bruno, a Chicago dog. This magnificent pet was 34 inches shoulder high and weighed over



Indian Dog—Mongrel. A fish-catching, deer-chasing, game bird-eating animal.

the seashore in British Columbia go to the great salmon canning factories in summer and leave all the tribal dogs at home to gather their own living—and they are well able to do it. To see several of these mongrels hunting a beautiful little fawn of the Blacktail deer along one of these rivers' shores is to make you wish for your rifle. One would think that the swift little thing would escape as it came to the shores of any of the sheltered ocean bays where the river runs into the sea, as it can bound through shallow water at a great speed—but, the moment it takes to swimming it is doomed, as these packs swim very rapidly. Soon there is seen a plunging, snarling mass of dogs and a dead deer is drawn ashore and rapidly devoured.

See the big black dog standing beside the Indians that are fishing in the shallows of the stream. It is a common sight, if these dogs are starving, to see them go fishing for themselves. At this time of the year the rivers in B.C. are literally filled with salmon. I have seen a thousand fully grown fish in a pool no larger than a common living room, the latest arriving and the best fish on top, the emaciated below, next the dying and finally the dead—as all salmon in the Pacific Ocean die at maturity, four years. So it is a common sight to see a wild dog or a tame pig "pawspash" a salmon out and devour

200 lbs. In common sense he was almost human. It was delightful to see him, when some vulgar little street dog, that weighed about as much as his tail, came bounding out on assault intent. Bruno would proceed with the utmost concern along the street. The cur would nip him and get just a large mouthful of hair for its pains, and the unruffled St. Bernard would turn and gravely upset the enemy with his huge paw and follow me with a canine smile on his very open countenance. The boy that cared for Bruno used to have all sorts of romps with him. One was wrestling. In this the dog could throw the boy every time by his superior weight. I was obliged on the eve of a long trip to sell the big beauty and the new owner left him with his old father as a watch dog.

Bruno tried faithfully to teach the old gentleman how to wrestle, with the result that the ancient one spent a good many hours prone upon the floor before his son returned at night. So poor Bruno was sold again, alas! They did not understand that he was but playing, for of all the gentle, watchful, honest, semi-human things I ever came across the St. Bernard stands at the head.

My next experiment was with Gordon Setters—beautiful beasts, kindly, un-faithful, liable to follow any man, good hunters, awful thieves among your neighbors, as full of play as a kitten,

always desirous of sleeping near their master, swift of foot, grand swimmers, clean bodies, except when they are changing their coat, very prolific at breeding time. My pair were called Dash and Daisy and among the many rare things we brought ashore to dissect and picture, there were some that caused them much amusement, as well as ourselves. The first sea lion they saw was one I had brought to our little pebble beach and had fastened there the night before. Early in the morning, when the tide was out the two silky haired dogs went bounding down the shore and out onto the flats. Here they gave tongue and I drew up the curtain beside my bed and watched them. Dash, with every hair on his back erect was daring the intruder to come on—the sea lion rested against a rock, dead, of course, but in a lifelike position. Daisy nobly backed her lord, just as far as the tip of his big black bushy tail. Not succeeding in arousing the huge thing Dash tried a nip at his front flippers. No response. Daisy sailed in now and got bravely as far up as the dog's forearm. He took another and a sure hold and his tug dislodged the leaning sea mammal and down it slid onto the pebbles. Dash tackled it involuntarily, but Daisy fled ignobly and, seeing my window open, leaped in, wet and muddy as she was, and sought shelter under my arms. Some weeks later she gave birth to nine vari-colored pups and as usual she developed into a very cross, irritable mother. I raised one of the pups and you can see his interest in Natural History descended from his mother. Look at him daring to get within six feet of a very dead shark. It took him a long while, remember he is but a pup and the huge thing weighed several hundred pounds and smelt like a whole fish market, but before the morning was over he had so much increased his bravery that he would leap over the carcass while on the full run. Yes! and every hair on his body seemed to leap erect with fright while he was in mid-air. His mother had been very fond of going hunting with us, but her insatiable appetite for dead salmon wore her to a shadow. She was very proud of finding out dead brant but would not pick up a waterfowl, she only stood and marked it down.

I can also say a kindly word for the other two setters. The Irish, most lovable beasts. I have travelled through lonely isolated places with a pair of these—also called Dash and Daisy, my favorite names—and they guarded me with intense interest. At night she used to cuddle up after I went to sleep and put her cold nose under my beard. Dash slept on my feet at the door of the tiny tent. One night, while on a northern lake, where I did not expect to see signs of any man, I was awakened by Dash's rumbling growling, by Daisy's sharp yelp, and off both dashed out of the tent and down the forest path and then down the island shore to the water's edge, here they struck danger, by the loud, savage barking I could tell they were facing it. Yes! and backing up, as the loud, angry snorting yelps came closer and closer. The night was sultry and pitch dark and I was only half awakened. I just had time to grasp my revolver and make up my mind to shoot low, as if it was a man he would be erect and an animal crouched. I called and called but no voice could be heard above that insistent barking. Then, both dogs, with their long brushes waving in anger backed into the tent and crowded up on top of me. It was impossible to hear or see or shoot, there was too much noise and darkness and dogs tails for that.

"Ah-tuh-yah! naumdomogodwin ohnemoooh" ("call those dogs, Qh!"). was cried out in pure Ojibwayin. I had an awful time quieting "those dogs," naturally they hated the natives of any province I took them to, but finally I beat and petted them into submission and found an Indian trapper wanting a few supplies. He had seen my camp fire and like all his brethren approached both island and tent in perfect silence. My hair has a tendency to grow erect ever since.

I can only show you one English

Setter, Togo of Japan, one of the most beautiful animals I have ever had the pleasure of seeing. This breed make grand field dogs, excellent retrievers and most thoroughly faithful friends. It is a great pity that these setters are in later years being bred for show points and not for field sports. To see a field trial between Gordon, Irish and English setters and many of the best breeds of pointers is indeed a scene of beauty.

Has man a closer friend than the dog? You may beat and ill use, aye maim him, and he will creep after you, showing with every action his deep love for you. I think the most intense affection I have ever known was shown by a dog. The lakeside residents of one of our frontier towns of Ontario were

astonished one morning to see a big black dog seated on the ice of the bay and remaining there hour after hour. Finally it was decided to go out to him and they found him crouched beside a hole in the ice, on the edge of it lay a watch and chain and a few bits of pocket trinkets. Nothing could induce that faithful beast to quit his guard beside the fatal gap that had swallowed his despairing master. Beneath that ice was all he truly loved on earth and he must wait and watch and guard the spot until his friend returned. Poor faithful dog, they had to drag him away with a noosed rope—for his master was away to a far country where humble dogs may not enter.

Cy's Choice

Cyrus Pettingill made brooms for a living, and Ezra Hoskins kept a store in the New Hampshire town where both of them lived. One day, says the Columbia Record, Cy came in with a load of brooms, and then dickering began.

"Ezra, I want to sell you these brooms."

"All right, Cy, I'll take them."

"I don't want any store pay," continued Cy. "I want cash for them."

After a thoughtful pause Ezra said, "I tell you what I'll do, Cy. I'll give you half cash and half trade."

Cy pulled a straw out of one of the brooms and looked at it, as if for inspiration.

"I guess that'll be all right," he said at last.

After Ezra had put the brooms in their place in the store, he said:

"Here's your money, Cy. Now what do you want in trade?"

Cy's shrewd glance swept over the miscellaneous stock of the store.

"Well, Ezra," said he, "if it's all the same to you, I'll take brooms."

Not Violent

"Ah!" ejaculated the wide-eyed tourist who was pervading Rampage, Arizona, on the qui vive for thrills. "I suppose that swaggering fellow over there has a record as a Bad Man?" "Him?" contemptuously snorted Alkali Ike. "Aw, heck—he ain't even killed an innocent bystander!"

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In Lighter Vein

A Pardonable Mistake

An Irish laborer boarded a street-car, and handed the conductor a rather dilapidated-looking coin in payment of his fare. The conductor looked at it critically, and handed it back.

"That's tin," he said.

"Sure, I thought it was foive," answered the Irishman, complacently, as he put the piece back in his pocket and produced another nickel.

A Literal Answer

A stolid German who was coming over to America had the misfortune to fall overboard, but the alarm was given instantly, and, after a very exciting experience, he was rescued. That evening he appeared on deck, not much the worse for his mishap, and was surrounded by a number of passengers, who evinced a great interest in him.

"Oh, tell me," gushed a wide-eyed young woman, "how did you feel when you had fallen and the ship had gone on and you were left alone in the ocean?"

The German looked at her calmly. "Wet," he answered.

A Tranquil Disposition

Tranquility of disposition is not always manifested in the same way. There was recently an elderly English colonel in India whose boast it was that he had a disposition so tranquil that nothing could ruffle it. He took up golf and for a time his friends failed to notice any disturbance of the colonel's outward calm, but one day when playing a four-some he got into a notorious "devil's punch-bowl" bunker, and spent a terrible fifteen minutes trying first to find the ball and then to play it out. He tried every club in vain, and at last, glaring like a demon, he smashed them one after another across a jagged rock. "What are you doing?" cried the party above.

"It's all right," he shouted. "It's—it's better to—break one's clubs than to—lose one's temper."

And the caddie gathered up the pieces.

A Valid Reason

The Count—"Vat! Economize?"

The Countess—"Yes. Father says we are living beyond his means."



Gordon Setter and Shark.

The Chancellor's Repartee

Mr. Lloyd-George is famous, of course, for his brilliant repartee and biting sarcasm. "I am here—" he remarked once at a political meeting, but before he had time to finish the sentence, a noisy interrupter had chimed in, "And so am I."

But the retort was as quick as it was overwhelming. "Yes—but you are not all there!"

"What do our opponents really want?" he inquired in a recent speech. In the momentary pause that followed the question there came a voice husky from the effects of alcohol, "What I want is a change of government."

"No, no," was the ready reply, "what you really want is a change of drink."

Could Fill the Bill

Superintendent—"What we want is a night-watchman that'll watch alert, and on the qui vive for the slightest noise or indications of burglars; somebody who can sleep with one eye and both ears open, and is not afraid to tackle anything. See."

Applicant—"I see, boss. I'll send my wife around."

"You didn't use to object to your husband playing poker?"

"No, but that was before I learned to play bridge. It is a lovely game, but I can not afford to play it unless he stops playing poker."

Mistress—"Did you have company last night, Mary?"

Mary—"Only my Aunt Maria, mum."

Mistress—"When you see her again will you tell her that she left her tobacco pouch on the piano?"

"Money, after all, means nothing but trouble."

"Still, it is the only kind of trouble which it is hard to borrow."

Selections

Proud "Autumn" Father—"Bless me, it's really marvellous about that baby of mine. You'll hardly credit it, but every time it looks up into my face it positively smiles."

The "Fed-up" Friend—"Well, I suppose even a baby has some glimmering sense of humor."

Soon after King Edward had passed the huge concourse of children at Mousehold, Norwich, a little girl was seen by her teacher to be crying. "Why are you crying; didn't you see the king?" asked the teacher. "Yes; but, please, teacher, he didn't see me," sobbed the little girl.

The Evolution of the Man and the Woman

A Modern Parable

by Amy Emil Seely

Long ago, when this old world was in its first infancy, the Great Spirit created and placed upon it a man and a woman.

Now the man and the woman had three God-Parents, called Nature, Life and Death.

"Behold," said Nature, "these, my God-children, are very dear to me; I will endow each with the gift of a garden called the mind, which they may cultivate to their own pleasure and profit."

"And I," said Life, "will provide implements known as Love and Reason, wherewith they may obtain from their gardens the fruits of all gratification and happiness."

"Then," said Death, "will I bestow upon them the sweetest of all mercies, the gift of perfect rest after their labors."

So the man and the woman came into their gardens. At first they knew not how they should turn them to account, but as they lingered the possibilities of the fertile soil gradually revealed themselves, and the man and the woman, gathering their implements, set diligently to work.

Now the gardens of the man and the woman were of like proportions and equal fertility, but slightly different in substance, so that some hardy plants, such as courage, endurance, power, ambition and dominion, grew best in the garden of the man, while those known as mercy, purity, constancy, patience and charity were best adapted to the soil of the woman's garden. All other plants, however, including reason, understanding, progress, discovery and invention flourished alike in either garden.

Time passed by, and still the man and the woman labored faithfully and well in their respective gardens. The man cultivated all his plants carefully, but the woman, perceiving that those plants of the most unlovely structure called forth greater effort in cultivation, contented

herself with bestowing all her care upon the more beautiful and fragile. In her garden peace, graciousness, solicitude, tact and unselfishness grew and blossomed till they gladdened the eyes of the man to behold, and he praised the woman for her skill and diligence.

"At length one day a visitor entered the garden of the man:

"I am Experience," said he "and I will reveal many things to thee concerning the better cultivation of these, thine unlovely plants, which as yet have not borne blossoms."

Then the man was exceedingly glad, but he had long cultivated the plants of understanding, so that he knew many things whereof the woman was ignorant, and he besought Experience that he should not disclose these things unto the woman:

"For," said he, "the woman hath so long cultivated patience and constancy that with these things added she will soon outdo me in my endeavor."

Thereafter did Experience reveal many things unto the man, but departed without visiting the garden of the woman. Then did the man turn his attention to the cultivation of those plants which had hitherto not blossomed, toiling incessantly, till at length they burst into a profusion of bloom beautiful and wondrous to behold, and as the man labored among them he beheld in the calices of many a bright glittering substance which he called gold.

Now, it chanced one day, that the woman strolling through the man's garden looked in wonder on three gold laden plants, and she questioned him concerning their cultivation:

"Nay," said he, "vex not thyself with these things; rather be content that thou hast excelled in the cultivating of those plants peculiar to thy garden."

But the woman was not to be discouraged. She had beheld, as in a mirror, the regions of the great possibility opened before her, and her spirit was disquieted within her.

And it came to pass one evening, that the man, weary with the day's toil, walked in the garden of the woman, whom he espied diligently tending the unlovely plants which she had so long neglected.

Then was the man deeply wroth, and returned unto his own garden in great displeasure.

So the ages rolled on, and passed into the great Is To Be. At length the man grown weary in the pursuit of gold came again to the woman's garden, and beheld with amazement and admiration the result of her labours:

"Come," said he, "into my garden, and let us work together, for I perceive that the works of thy hands are even greater than mine. Thou hast developed all thy plants, neither hast thou neglected those peculiar to thy garden, but rather have they grown and borne blossoms more radiant than ever."

Thereafter did the man and the woman labor together, until both gardens were rich with bloom, and the glory thereof reached nigh unto the heavens, and its fragrance was wafted all over the world. Then hand in hand the man and the woman turned to their third God-parent, and received from his hands the sweetest of all mercies, the gift of perfect rest after their labors.

There sometimes arises a candidate who would insist that he was not given a square deal by the newspapers unless they fixed it for him to win first prize in every popularity contest.

Landlady (showing room)—"And such a cheerful view, sir."

Gentleman (looking out)—"Why, it's a cemetery."

Landlady—"Yes, sir. How cheerin' and comfortin' it will be when you gaze out to think that you're not there."



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Aunt Priscilla's Money--and Jerry

by Elspeth Wilson.

LETTERS! Letters for you, Lucy," called John McDougal cheerily, stepping into the bright farm kitchen one May morning.

Hastily laying aside her morning tasks, with little exclamations of pleasure his wife eagerly opened the letter bearing Boston's post mark, where dwelt her only sister, Margaret Staunton, while John scanned the morning paper.

"John!" she presently exclaimed, "sister Margaret writes that Nellie may spend the summer here."

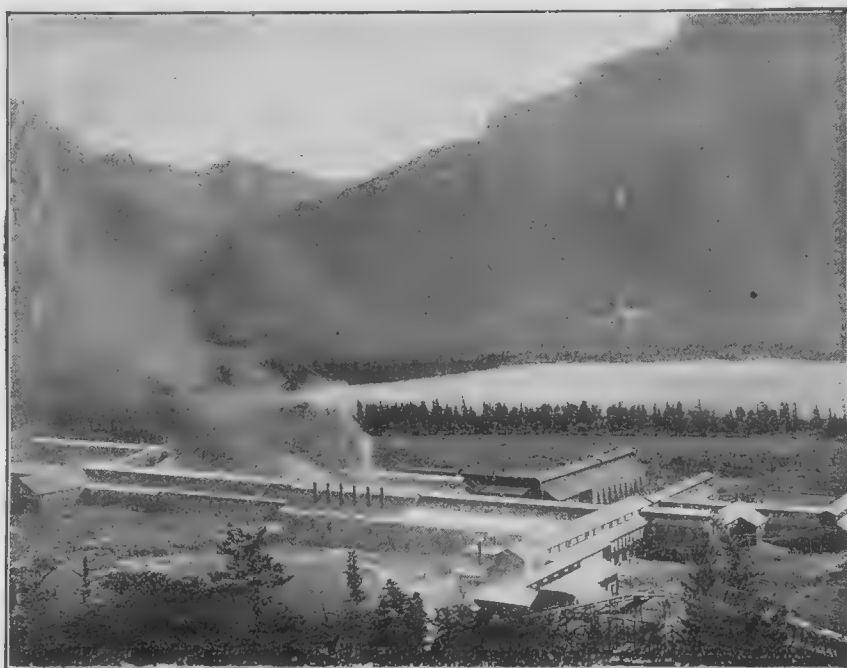
"Good!" cried John brightly, "that will indeed be a pleasure."

Consulting the letter his wife read aloud: "The strain of Nellie's final college year has robbed her of roses and animation which we all feel your Morton air will restore and she longs to again spend a summer in your dear sleepy little corner of creation."

a pensive air found in her niece's manner, remarked encouragingly: "Now tell us your troubles, Nellie. What is Aunt Priscilla's latest fancy?"

"A widower, Aunt Lucy, a preacher widower, too," replied Nellie with a nervous little laugh which clearly proved that Aunt Priscilla's match-making propensities were fast becoming a bugbear to the girl.

"You see Aunt Priscilla has decided to bestow \$20,000 upon this unworthy niece and is obsessed with the idea that she alone is capable to choose a grand match, this means ancestral lineage, ancient as that of the Duke of York. Fortunately her latest protege is somewhat lacking in this respect, consequently a loophole of escape for poor me. Dear me! how I wish that \$20,000 never existed," concluded Nellie with a girlish laugh, for the mere recital of her woes had lightened them.



Cement Docks, Eekwash, Alta.

"Delightful," remarked Mrs. McDougal laying aside the letter, "she should be here in two weeks."

"I rather think," said John with twinkling eyes, "that we can banish college strain. Besides, Jerry will be home soon."

That evening on the wide verandah of their farm home which stood as a sentinel at the end of the sleepy village street, this couple discussed the expected guest, who ever brought sunshine with her.

"I suspect her Aunt Priscilla has again been matchmaking," said Lucy McDougal, sagely, "or matchbreaking, for Nellie's maiden aunt keeps uncomfortable watch over Nellie and her boy acquaintances, who invariably fail to please Priscilla. Elderly bachelors or uninteresting widowers she considers more proper guardians for Nellie and the money she will inherit should the match please her aunt. I sincerely hope she will not make Nellie unhappy over it all," sighed Mrs. McDougal.

"Never worry, urged her husband optimistically, "such things usually right themselves through time. Meanwhile Nellie will enjoy her summer here."

Directly opposite the McDougal's home lived a widow, Mrs. O'Neil, with her young daughter Mildred while her only son Jerome wrestled with his final medical exam's in a distant city. Light hearted Jerry O'Neil, with tumbled curls, Irish blue eyes and a delightful brogue that wheedled its way into the hearts of most stern Nortonites and who made Nellie's visit, two years previous, a round of pleasure.

The evening of Nellie's arrival, two weeks later, found all grouped about the verandah. Mrs. McDougal judging from

"Just banish Priscilla from your thoughts entirely," urged Uncle John, kindly. "I see Jerry O'Neil is home today a finished M.D.," and even as he spoke, up the path in headlong fashion sprang Jerry, followed by his demure little sister. Mrs. McDougal chancing to glance at Nellie noted plenty of roses and animation as she greeted her former friends.

"Not a word of congratulations," warned Jerry gaily, "I'm tired to death of books, college and all that pertains thereto and for three months at least, mean to act as ridiculous as possible and forget the whole paraphernalia." Rising to leave a half hour later he remarked: "I hope the grind has not killed all energy for you, Nellie," as he noted a weary air hitherto unknown to the girl.

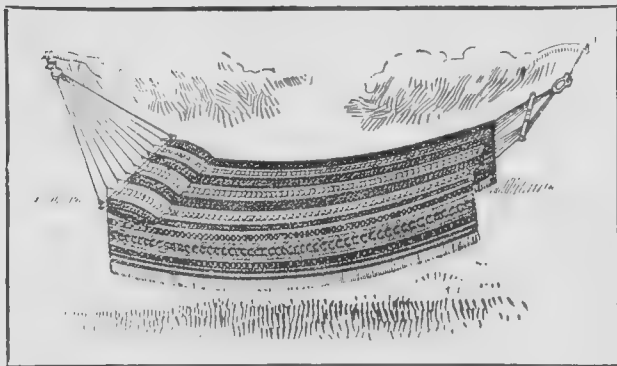
"I was feeling rather doleful" added Nellie brightly, when mother suggested placing myself in Aunt Lucy's hands and already I feel the wisdom of her advice," and she sighed contentedly, mentally thankful that here Aunt Priscilla's interference could not reach her here.

"I shall take your case in hand," said Jerry merrily. "I prescribe play and fresh air, beginning with a ride in the morning in my new carriage behind Starlight. How will that do for a start girls?" asked he boyishly, whose brogue when in a joyous mood was much in evidence and irresistibly amusing.

Thus sped the summer for Nellie and Mildred, riding, boating, sketching. Jerry proved himself a veritable Prince Charming, while Uncle John and his good wife smiled contentedly for clearly roses and animation were again in evidence.

Swinging idly in the hammock one day in late summer, Nellie was aroused

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Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

from sweet reveries by a bevy of gay companions who cried: "Awake Nell!" "Oh, you idle girl!" "Listen to this fresh plan of Dr. Jerry's," while Jerry explained the scheme.

"It seems, Nellie, in a gipsy camp on the river bank a mile below, one dusky enchantress lays claim to the necromancer's powers, and to test her skill let us all hear our fortunes, be they for weal or woe," concluded he with an exaggerated sigh, while the girls clapped hands in approval.

That afternoon Nellie's grand-uncle William trudged, staff in hand, across the McDougal lawn, sinking heavily into a restful armchair he remarked to Mrs. McDougal: "Heigh O! I met those young folks off for a tramp. I honestly believe they would set out for the Andes if any fun promised to be found at the journey's end," and he chuckled as he stroked the yellow house dog.

That evening as the old man started home in the moonlight he interrupted a parting at the gate. Jerry, ever ridiculously long in saying good-night, seemed loath to depart.

"So you doubt the good fortune read you by the gipsy prophetess, Nellie?" he enquired, thinking meanwhile how bright and charming Nellie appeared in her summer draperies with the moon-

Nellie, in green suit and coquettish hat, her brown eyes alight with vivacity, set out with her companion of these long, happy summer days, for a last enjoyable ride and would only prance absurdly while Nellie cried: "See, Jerry, Starlight tries to dance the two-step."

A daring mood was Jerry's, and firmly gathering the reins said: "Now for it Starlight."

Surely horse and driver were possessed. The day was ideal, the roads like pavement and Jerry a perfectly competent horseman. Down the quiet street they sped, into the open country where drowsy cattle stared in amazement, past little scholars, sauntering in carefree fashion homeward, who hearing the mad clatter of horse's feet ran in afright.

Conversation was an impossibility but Nellie gasped breathlessly: "I am rather afraid of going into one of those great ditches, Jerry."

"No occasion whatever for alarm, Nellie," replied he assuringly. "I was there once myself and found it no place to take a lady," and he laughed lightly.

Resting at the town of Addison, with refreshments for all, the return ride was commenced as sedate as the going had been mad and only when the moon peeped through a rift were the afternoon's broken engagements remembered



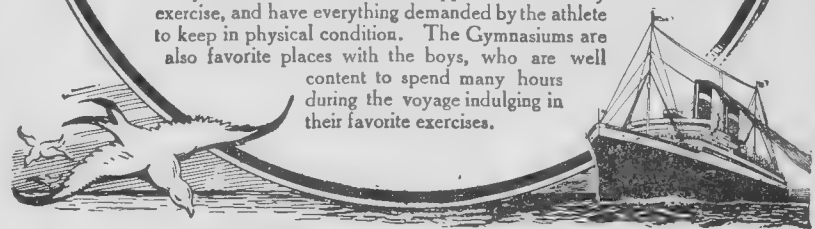
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Riding Party in front of Chateau Lane Course, Lake Louise, Alta.

light shimmering through the leafy branches. "Now, I, on the other hand, have implicit faith as she assures me 'only by tact and strategy' can I hope to win a fortune and the girl I love," continued Jerry in his persuasive voice, "and indeed, I shall leave no stone unturned to further that end"—just then the tap of Granduncle's cane betrayed his near presence and a hasty adieu was taken.

"Well-a-day," murmured the old man, trudging down the street. "Nellie is a bonnie lassie, whatever becomes of Priscilla's gold. Dr. Jerry is laying his plans or I'm mistaken."

"Tell us your fortune, Nellie," called Uncle John the following morning as Nellie arranged flowers for the table.

"Oh, such an absurd fairy tale, Uncle John," she laughed. "The gipsy woman claimed in a convincing voice that 'a blessing, wealth and a handsome husband' will be mine 'early in the new year.' This is some better than father's theory, who always claims I will wed on three days' acquaintance in my impulsive style. Poor father, my lack of dignity is a sorry cross to him, while he is the personification of that virtue," and Nellie's old time hearty laugh rang out clearly.

The last day of Nellie's Norton visit arrived, as on the following morning's earliest train she would return to her stately home in Boston.

Dr. Jerry so earnestly pleaded for a last drive together behind her favorite Starlight and promising to return in time for tennis at Eva Weldon's at 4.30, and tea with his mother and Mildred at 6.30 soon won Nellie's consent.

Starlight, his glossy coat ashine, proudly arched his handsome neck as

with compunctions while under the moonlight's charm, Jerry expressed the feelings which filled his heart to overflowing and though the parting at the gate was more prolonged even than usual, this time no granduncle tapped down the path in interruption. Even Jocko, the house dog refrained from giving his customary salute.

With Nellie gone, a hush fell upon the farm house and the hitherto irrepressible Jerry became dejected. His brain, however, was alert and plans soon laid, as seizing a pen in his room an hour later he wrote his friend Tom Herbert accepting his invitation to spend a fortnight with him about Thanksgiving time at Tom's home in Bainford.

One blustering fall day at Nellie's city home the inmates were surprised by a fleeting call from Miss Priscilla Staunton, Nellie's maiden aunt from Bainford, and who only under urgent business could be induced to run up to the city. With a precision no Autumnal wind could quite destroy, and waiving all hospitable greetings, the austere lady laid aside her two inseparable companions, a silk umbrella and huge shopping bag and turning to Nellie addressed her in curt, imperious tones: "Helen, child," invariably she gave Nellie her full name, "I wish you to spend Thanksgiving with me in Bainford. Bring all your prettiest dresses and spend a week. Some young people are visiting the Herbert's and, of course, I wish to help entertain them." Two red spots burned on the faded cheeks showing that this was an important event to the lonely lady, and Nellie, thanking her kindly, accepted as Miss Priscilla rushed to catch her car.

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Some time in December a Boston letter again found its way into Lucy McDougal's hands, which her sister had written in jubilant spirits. "Yes, indeed," she wrote, "Nellie has been quite rejuvenated since her visit with you and I believe has secured Aunt Priscilla's approval without sacrifice of her own affections. It happens in this way. A college friend of Tom Herbert's has been visiting him (you know how Aunt admires the Herberts), Dr. O'Neil by name and has laid siege to Aunt's heart who now showers favors upon this tactful and fortunate young man and when Nellie arrived for Thanksgiving

with Aunt, she found that no one could compare in the old lady's eyes with this same Dr. O'Neil. Now it seems he is none other than your jolly favorite, Jerry, and Nellie confesses to this all being arranged during her Norton visit.

Jerry, who now was a practising physician in a nearby town found his practice increasing, consequently invested in a handsome stone house nearby.

None were therefore surprised when invitations reached Norton relatives that all should be present at the marriage of Helen Staunton, to Dr. Jerome Kenwood O'Neil, early in the New Year.

A Saskatchewan Harvest Home

by Edith G. Bayne.

These are the days when the Western farmer looks out across his broad acres, now shorn of their fine crops, with a glow of immense satisfaction at heart. It is his turn to rest now. His grain is garnered, his fall ploughing finished, and he proposes to play a little, and as he jingles a handful of coin in his pocket (and remembers the neat little figure in his bank-book), an immeasurable breadth of smile spreads over his countenance. Do you know what a Western smile is? This is the time of year when you see it oftenest.

Like watchfires of medieval times the blazing strawstacks on the Canadian prairie beam out in the dark autumn nights with a seeming desire to lessen the vast distances between neighbors. And beside each gleaming light there is generally a party of merrymakers. There are nuts and jokes to crack. There is a big dinner in course of preparation. The biggest space in the barn has been marked out for a "hoe-down" and scores of jack-o-lanterns hang from the beams and rafters. All the young folk, middle-aged folk and elderly folk from within a radius of thirty miles are gathered at the harvest home. No particular day or date is adhered to, each farmer entertaining in turn and on the evening which best suits him. For many weeks past, especially since harvesting operations ceased, the bachelor homesteader has been practising the waltz step on the barn floor so that he may acquit himself creditably at the harvest dances.

The threshing season is a strenuous one. For weeks everybody has been working at high pressure. All available help is "spoken for" days ahead and it is now, if at no other period, that members of the voteless sex are at a premium. The women folk have manufactured pies by the dozen lot and arrayed the pantry shelves with a regiment of jam and pickle jars. There are thirty-two freshly-baked cakes reposing on these shelves and a peep into that row of wash boilers in the cellar would reveal almost as many loaves of bread. The girls have imparted an artistic touch to the long tables by placing bowls of late prairie flowers at short distances down the centre. Meals are about all that occupy the women at threshing time, but truly they have time for nothing else. From daylight until midnight these brave industrious souls work at meals, meals, meals. (Let us not mention the dish-washing.) At many up-to-date farms paper plates and cups are used and thrown into the fire after each meal. The meat supply, like the other edibles, is on a vast scale, but of the best. Some of the meat is freshly cooked for dinner and at supper cold sliced meat is served. The harvester generally fares well. The girls have also prepared vegetables enough to fill three or four large agate vessels—in any one of which the proverbial fattened calf might be boiled. When the harvest hands, hungry but good-humored, swarm in at the call of the dinner horn, the girls wait upon the tables and an observer may note that almost every nationality except the Chinese is represented. Here are a couple of tall Swedes, there a Polander, further along is a swarthy Italian and a Scot who informs you that he hails from Glasgow. "Three dollars a day and all found" is no small drawing card for him. An Englishman from Leeds occupies the head of the board and makes a valiant

attack on his portion of the roast beef, at the same time telling the man next him, a Canadian, that "we 'ave better beef at home."

The men sleep in a caboose outside and as soon as the first streak of daylight arrives, a shrill whistle from the traction engine arouses them to the stern realities of life. Breakfast despatched, they are at work by six and have the threshing well under way by the time city folks are turning over for "five minutes more." By half-past ten appetites are clamorous and the blare of the horn falls with sweeter music on the ear than would a melody from Faust. At four in the afternoon the girls carry "hand lunches" out to the fields and for a quarter of an hour the gang again refresh themselves. This repast consists of sandwiches and buttermilk. Work is again resumed and continues until darkness falls. At seven o'clock a fine hot supper is ready at the house and the threshers retire directly afterwards to their sleeping quarters, where John D. Rockefeller might envy the quality of their repose.

But the course of threshing does not always run smoothly. Occasionally there is a breakdown in some part of the machinery, or perhaps the foreman has neglected to lay in a sufficient quantity of gasoline. Or it may be that a son of Italy in that cosmopolitan company has taken French leave and the farmer finds himself a man short. At any rate "all hands" have a welcome lay-off, their wages running on while the worried farmer rides into the village or telephones and awaits supplies.

Everybody in the West knows that the bachelor homesteader's piece de resistance is flap-jacks. Perhaps it is for this reason a single man hires willingly to a married brother at threshing time. As one young fellow puts it: "You get some decent eats and home-made bread instead of flap jacks."

Now flap jacks are a sort of glorified pancake and if well made are very palatable. But like the little maid with the curl "down the middle of her forehead," when a flap jack is bad—it is "horrid." It differs from the ordinary pancake in that no such artificial means as fork or knife are used in turning it in the pan. The chef must possess a supple wrist and an accurate eye and if possible have had some training on a lacrosse team. A quick jerk of the pan, up flies the cake, turning a simple somersault in the air, and then it falls back with the brown side uppermost.

So, for many weeks while the noise of the thresher is heard on the land, the prairie farm is a scene of tremendous activity and the harvest moon shines down upon many a gang working overtime, utilizing the moonlight and the rays from the head-light of the traction engine combined.

"A fine harvest! Yes siree—a bumper crop it was!" says the farmer as he basks in the warmth of Indian summer and jingles his pockets containing the silver with as much frequency as a small boy consulting a new watch. His complacency reminds one of "Cy" Pettingill. "Cy" Pettingill fell asleep at church one Sunday morning shortly after the harvesting was over and remained "dead to the world" until it was intimated that the choir would render "an old favorite, suitable to the season," viz.: "What Shall the Harvest Be?"

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In the Light of Other Days

by J. D. A. Evans

TO the Manitoban of these years who delights in listening to the events and historical record of his country in early period, it is necessary that he converse with they who passed through the smoke and battle of primitive times. Yet in these days, those who are able to relate stirring instances, speak of the Colony in the long ago, are becoming much lessened in number. A large majority of the "elder brethren" have crossed over into the realm from whence none return. A sprinkling, ah! but how few of them, still remain.

Good Friday, 1914.—He was picking up firewood in the yard as the writer approached the house through the sylvan surroundings of that quiet abode. A few minutes later, the visitor was within the dwelling; at the stove-side in the sitting-room, sat James Cunningham. With cordial greeting, Cunningham, the man whose retentive memory permits him to glance back upon, yes, in excess of a century of life in Manitoba, arose to shake hands.

"You're looking well," was the remark of the writer, as the venerable centenarian pointed him to a chair.

Mr. Cunningham smiled, replying that he felt in fairly good health now that sunshine of spring was casting its rays over the prairie land.

"I was thinking just before you came in," he said, as a shadow passed over his face, "that if I'm spared until August, my birthday is in that month, that I'll be one hundred and three years of age!"

On a small table in the room, lay the recent issue of a Winnipeg daily. Mr. Cunningham peruses the news with ardent vigor. He is able to converse concerning current events with the freedom of a man who carefully scrutinizes that which is transpiring. A recent criminal case, without precedent in the archives of Manitoba has somewhat interested him. He cannot recall any event to which that indictment in allusion can possibly be likened. And a coming political struggle within the immediate future, is engaging his attention. We glance back into the long years ago, the name of James Cunningham is recorded as a member of the first parliamentary body within Provincial boundaries. Hence, it is but natural that the spark then kindled, should burst forth whenever the legislative assembly of this country decrees the day at hand for re-elective purposes.

"Where did the primary parliament of Manitoba assemble, Mr. Cunningham?"

"They met in one of the buildings within the Hudson Bay Fort enclosure, Governor McTavish opened the proceedings. No, there weren't any of the grand doings I hear take place now when the House comes together. Talk about elections nowadays, ballot boxes, scrutineers, protests and such things. In the old days if you had a vote you walked to the hustings and said who your man was. I ran against the Hon. John Taylor, and"—Mr. Cunningham's face brightened up,—"Well, he didn't get elected."

"What is your earliest recollection of Fort Gary?" he was next asked.

"Just a few log buildings at the mouth of Assiniboine into Red River. The Company's store was there then, let me think for a moment."

Mr. Cunningham sat deeply absorbed in thought. The writer was making reference to very remote years.

"Yes, I can recollect some events eighty-five years ago. I remember the news coming into the Fort that King George the Fourth had died in England; the Company had their flag at half-mast for a week. Of course all the outside information we received was brought from York Factory, when some Indian from the North would come down to the Fort. As for any mail, that was carried from the Factory; boats belonging to the Company fetched it out from the Old Country just about once a year. In later days, the seventies, letters came through the States to St. Paul, and someone who was there after goods brought it with them."

"Do you recollect any famous trials in early days?"

Mr. Cunningham can recall none out of the ordinary characteristic to be expected. The first courthouse, he states, was situated in an outbuilding of the Hudson Bay Company; to Judge Tomes belongs the honor of occupying the first judiciary seat in Manitoba.

In speaking to the centenarian of the passed winter, its extreme mildness in certain months, he can recollect no more open period than that of November and December, 1913. He possesses, however, distinct remembrance of winters almost arctic in severity; as a boy, he has seen white bears at the ocean beach of Saverill, Hudson Bay. Insofar as Manitoba is concerned, he claims that within the passed twenty years, climatic conditions have been equally severe with any prior to that date.

"No," said Mr. Cunningham. "The story of a year without any summer at all is wrong. I've been asked that question many, many times. There have always been months of warm weather."

This was his reply to a statement which was in circulation a few years ago, that in the forties Manitoba experienced a whole twelve months of cold weather. The writer has heard this fabulous story upon numerous occasions; however, the centenarian's answer dispenses with claims so aladdinesque in character.

"Have I ever attended pow-wows of Indians at the Fort? Yes, many of them; listened to men who were perfect orators in their own language. I recollect being at a dance in Headingly parish, when some Sioux walked into the room carrying two scalps. These they had taken from Chippewas on the river bank with whom they were then at enmity. That must be some sixty years ago, for I was a man of middle age at the time. I suppose you've heard about the conjuring tents, people don't know anything about that now. An Indian would claim to be a wizard and if some other Indian had lost anything, the wise man would erect a small tent, and sit inside to consult with some imaginary powers, who would direct him to the place the article could be found. Of course when this took place, a reward was paid, but in many cases, the wizard had seen an opportunity to hide perhaps a musket under a log; then, when it was missed, the owner went to him and spoke of his loss. After a while he received the gun back, and thought the finder to be extremely clever.

The writer made allusion to a new bridge which will span Red River between Winnipeg and St. Boniface. Mr. Cunningham was asked concerning the ferries in long years ago across this stream and Assiniboine.

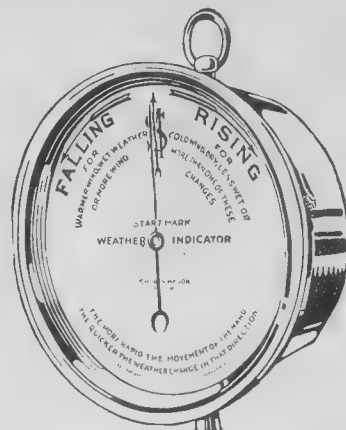
"Ferries," he answered, somewhat surprised. "Those are recent affairs. There were none in my earlier days, so if you wanted to cross the river and cart went through some shallow part of the rivers. If you were on foot, a skiff was used, we called it a canoe; this was made out of a big tree."

Many people have oftentimes wondered whether Bird's Hill, situated a short distance eastward of Winnipeg, has formed a feature in Provincial history. The centenarian says that the only association he can attach to this place is that in the fifties during a flood of unprecedented depths, the settlers drove their cattle to its slopes for safety. In later years, latter end of the eighties, the Marquis of Lorne accompanied by the Marchioness were escorted to its summit, expressing intense delight at the landscape visible.

"Now, Mr. Cunningham," said the writer, "we must speak of Red River's banks, you know there's old Kildonan and St. Andrews."

"Yes," he replied, "Kildonan church. Ah! that's where we went to hear John Black preach." For a few minutes, the centenarian sat gazing into the stove; he was absorbed in thought. "I saw," he continued, "in a Winnipeg paper some years ago, that the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church visited Kildonan and sang the hymn of the early settlers, 'Oh, God of Bethel by Whose Hand,' I've heard that hymn in the first church in Kildonan over seventy years ago."

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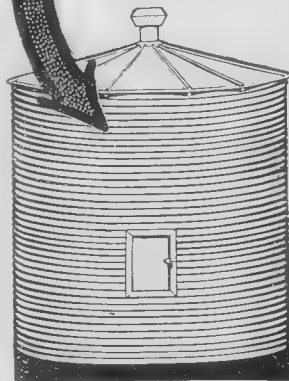
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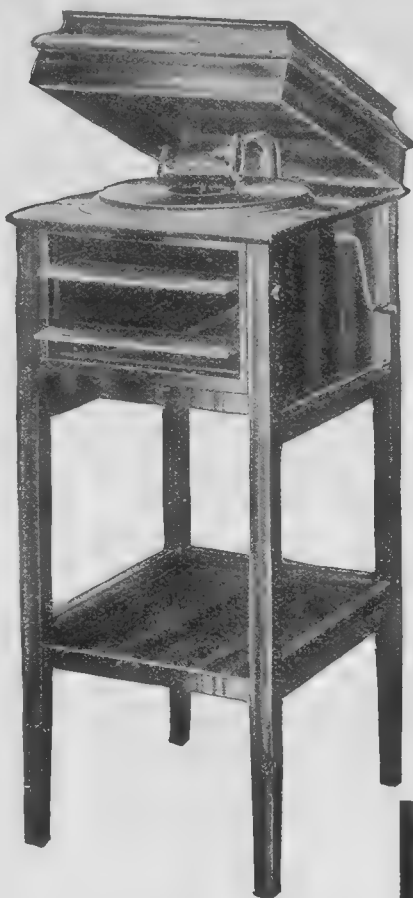
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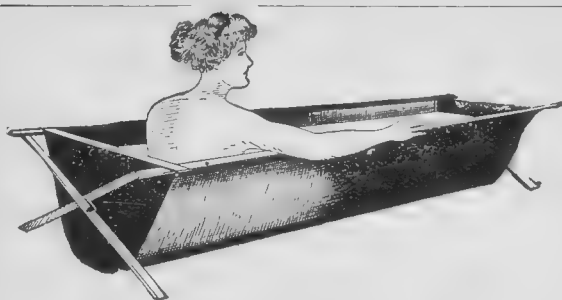
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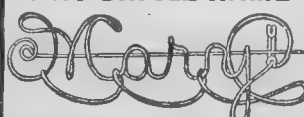
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A few tears rolled down the venerable man's face as he spoke of those sleeping within the God's acre of Kildonan church; the Mathesons, Polsons, McBeths, Sutherlands and many others.

"I suppose I'll not be long now, but—" The writer interrupted Mr. Cunningham, and spoke of "the rest at eventide when life's journey is finished," a remark to which the centenarian replied that he was looking forward to that.

"I'd like to see the great locks at the Rapids, but I never shall. Oh! what a change along the banks of Red River."

In alluding to the centenary of the Anglican church in Manitoba six years hence, 1920, Mr. Cunningham speaks of Rev. John West, first missionary in Rupert's Land of that communion. The centenarian was a personal friend of Bishop Anderson who came to the colony in 1849, first Bishop of the then immense Diocese which, however, has with later days been divided into nine. Mr. Cunningham possessed intimate acquaintanceship with Machray, primary Archbishop and in whose capable hands Diocesan affairs were conducted from 1864 until 1904. Machray of Sidney—Sussex College, Cambridge, famous amongst the mathematical geniuses that seat of learning has sent forth into the world. The present metropolitan of Canada, Archbishop Matheson, was known to Mr. Cunningham as a boy.

Mr. Cunningham states that many years ago, a brewery was conducted on Red River bank at Point Douglas. The product of this establishment was used by the Kildonan residents who were the owners of the plant. Here we have an early example of co-operative business.

"Suppose you have been reading about the proposal to Banish the Bar in Manitoba, Mr. Cunningham."

"They've done that already in some respects. Why, between Winnipeg and West Selkirk, not so many years ago either, liquor was sold at several places."

From subsequent remarks made by Mr. Cunningham, it may be inferred that his sympathies are extended to the temperance forces of Manitoba.

This is a question which has often been asked; now, the answer is forthcoming. The statement of the centenarian was attested as affirmative by his daughter, Mrs. Clouston, who at the moment walked into the sitting-room.

Mr. Cunningham was a member of the constabulary force when a young man; a few trustworthy settlers were requisitioned for this duty. When the to-day erect stature of the man with his burden of nearly one hundred and three years is taken into consideration, it is assured that he was one of the "stalwarts," and worthy of such honor.

The first block to be erected in Winnipeg was built by McKenna; this was situated at the corner of Portage Avenue and Main Street. Mr. McKenna was a half brother of Dr. Schultz, formerly Lieutenant Governor of the Province.

"Who was the first doctor you recollect in Fort Garry, Mr. Cunningham?"

"This was Bunn. He was a native of Manitoba and lived at St. Andrews."

Mr. Cunningham states the Red River to be very much wider than in his early life; he also says its waters were of great depth in those days. The present condition of the stream is but the natural sequence, the resultant issue created by the great city of commercialism to-day upon its banks.

"No, we knew nothing about what nowadays are called realty deals, I see the Winnipeg papers have columns of them. Mr. Ross, he was the father of my first wife and of Mrs. John Black, owned a farm where the busiest part of the city is now. Lots of times I've driven the cows through a field upon which Portage Avenue is built. You spoke a few minutes ago about soldiers in the Fort, there were some as long ago that I can recollect. They had a barracks in the enclosure; the officers came from the Old Country and had gay times shooting, dances, etc. In early days, Colony Creek and a slough near the place the City Hall on Main Street stands, were famous places for wild duck."

"Hope you'll call again soon, you see my time may be short."

Assuring Mr. Cunningham that he would do so, the centenarian after placing a stick in the stove walked into the kitchen with him.

"I don't know, sometimes I feel I'm coming very near to the end," he said, picking up a hat to walk outside.

Possibly this idea which occasionally creeps into his mind is correct. Man is not his own, rather is he at the disposition of a Divine Creator whose decree will state the span of life's days. But Mr. Cunningham awaits the summons with assured joy, he knows he will enter into the Palace, journey to the land of perpetual sunshine. In close proximity to his chair in the sitting room, a well thumbed Bible spoke of his attachment to the truths contained within its pages. To the writer he stated his exceeding fondness for those majestic phrasings found within certain Psalms of the sweet singer of Israel, David. In particular Mr. Cunningham made reference to the words of a verse in the ninetieth writing: "Even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God."

To this view the writer assented. With a hearty shake of the old man's hand, he walked out into the wood, realising that when Mr. Cunningham's earthly journey terminates, the most brilliant link in the chain of Manitoban history will have been broken.

But Mr. Cunningham will have entered into the tranquility, the sweet rest wherein some of those he loved on earth have dwelt many long years. "Broken chords vibrating,"—that's all, and he is thinking of that.

The North Pole Moves

The North Pole is perpetually roving within the limits of a circle sixty feet in diameter. What is the North Pole to-day is not the North Pole to-morrow. The true North Pole has been known to travel more than four feet in a week, while sometimes it has required more than a month to cover a yard. Suppose that you and I were to sail from opposite points to discover this turning point. We will say that you, with your astronomic instruments, planted your flag upon the exact North Pole six months ago, and then went away, I, arriving to-day, make equally accurate calculations and plant my flag also upon the true North Pole. My flag is probably forty feet from yours, yet neither of us is in error. To-morrow the elusive little tip-top of the earth will have slipped away from both of us. And if I were to claim a building site, the corner-stone of which was marked by this North Pole, a strange predicament would follow. I should have to place my fences upon casters and keep them continually moving in order to mark strictly my own reservation.

So it is with too many Christian lives. Want of stability in the Christian faith and life is one of the great—one might say the greatest—hindrances to the true development of Christianity among us. We are constantly veering round in our faith and life, following the latest "new belief," accepting every modern "faith" or doubting some established Christian doctrine. Let us be more stable in our religion.

On coming home from the office, the father met Jack and Dick.

"What have you been doing to-day, boys?" he questioned.

"Fighting, eh? Who licked?"

"Mamma did," answered Jack.

Remarkable Challenge.

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Robbing Peter

by Charles Dorian

SMIKES had the presence of one born to lead, and that was the best recommendation for his engagement as Fuel Foreman at Haplo. This title is conferred upon the man in charge of a group of coal shovellers, and whose duty it is to see that sufficient coal is hoisted into the hoppers which feed the big locomotives of the Railway Company to keep those locomotives in fuel until the next coaling station is reached.

Smikes soon proved to be an efficient foreman, but he had other qualifications which fitted him for the realm of adventure. He "handled" his gang on a humanitarian plan; his chutes were kept running in all kinds of weather with the smoothness of pocket-picking and the company called him a valuable man. Smikes wanted them to prove it, and wrote them a long letter—but that comes later.

He was giving better satisfaction than any of his predecessors. He made the cost of handling coal three-tenths of a cent a ton cheaper. Smikes grew up to the enviable position of a "living example."

The head of the department paid his annual visit, and he noted with pride that Smikes' chutes were the tidiest on the System, that his men worked most rhythmically, and that Smikes himself was the suavest of suave foremen.

"How do you manage it, Smikes?" asked the Head.

"Oh, a little oil and holy water" was the best way Smikes could explain it. Smikes thought he saw a look of suspicion on the face of the Head. This was to be expected, because such good results were usually the outcome of stern man-handling. Smikes smiled as he read the other's thoughts. The smile was contagious, and, well, it was results the Head was after anyway.

Smikes led the way through the deepening snow to the living quarters of the Italian laborers, and here, again, the Head marveled. It was the usual worn-out box car set off its trucks, too far gone for traffic but good enough still for shelter. There was nothing dilapidated about this one, however, as the Head had expected, comparing it with the others he had seen. It had been newly painted outside. The others merely had the numbers painted out with a splash of red lead. True, one might see the outline of the number, 23402, upon close examination. It was the rarity of a laborers' shelter being painted at all that drew forth exclamations of wonder. The interior was fitted up with cupboards, and finished bunks and the walls sheathed, another marvel. And there was actually a thick linoleum on the floor! It had conveniences too. A pipe from the wash-trough carried waste water out to the culvert forty feet away and two other pipes brought in hot and cold water. A standard van stove stood in the middle of the floor, radiating cheer to all corners. The two windows were partly opened for ventilation, and the six bunks at one end were neatly spread with clean, grey blankets, the top one thrown back, exposing a restful bed.

Again the question came into the eyes of the Head, and again he smiled in response to Smikes' smile. Nowhere on the System had he seen the laborers' quarters so neatly arranged. Smikes, himself, bunked in the shack used as an office, and this, too, was comfortably fitted up. The Head went away well pleased.

The Head was the best hated man in the service. The reason for this perverted affection was the extreme economy practised by the department over which he presided. Work was to be done cheaply as well as efficiently. Every item of supplies beyond bare necessities was criticized without mercy, and more than one foreman gave up his job because of the constant sting of that recurring interrogation, "Why?"

Why ten gallons of oil more this month than last? Why two more coal scoops? Why this special requisition for a new cable? So persistent were

the "whys" that a foreman with an extra-sensitive spot invariably added another: "Why am I working for this measly, miserly, hay-wire, one-horse outfit?" Rather than seek the cause of the leaks he would quit. It did not strike him as the foreman's business. How often might he see his men dangling their torches beside them, describing a milky way of blazing leaks, and feel it too mean to check them about it? If the men were light-hearted why run the risk of souring their dispositions with this petty call for economy? They would probably shovel more coal if allowed to revel in their wastefulness. The laborer is touchy upon his failings—and one of them is disregard for economy. "Beeg-a-da-Compane," he reasons, "lots o'money." To his mind there is lot of waste running a railroad anyway, and why should a rich company mind his little extravagances?

Smikes had been through the mill. He answered the "whys" for a month, and then stopped—there were no more "whys" to answer. Less supplies were used in the operation of his chutes than at any other point—according to the records. That naturally made it harder for the other foremen who were one and all besought with rigid insistence to follow the pace set by Smikes.

Upon the same afternoon that the Head parted from Smikes a stranger arrived.

The stranger approached Smikes with bubbling grace, and after some preliminaries talked about the handling of coal at small cost. Smikes was suave, and the stranger had to come down to brass tacks in the end and tell what he really wanted. He was a special service man come to look for a car which had mysteriously disappeared. He had a list of several such cars, but one particularly was last reported on the chute siding of Haplo, where Smikes functioned as foreman.

"There were two boarding cars here last winter, and one was set off its trucks and the number painted out. That was 23402. It's here yet—I see you've painted it standard green. But 16548, when was it lifted?"

"No car has been lifted to my knowledge," declared Smikes. He took the stranger down to his office, and showed him that he had no records which would show what became of 16548. The stranger went away seemingly satisfied.

At closing time Smikes walked home with his little gang, chaffing with them in broken Italian as they went.

At nightfall he paid them a visit. Archangelo Zanata received him with brotherly fervor. These visits seemed to be understood and appreciated by the men. They all smiled expansively.

Smikes sat on the edge of the bench and leaned over to explain the purpose of his visit. "Big wreck up west," he told them. Their eyes dilated greedily and they slid along their bench to huddle closer to him.

"Nice caboose," elaborated Smikes, "one end all broke in. Too bad, boys, to see a nice van like that with the end all broke in."

"We go fix!" they responded. They jumped about making preparations, Smikes smiled at their childish glee. "Don't make a noise outside," he warned them, "and watch out for the yardmen and car repairers—and spotter!" This last word was whispered ominously, and they went out hushing each other.

Smikes waited thirty minutes, and then opened the door to look out. It was a black, moonless night, and the snow was cloaked with coal dust. Waiting engines chugged heavily, and wheels creaked ruefully on the frosty rails. Presently a sound different from these, and evidently expected by Smikes, came to his ears. He stepped out and welcomed back the returning sextet and helped them with their burdens.

Next morning, Mr. Special Service man paid Smikes another visit. He was less genial in his preliminary greetings, (Continued on page 23).

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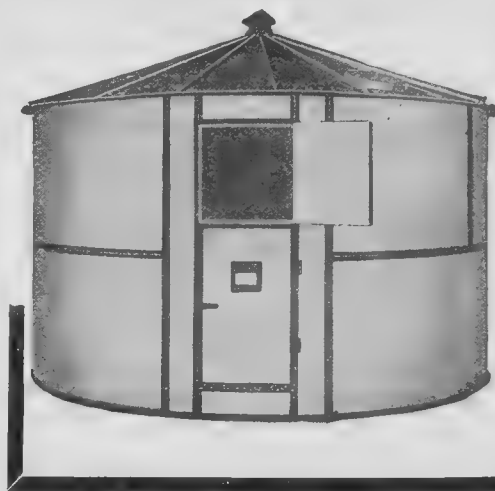
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THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM

By James L. Gordon, D.D., Winnipeg

BE SOBER

"Be sober"—that is a scriptural injunction which means "Be serious." But our civilization demands a new type of soberness. Our age is becoming complex. A man must needs have eyes in the back of his head. He who runs an automobile must look four ways at once. What the age demands is nerve—a steady nerve. Wine, whiskey, beer and tobacco hardly lead a man to the highest peak of self control. To have yourself well in hand you must have nerves of steel and muscles of iron. So, be sober. "It is a long while since we have seen such convincing words about the effect of alcohol as these from the lips of the famous Labrador missionary and physician, Wilfred T. Grenfell. They are quoted from the 'Banner of Good': 'Why don't I want to see liquor used at sea? Because, when I go down for watch below, I want to feel that the man at the wheel sees only one light when there is only one light to see; that, when the safety of the ship and all it carries depends on the cool head, the instant resolve, and the steady hand of the helmsman, there is not standing there in place of the man, the poor, debased creature that all the world has seen alcohol create—even out of such gifted men as Burns and Coleridge and hosts of others. I have seen ships lost through collision because the captain has been taking a little alcohol.'"

FORE-ORDAINED FAILURE

There are young men who seem to be determined to fail. They squander time as though they did not know that it takes an eternity to produce it. They smoke cheap tobacco and suck innumerable cigarettes as though throat and lungs were copper lined and poison proof. They spend money as though they had the backing of a perfect banking system and scatter their currency as though gold were a thing to get rid of. They invite failure, woo ruin, and welcome defeat. And then, when it is all too late, they seem surprised and crest-fallen. Which reminds us of Caesar's remark: "Caesar surveyed the field of battle after the victory of Pharsalia, not with the feelings of exultation which might have been expected in a victorious general, but with compassion and sorrow for the fallen soldiers whose dead bodies covered the ground. After gazing upon the scene sadly and in silence for a time, he said: 'They would have it so,' and thus dismissed from his mind all sense of his own responsibility for the consequences which had ensued."

ONE MAN POWER

All the guarantees necessary for a reconstructed universe are wrapped up in the personality of one man. One man can revive the church. One man can regenerate a community. One man can split a party—and sometimes a party needs to be split. One man can smite a great evil. One man can enthrone a great deal. A man is so constructed that he can become the channel of all spiritual forces and the instrument of all the unseen elements of power. An American writer says: "Since the time when a saloon-keeper in Maine thrust out Neal Dow, who had entered his saloon to remonstrate with him for selling liquor to an incorrigible toper, with the exclamation, 'This is my business! Mind your own business! Get out!' and Dow replied, 'I will get out, but I will make it my business to put you out of business!' the organized temperance movement has made steady progress in America, and every day sees many saloons closed up."

YOUR WORKSHOP

A woman needs a sewing basket and a man needs a workshop. You will do more work at home than you will ever do elsewhere because at home the conditions are right. Even if a man is to write a successful article he must have a pen which suits his hand, a paper which is not too rough or too soft, a light which shines on his desk in the right way, a chair which fits his body and an inkwell fairly within reach. Have your "den" my boy. Get things in the right place—that is in the right place for you. It was said concerning Henry Ward Beecher that "He tossed books, papers, memoranda, boots, and articles of clothing in one corner of his room, and when in search of anything he got down on his knees and pawed over the mass. He had a circular table made, with a hole large enough in the centre to admit his body. He sat on a low stool with a turning top, with his head and half of his body through the hole in the table, and when he changed from one work to another he would spin around on the stool and thus bring himself to another part of the table. He was a poor student in mathematics, and finished this part of his course with difficulty."

YOUR BEST FRIEND

Unless you are one of the most unfortunate creatures who ever lived—your best friend is your mother. She has already suffered more for you than any other person is likely to suffer and her advice, while not always infallible, is without personal bias, prejudice or personal selfishness. When your mother speaks—listen! Listen to Mrs. James G. Blaine as she writes a personal letter to one of her boys: "Good-by my dear boy, and the best of heaven's blessings, a pure heart and good conscience, be yours," or "I must say good-night to my dear boy. I long to see you—no words can express how much. I have every confidence that you will not abuse your father's indulgence. If you make any mistake, be sure to write me or him all about it. Do not be afraid under any circumstances of giving up your fullest confidence. Good-night, be a good boy, and heaven bless and keep you."

DIVINE DISCONTENT

There is a divine discontent. It is well not to be satisfied with "your best." You can surpass yourself if you only believe it. The greatest thing in life is growth. The biggest room is the "room for improvement." When you are complimented for the song which you sang, say to yourself "I will do that one better." Ever press onward. Believe that all things are possible in the development of your own personality. Never rest. Ever be engaged in the work of self-reconstruction. "Plutarch said of the Roman consul Coriolanus: 'He was always trying to excel himself.' The same secret of excellence is possessed by the sculptor, St. Gaudens: A Chicago reporter said to him, when a piece of his work was unveiled in that city, 'I suppose, Mr. St. Gaudens, you consider this statue your masterpiece?' 'Indeed, I do not,' was the quick reply, my next statue will be better than this."

QUALITY IN WORK

Nothing so marks out a man for success in life as quality in the character of his work. Everybody is looking for quality—the purchaser and the seller alike. Quality means wear, endurance and lasting merit. The man who puts quality into his work is a marked man. Marked because his work can be depended upon to reduce and finally eliminate worry, anxiety and concern. Oh youth! Put quality into your work! "Wedgwood, though risen from a workman, was never satisfied till he had done his best. He would tolerate no inferior work. If it did not come up to his idea of what it should be he would break the vessel and throw it away, saying: 'That won't do for Josiah Wedgwood.' Character makes reputation, and Wedgwood pottery, with Wedgwood's character behind it, won world-wide celebrity. There was no evasive secrecy; his art was his holy bride, and he espoused her with open glory."

BE PRACTICAL

Even a man of genius should be practical. The most practical question is always expressed in three words: "Will it work?" An inventor should ask himself the question: "Will this thing work and if it will work has it any financial value?" There is no use in inventing things which cause wonder but produce no compensation for the worker. We live in a world where the price of real estate is fixed for every square foot of ground which has on it the element of prospective gain and where the price of food is still high. So be practical. "There come regularly to the patent office at Washington men who wish to take out patents for perpetual motion machines. Such a man is never argued with. He is told, 'You must bring a working model,' and he goes away and does not come back."

GET SOMETHING DONE

Move! Make a start! Get something done! You will be fifty before you know it. How kind destiny is to youth. Health and no responsibilities but ambition and effort. Start early my boy. An early start gives you a chance to correct your own mistakes and, if necessary, to begin all over again. Have a program. Say to yourself that "before I am twenty-five years old I will have a college education and before I am thirty-five years of age I will be worth \$10,000." Why not? You can do it! Try, friend, live while you live. Do something. "Where will you find a more caustic satire than in the words of Douglas Jerrold: 'I know a man who is master of twenty-four languages, but has nothing to say'? Or, where will you find a sadder epitaph than on the tomb of Joseph II, at Vienna: 'Here lies a King, who, with the best intentions, never succeeded in carrying out a single plan?'"

FIND A WAY

There is always a way to do a thing which must be done. That there is a difficulty in the way of doing a thing simply emphasises the necessity of having the thing done. Duty, difficulty and diadem spell out the charter of a noble achievement. There are always seven ways of doing a thing and if we fail in one way there are still six possible ways of solving the problem before the day is over. There are other ways of getting upstairs besides climbing the staircase. Ask the man in charge of the fire engine. The author of "Getting One's Bearing" says: "M. Hue, the missionary in China, one day asked a boy whether it was noon. The boy looked up to the sky, but the sun was obscured by clouds; then he took up a cat, and pushing back the eyelids, said, 'It is not noon yet.' Then he let the cat go."

PERSONALITY

"Personality" is a word full of meaning. It is success, power, influence and magnetism to those who avail themselves of its secret forces. Personality gets a hearing, personality commands attention, personality wins an audience, personality creates a favorable disposition on the part of every social circle toward the one who possesses it. Personality does not depend on form, figure, beauty or social standing. Personality is another word for brains, thought-power and strong mentality. It was said of Madame de Staël, who was the reverse of a beauty, that she could bring any man to her feet in a quarter of an hour by the charm of her manner and of her converse.

RIGHT IS MIGHT

Get on the right side of things. Get on the right side of your conscience. In every discussion, debate, division, struggle and conflict there is a right side. Get on that side. Seek it ever and it will find you always. Have a noble ambition to be right. Ask for the right, seek for the right. A hundred times a day ask the question: "Is it right?" Where there is doubt there is danger. Right is not a narrow road hard to find. Right is a road which is narrow at its beginning, but which grows broader with every added mile. Seek for the right. Keep before your mind the inscription on Gordon's statue in Trafalgar Square—"Right is Might." The best use we can make of life is to live it out thoroughly.

SALVATION IN WORK

Emerson affirms that a man's task is his life preserver. What you do makes you what you are. It is well for a young man to be interested in an automobile, a steam launch, a motor cycle or a musical instrument. Occupation is the enemy of temptation. The young man who is occupied, wisely, is shielded from a score of threatening evils. Let it also be said that when a youth finds his life's work and the profession for which he is fitted by nature and education he has opened a new chapter in his experience. Phillips Brooks used to say that the day of his conversion was the day of his ordination,

ROCK BOTTOM

The universe is founded on truth and constructed according to the laws of righteousness. There is no strength in a lie and no permanency in a "fib." Everything favors a fact and all things are in opposition to a deceit inspired fiction. A misrepresentation may help for an hour, but it will bring weakness in a day and crush you if you lean wholly upon it in a year. "In a speech which Thucydides reports, Demosthenes endeavors to make this plain to the Athenian people. Says he: 'It is impossible, Athenians, to found a lasting power on injustice, perjury and trickery. For as in structures of every kind the lower parts should have the greater stability, so the grounds and principles of great enterprises should be justice and truth.'"

NOT YOUR FORTE

There are a lot of people in the world who can tell you what "you can't do." They seem to be afraid, possibly, that you will out-do them. They are bent on killing genius in its infancy. They are on the lookout for mortals who are aspiring. To chill a young and enthusiastic soul seems to give them peculiar pleasure and joy. They are determined to stall the heart of aspiration. To pour cold water on a hot skin is to them an exquisite pleasure. So they persist in affirming that: "You can't." "Hohenlinden," the immortal poem of Thomas Campbell, was first rejected by a newspaper editor, and in the notes to correspondents appeared the words: "To T. C.—The lines commencing, 'On Linden when the sun was low,' are not up to our standard. Poetry is not T.C.'s forte."



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THE PHILOSOPHER

Current Events under Review.

THE GREATEST SOURCE OF WEALTH

Excellent advice was set forth by Vice-President George Bury, the western head of the Canadian Pacific Railway, in connection with his public statement issued a couple of weeks ago in regard to the crop prospects. After noting the increase of one and three-quarter million acres in the grain area this year, making a total grain area for 1914 of close upon 21,000,000 acres, and speaking of the outlook for a new harvest record, Mr. Bury spoke concisely and with a forcible directness to the point against unduly attracting people to centres of population. His advice is as wise and valuable as it is terse, and should be emphasized again and again, and acted upon, by every agency of public or private action that can thus co-operate in promoting the welfare and prosperity of the West. Mr. Bury has hit the bull's-eye. People can live and succeed only by productive industry—their own, or other people's. The crowding together of population in cities causes great increases in city land values, by which the early acquirers of city real estate are enabled to levy heavy drafts upon the product of the labor of those who come along later. It is a profitable operation for the fortunate, or foreseeing few, at the expense of the many; but it is the productive industry of the many that makes it profitable for the few. The great majority, the country at large, is not benefited by the crowding of people into cities, but by the promoting of the movement back to the land, which increases the production of wealth from the fundamental and the greatest source of wealth, namely, agricultural industry. The output of agricultural products is the foundation of Canadian national progress and prosperity. Every successful harvest in this country lessens the necessity for borrowing abroad and lightens the burden of repayment of money already borrowed.

PRINCIPLE AND PARTISANSHIP

The Philosopher has a friend who is inclined to use strong language when he becomes thoroughly aroused on the subject of the sacrifice of principle to political partisanship. When he is launched upon discussion of this subject he utters scornful condemnation of any man who will make it a boast that he never voted against his party. It is quite possible, of course, that a man in saying that may be able to declare truthfully that in every election in which he has cast a vote he has conscientiously believed his party to be in the right and the other party to be in the wrong; and to condemn such a man is, of course, unjust. Freedom of opinion must ever be preserved as the fundamental essential of self-governing progress. There are men whose loyalty to their party occasionally impairs their ability to maintain a judicial impartiality in coming to a decision upon public issues. This is stating it mildly. The friend of whom the Philosopher has just spoken is very decided in the view that the advance of the country rests with the men who are not rigid and unbending in their loyalty to party, but are ready to vote against their party when they believe it to be in the wrong and the other party to be in the right. In fact, he sometimes talks of attempting to form a new party, of which the conditions of membership shall be that you have not always voted for one party. It is, in sober truth, a good thing for the country that there is always a considerable element of the citizens who hold principle above party, and are not like the Democrat in the story—let us say Democrat, instead of either Conservative, or Liberal, because thus we can imply that such hide-bound partisanship is not found in this country—who, when he first heard the story of Cain and Abel, condemned the slayer in unmeasured terms, but when he was told that Cain was a Democrat, changed his point of view, and while still regretting the occurrence, said, "But what did that Republican Abel come around there for, looking for trouble? Why couldn't he stay away?"

AS TO CALLING OTHER PEOPLE FOOLS

Some hitherto unpublished letters of Thomas Carlyle were printed in the London Times recently. In one of them Carlyle advised the person to whom it was written to "avoid the society of fools." This is not wholly good advice. To set out with the notion that you are not a fool and that you will have no dealings with fools, is like setting out with the notion that you are a saint, and will not have any dealings with sinners. Most of us are fools and sinners; and our business, in the former respect, is to become less foolish, not by despising other fools and resolving to avoid their company, but by realizing our own lack of true wisdom and endeavoring to become wise.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN

No observant person can fail to note the frequent occasions there are which furnish evidence of parental neglect of the duty of training children. A Winnipeg lawyer, speaking of certain cases of juvenile delinquency which had come to his attention, said recently, "What ails these youngsters, anyway? Are they victims of too much amusement and too much liberty?" The truth is that they are victims of parental neglect. In some cases the parents are either incompetent to discharge their obligations to their children, or have married and brought up families without realizing the serious responsibilities of their position. As for the question of moral training in schools, it has most unhappily been mixed up with that of denominational instruction. But all right-minded people are in agreement in regard to the essentials of morals; and it is hard to understand why a teacher of good character and education should not be able to teach morals. However, school training cannot take the place of home training. The notion that the state can relieve the parent of any of his responsibility is false and a source of the most serious evil both to the individual and the body politic.

THE RIBS OF THE ESKIMOS

The ancients used to have a saying that something new was ever to be expected from Africa. We moderns are getting into the habit rather of looking to the north for the unexpected. No sooner have we recovered from the surprise caused by the announcement of the discovery by our Manitoban explorer Stefansson of a tribe of blond Eskimos than another announcement is made, and accepted by various bodies of learned men, that every Eskimo has two more ribs than other human beings who are not Eskimos possess. This is an extraordinary thing. We are prepared to submit to the superiority of the Eskimos to ourselves in respect of certain qualifications which are needful in the Polar regions, but this Eskimo superiority in ribs is a different matter and touches us in a ticklish spot.

A STRONGHOLD WITH THREE DEFENCES

At the recent convention in London of the Association for the Prevention of Consumption, that great Canadian, Sir William Osler, M.D., than whom there is no higher authority in the medical profession of the whole world at the present time, said some plain things which deserve general attention. Practically every living human being, he told his hearers, has at some time or other harbored germs of tuberculosis. He went on to say that probably 90 per cent of people have somewhere within them a small area of tuberculosis. This statement has been unduly magnified in many newspapers and its significance entirely misapprehended. The plain truth is that the germs of many diseases are being constantly cast off by healthy people and the whole trend and purpose of Sir William Osler's address was to dwell upon the importance of creating and maintaining this condition of being able to cast off disease germs. Speaking of people in whom the beginnings of tuberculosis have actually declared themselves, he said that the conditions necessary to enable them to escape this doom are fresh air, good home lives and abundance of good food. The dangerous tendency could be arrested, "if the nation would spend on food what it spends on drink." Dr. Osler put the case impressively when he said: "The enemy has been traced to his very stronghold, which is defended by three allies—poverty, bad housing and drink."

AS TO WEALTH AND PRIVILEGE

A Tory of the Tories is Lord Willoughby de Broke, who yet delights to declare that "a title is nothing but a sound, unless the holder does his duty to his country." He is a foremost figure in the crusade in Great Britain in favor of compulsory military training, which he would apply to his own privileged class no less stringently than he would apply it to every other class. Lord Roberts, the veteran Field Marshal, is another member of the House of Lords who believes that compulsory military training for every class of the population, without exception, is needed in Great Britain. The advocates of this doctrine find themselves in a small minority, not only in the nation at large, but even in the House of Lords. Lord Willoughby de Broke's Bill, which, in his own words, was designed to "give effect to the idea that certain comfortable and privileged people should have to lead the way in the matter of compulsory military training," was supported by Lord Roberts and by a few other Lords, but was voted down by the great majority of the members of the hereditary House. Lord Willoughby de Broke, in commenting on the action of the major-

ity, says, "Most of them probably agree with Lord Lucas in thinking that the only use of money is to buy comfort and avoid responsibility." Continuing, he quotes with a great deal of scorn, this passage from the speech of Lord Lucas, who, by the way, is a Lord of recent creation:

"The primary object for which any man desires to accumulate wealth is to be able to obtain certain privileges which the possession of that wealth gives him. Those privileges consist of being relieved of certain obligations which press rather heavily upon a poor man—first, that he should have to work to support himself; second, that he should have to work to support his family; and third, that he should have to work in some form or another to support the State. It is because a man has the desire to relieve himself of these obligations that he sets to work to accumulate wealth, and the possession of wealth has always carried with it the enjoyment to a greater or less degree of all those privileges."

It is by no means necessary to agree with all the ideas of Lord Willoughby de Broke in order to appreciate with sympathy and with respect his attitude of anger against the smug doctrine of wealth and privilege set forth by Lord Lucas. The spirit that speaks in Lord Lucas's words is not the spirit that has won for Great Britain its place in history, nor will it make any country great or advance true progress and the betterment of the conditions of humanity.

THE STRUGGLE DOES AVAIL

How wonderful and mysterious the human lives around us and the inner visions and ideals that guide them. How marvellous the human spectacle, if we had but the power of insight into the meanings of all these lives. Every day, if we will try to see and to understand, we have before us men and women striving nobly and unselfishly towards the attainment of aims and purposes that will be for the good of others. They are true crusaders, often hiding under a commonplace exterior the spirit of striving towards an ideal, the spirit which finds expression in the poet's words:

"Say not the struggle nought availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain."

It is a fine and inspiring thing to know that, in spite of all discouragements, the average man faces front. It is part of our human endowment to meet life bravely, to fight for causes that outweigh any temporary ease or happiness. We are in a world of mystery and yet we find in our own natures a clue to the solution. The highest satisfaction comes from duty bravely done. We know from the approval of what is best within us that the struggle does avail and that the labor and the wounds are not in vain.

THE KING OF HISTORICAL NOVELISTS

Eminently worthy of celebration was the centenary, which fell within the past month, of the publication anonymously in Edinburgh of Sir Walter Scott's first historical novel, "Waverley." What that event meant for English literature everybody knows. It was the beginning of the reign of fiction. Before Scott's wonderful success, novels were relatively few in number and were written for special tastes. There were few novels that could be read aloud in the family circle. Scott wrote for everybody, and the long series of his novels, beginning with "Waverley," made the greatest literary success in all history. No other writer who ever lived has done as much to popularize literature as Scott. There may be those to-day who find some of Scott's novels slow, in comparison with the latest thriller; but it is unquestionable that future ages will endorse the verdict of the past century upon the masterpieces of Scott, whose strong and swift imagination and marvellous power of making the past live again won him the deserved name of "The Wizard of the North." He was a great genius. Nothing is more notable in his work than its wide sympathy and kindly tolerance. Take, for example, his historical novels of the times of the Cavaliers and the Roundheads. He shows us both sides, making both Cavaliers and Roundheads live in his pages as men with both virtues and faults, human beings with humanity's greatnesses and shortcomings. He does not picture them as heroes and noble fellows on one side, and scoundrels and knaves on the other. For, really, each side meant well, if the other would but believe it. This was the lesson which the unequalled master of historical romance drew from history—a lesson of invaluable importance, of which there is as much need in the world to-day as ever there has been.

(Continued from page 19).

Smikes thought. He thought other things, too, when the stranger opened up:

"I've been looking after the handling of van, number 2114, arriving and leaving here. It was broken in the Nemegutch pitch-in, but was brought in here with other damaged equipment. She arrived with complete furnishings, and left last night with a stove, two pairs blankets, a van chair, two lanterns, several cooking utensils and a small cupboard missing. Where are they?"

The suddenness of the question startled Smikes, but he lost none of his placidity. He assured Mr. Special Service man that his business was hoisting coal, not searching for lost equipment.

"Come now," insisted the Special Service man, "take me down to the Italians' shack and let me look through it. Don't think I'd put this up to you if I hadn't seen your men bringing the goods across the tracks to their car."

The car was searched, but it was just as the Head had seen it. The special service man was non-plussed. "Those Italians are wily villains," he commented. "You'd better stay here while I go and get a statement from them. I've got an interpreter coming in a few minutes."

Smikes sat down to the long table when the other had gone and wrote a letter to the Head:

"Dear Sir: The Special Service department sent a man up to find a box car that was here last winter. Special Service men are necessary in a big concern like this. Other things are necessary, too. You'll excuse me for making a story of this, but you must decide when you have read it whether you fire me or put the saving I have effected in hoisting coal against the price of a box car and a few other things, and let me prove that it can be done just as easily on the square."

"I've traveled some; been a mite in and out of this Big Cheese, and paid my way. But my failing seems to be a liking for novelty. Now, hoisting coal is as fascinating as whitewashing birch trees. The job needs a little charm infused into it. This is best understood by the Italian element. I stuck on that euphonious word, economy, and talked it over quietly with my Dago lads. They let me call them Dagos, but they work for me like devils. Now, the first day I hired there was a broken stove in their car. I ordered a new one. I might as well have ordered the Kohinoor out of the royal crown. Outrageous expense, it was called, and a blue line was drawn across the requisition."

"A disabled van came along. It had a good stove in it; it went out with a broken one, and my Dago boys were pleased. They scoured the yards. Short ends of lumber were gathered up until we had enough to line the car and build cupboards. The other improvements were made in the same way. The boys were made comfortable, they were living like decent citizens, and pretty soon I was getting a larger percentage of coal up and having an easier time myself. There was certainly interest infused in the game—but after necessities were accumulated until we could store no more, the habit of acquiring them did not cease. This is the habit I have to break to prove that it is not necessary. I will give you an inventory of what stores I have, and I will requisition for what I need from month to month. If the requisitions are filled you can rely on me to use them honestly—if this confession does not prejudice my case and confirm me a crook. That is for you to decide—I took one means of beating 'economy,' and show you that it pays to keep up supplies, but I am ready for the penalty imposed for acting without authority."

"I have 13 van stoves, 10 van chairs, 6 mattresses, 25 lanterns, 15 pails, 40 shovels, 10 lining bars, 6 spike bars, 15 van lamps, 100 pounds best waste, 50 gallons coal oil, 20 gallons black oil, 6 cables, 5 oil cans and 100 feet of rope."

"These are all necessities. I can get a gallon of oil from the other departments for a chair, and for a stove I can get a cable—just a matter of reciprocity. You see, I can use everything in the company's interest. Why should the contents of a damaged van travel a thousand miles because the car has to go that far

for repairs? That is the principle of these accumulations—making the most of salvage. Should I have told all this to the special service man? He'd have got credit for being smart, and I would lose my job without discussion. I prefer to be fired by the head of this department. You can give authority to have the stores utilized by this department, and it might be just as easy to get the right to have car, number 16548, assigned to this department. The special service man says it's here, and he's right. It's right under car, number 23402, used as a store-room for the various accessories I have catalogued. I had it pulled out of the chute siding no less than six times, and they kept shunting it back—so I buried it."

Smikes, you say, was fired. Not so. Smikes was appointed Fuel Inspector, with jurisdiction over six coaling plants like the one at Haplo. The pilfering has ceased entirely, but the housing arrangements on the other plants are modeled after Haplo's. The six Italians speak and write English well, and each is a foreman at one of the chutes.

Asleep on The Prairie

As dusk steals o'er the prairie, and cool breezes

Sweep through the grass and deep-leaved poplar grove,
And the hour of stillness creeps on tired nature.

I make my bed 'neath Heaven's blue alcove.

I wrap my blanket round me, and my saddle

I place with coat upon it at my head.
My broncho browses quietly at his picket:
The last rays of the setting sun shine red.

The fireflies light up their tiny lanterns,
And roistering frogs begin their revelings.

On the hill a lonely coyote bays the moon,

And many sounds arise from many dwellings.

A quietness and yet there is no quiet;
A solitude yet not alone am I.

A deep and awe-inspiring quiet that grips you,

'Neath nature's wild harmonious lullaby.

The perfume of a hundred flowers blows o'er me,

The creek's incessant babbling fills my ears;

And here I lay me down to sleep till morning,

'Neath nature's beauties, calm and free from fears.

E. L. Chicanot, Lacombe, Alta.

On the Branch Line

The trains on the branch road never went very fast. There were various reasons for this, all good ones. Nevertheless, travellers from more populous districts sometimes expressed forcible opinions on the subject. Silas Wetmore, who rode back and forth to and from the junction almost every day, took it upon himself to pacify such as were unduly disturbed by the waits and stops of the little sawed-off string of cars.

One day a particularly irritable passenger sat next him. He not only complained that the train was slow, but wished to know why it was slow.

"What are we stopping for now?" he asked.

Silas looked out the window.

"This is a station," he said, mildly.

"Don't see any," said the other.

"Oh, there isn't any building," said Silas, "but it's a stopping-place."

By and by the train went on. Presently it stopped, apparently in the middle of a field. This time the stranger did not inquire into the reasons for halting. But after another twenty minutes the same thing occurred. Finally he broke out again:

"What we stopping here for? Isn't any station here, is they?"

"No station," said Silas. "We're stopping for water."

"Water!" exclaimed the other. "Water! Why, we just took in water not five minutes ago. What do you mean?"

"Boiler leaks," said Silas, patiently; and the other relapsed into silence.

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The Citizen Soldiers at Sewell Camp

Specially Written for the W. H. M. by Captain Jack



Seven thousand citizen soldiers were trained in Sewell camp this year. A concentration of seven thousand men at one point is a large undertaking. It represents, among other things, a large outlay of public and private money.

Some four thousand cavalry troops, all from within the provinces of Manitoba and Saskatchewan, trained at Sewell, Manitoba, for twelve days. The artillery required sixteen days, for the completion of their instruction, while the infantry, recruited from the cities, wound up their season's work with five days at the big training area. Including the departmental units, such as the Army Service, Medical, Pay, Ordnance, Veterinary and Engineer Corps, the total of approximately seven thousand was reached.

The government pay received by the citizen soldiers reached something in the neighborhood of \$100,000.00, which amount finds circulation in various sections of No. 10 Military District, and the butcher, the grocer, and farmer all benefit.

Col. S. B. Steele, C.B., M.V.O., A.D.C., is District Officer Commanding No. 10 Military District, the largest military area in Canada, extending as it does from Port Arthur, in Ontario, in the East, to the westerly boundary of Saskatchewan, and northward from the International Boundary to the North Pole. Under the D.O.C., on Monday, June 29, there was

that the Canadian Army Service Corps, to which branch of the service this duty especially belongs, carried out their work with clock-work precision. The beef is slaughtered in the camp by the A.S.C. men, and with the bread baked in field ovens, is distributed to the various regiments by wagons, along with other provisions.

A nice problem in simple arithmetic is the computation of the required amount of food for 7,000 men and 4,000 horses during the period of training. Think of the vast amount of flour, bacon, beef, eggs, cheese, potatoes and other vegetables, firewood, and utensils required! And all the money—or the greater proportion of it—finds its way into the pockets of the farmer!

Nearly a quarter of a million dollars spent in connection with this one training period!

Each individual member of the militia makes more or less sacrifice in money and time, which his pay does not cover.

The old time glamor of the citizen soldiers' life in camp is a thing of the past. There is very little time for play, and hard work is the essence of the present militia training, as a great deal of instruction must be crowded into a short period. Much of the preliminary instruction is supposed to be given before a unit goes into camp, but with the cavalry and other corps, whose squadrons and troops or sections are



Getting in touch with the enemy.

bed covering, and all clothes on, is a trying experience, but the novelty of the thing appealed to many. While but few actually found sleep, the men who were pretty well fatigued after a long day's march, were anxious to rest, and quiet reigned supreme, except for the never ending swat, swat, after the busy mosquito or the neighing of a restive horse. Early morning meals are cooked in the open, and hungry men relish the food served out.

It is specially to be noted that the development of this mammoth camp at Sewell is but a matter of less than half a dozen years. Five years ago the sum

Need for Haste

In a Massachusetts seaport town many stories are still told of an eccentric old man who was a conspicuous figure in its streets thirty years ago.

Not many years before he died he married a young wife, who was a constant surprise to him. One day an old friend met him hurrying along the main street of the town, one arm held out stiffly in front of him and carrying a white paper parcel.

"Don't touch me and don't detain me!" he cried, as his friend approached.



The bivouac of the northern force. The cavalry lines are shown in the foreground. The infantry lines are on the extreme left, near the high ground in the rear. This force comprised some three thousand troops. A similar force spent the night of July 1, several miles south of this spot. This photo was taken at 4 a.m. July 2, as the men were roused for duty.

held at Sewell a review of all the troops—horse, foot and artillery. To the men in the ranks, as well as to the thousands of spectators, who had gathered to witness the spectacle, the event was an education. If no other lesson were learned, certainly it demonstrated that the day of the horse is not yet ended, for more than 4,000 splendid specimens of horse flesh marched past, in review, either carrying an expert horseman, or being driven, hitched to some transport wagon, ambulance or artillery guns. Practically every horse came off the farms.

With but one exception—Petewawa—Sewell Camp was this year the concentration point for the largest body of troops in the whole Dominion—just as it was in 1913 the premier camp.

The feeding of men and horses is a stupendous task, but so thoroughly organized is the militia in this district

distributed over a vast extent of country, it is difficult to get the men together at local head-quarters. In a surprisingly short time, however, after arrival at camp, the men and horses are quickly rounded into shape, and inside of a week the troops would hardly be recognized as those who entered at the beginning of the camp. The infantry, however, are ready for advanced work when they reach the camp.

About the most strenuous work undertaken is in connection with the grand manoeuvres—heretofore called "sham fight." The cavalry had three days of it, and the infantry two. The former slept out in the open two nights, and the latter one. Grub for the midday meal is carried by each man and horse, and the work in the field is carried out under as close an approach to active service conditions as circumstances will allow. Sleeping in the open, with but little

total of the largest military camp in Manitoba was less than 800 men. Today 7,000 were under canvas!

No greater evidence of the growth of the population in the West may be shown than the progress of the militia force. In these few years the force has been enrolled, organized and trained, in Manitoba and Saskatchewan alone, in excess of 7,500 troops. Then there are the cadet corps to be also taken into account.

The growth and development of the militia is due to no one man. The task to bring this about was carried out by the co-operation of hundreds and thousands of citizens—men and women alike. The staff of officers permanently employed by the militia department, whose salaries, allowances and expenses are paid by the citizens, have rendered a full measure of assistance to the people in this development of the citizen soldiery.

To the mothers, fathers, sisters and sweethearts, who have those near and dear to them in the militia, it will not be out of place to here state that the field hospitals and ambulances and the various sections of the Army Medical Corps are most complete. Everything required, everything necessary, is provided, and Canada may well pride itself on the equipment—and the men—of the medical service. Busy practitioners, eminent surgeons and specialists in medicine and surgery are officers in the Army Medical Corps, and that in itself is assurance, should it so happen that attendance is required, the soldier will be in the hands of the best of medical men and trained nurses.

"What in the world is the matter?" asked the other. "Anybody sick up at your house?"

"Nobody's sick," answered the old man, over his shoulder, "but I'm fetching a new bunnet for my wife, and I want to get there before the styles change!"

A train was just starting to leave a suburban station, says the New York Tribune, when an elderly man rushed across the platform and jumped on one of the slowly moving cars. The rear-end brakeman, who was standing by, reached up just as the man got aboard, grabbed his coat tails and pulled him off. "There," he said, sternly, "I have saved your life! Don't ever try to board a train that way again."

"Thank you," said the old man, calmly. "Thank you for your thoughtful kindness. It is three hours till the next train, isn't it?"

"Three hours and a quarter," said the brakeman, "but it is better to wait that length of time than to be killed."

The long train, meanwhile, had been slowly gliding by, slowly gathering speed. Finally the last car appeared. This was the brakeman's car, the one for which he had been waiting, and with the easy grace born of long practice, he started to step majestically on it.

But the old gentleman seized him by the coat, and with a strong jerk pulled him back and held him until it was too late.

"One good turn deserves another," said the old gentleman, with a smile. "You saved my life, I have saved yours. Now we are quits."



Concealed from the enemy.

Curious Clubs

E. L. Chicanot, Lacombe

THE organization of freak clubs has of late years been extensive, and though most of these have originated in America, the land of novelties, London too has had her share. Foremost among these have been the numerous matrimonial clubs.

gets the principles of the organization as to enter Hymen's realms he is promptly expelled and a fine imposed.

There is a similar organization in Germany—the Junggesellen Club. Whenever the officials of this club receive any intimation that a member contemplates

prominence in the Austrian capital. The tradition that woman must have small hands and feet to be beautiful the society maintains is dying out.

A Blind-man's Club in which membership is restricted to men who are entirely sightless has been organized in Macon, Ga. This club conducts a campaign against street beggars, and it is the aim of the club to discuss topics of special interest to the sightless and means of mutual assistance.

An interesting but little known organization is the City of London Pickwick Club, which meets at frequent intervals to sustain the memory of Charles Dickens. Their meetings and dinners are carried out

and finished up the day by dining in the Old Bull Inn at Rochester, just as Pickwick and his friends did.

A novel American club is the "Silence Club" of women. According to the rules of the club no woman must talk when it is not absolutely necessary. There must be no useless and superficial debating, a member must smile instead of making a remark whenever it is possible to do so. When it is necessary to speak, every statement must be made in the shortest form, with no extra remark of any kind whatever.

At present there are thirty-five members of the Veterans' Society of New Jersey. They meet once a year since their first meeting sixteen years ago. At every meeting the same bottle of champagne is placed at the head of the table, and there it will remain until the last survivor of the association dines by himself on the anniversary of the first dinner. He will open the bottle and drink to the memory of his comrades who have preceded him to the grave. The bottle bears a large label containing the names of all the members, and as each one dies a red line is drawn under his name.

A women's society was recently formed at Vienna with the object of bringing the title "Madam" into universal use for the women of all ranks, married or unmarried. By this means, the "League of Madame," as the association is called, hopes to democratise and infuse a new spirit of camaraderie into woman-kind.

Recently a club with the cognomen of "Guild of Godparents" has come into existence, with the object of saving innocent children from the burden of grotesque names. The promoters of the society were urged on to its institution by the perusal of the registers at Somerset House, in which they came across names such as Noah's Ark Smith, Sardine Box, Jolly Death, Judas Iscariot Brown, One-too-many Johnson, Not-wanted Smith, Bovril Simpson, Merry Christmas Legget, Odious Heaton, and Anno Domini Davies, names which children will probably have to bear through life.



Meal time in the field.

In many parts of Canada and the United States—more especially in the agricultural districts—marriageable women are so scarce that young bachelors are at their wits' end to obtain introductions to suitable young ladies. In a certain Kansas district the bachelors have formed an association which engages in the business of wife-getting for its members. Part of the programme of the "Bachelors' Club" is the issuing of a catalogue containing the photographs and descriptions of each bachelor and giving detailed particulars of his income, property, etc. These are sent throughout the country and women contemplating matrimony are urged to correspond with members of the club. A club identical in particular with this Kansas association has recently been organized among a set of young bachelor ranchers and farmers in Saskatchewan.

The Black Bean Club, Limited, is a fantastic matrimonial club in London and is "limited" to forty members. They meet only once a year, and then a bag is passed round containing thirty-nine white beans and one black bean. The member who picks the black bean is compelled to marry within the ensuing twelve months and the remainder solemnly vow to remain single until the next meeting. A house is furnished for the prospective bridegroom out of the funds of the club which also bears the cost of the wedding festivities and a three weeks' honeymoon.

Thirty-five girls at Abalsete, Spain, have formed an association and vowed not to marry any young men who prior to their twenty-eighth birthday have not given proof of their prowess in the bull-ring as amateur toreros.

The "Never Nag" Society is a matrimonial club of New York. Its founders are thirty-four couples who returned from honeymoons spent in Bermuda. The brides on their return formulated several "confessions of faith" in which they state they have no use for the new woman who cannot cook or sew, that they will always have the husband's breakfast ready at whatever time he rises, and that they should greet their husband with a kiss on his return in the evening and not wait for him to take initiative. They further go on to say that the wife should have full charge of all household affairs and keep account of every cent spent, and that their husbands should be encouraged to bring home bachelor friends to supper and to make home their club. This club meets every week and is presided over by the youngest of the brides, who is president of the organization.

There are however, many matrimonial clubs whose object is the reverse of those already mentioned. Many readers have doubtless heard of the "Bachelor's Club" of London. When a member so far for-

matrimony he is immediately tried in the club court. He is allowed to plead his defence and according to his skill in this is fined, between £20 and £100. The money is devoted to a dinner at which all the members appear in mourning, and the sentence of expulsion having been read, the culprit retires, amid the groans and lamentations of his erstwhile club-fellows.

It is common knowledge that at All Souls' College, Oxford, a Fellow forfeits his Fellowship should he take unto himself a wife. In such an event he must not only pay the penalty but must also present his college a memorial in the shape of a silver cup, on one side bearing his name and in Latin the words—"He backslid into matrimony."

To pass on from Matrimonial Clubs, there are several clubs solely for the benefit classes of men or for those having some peculiarity.

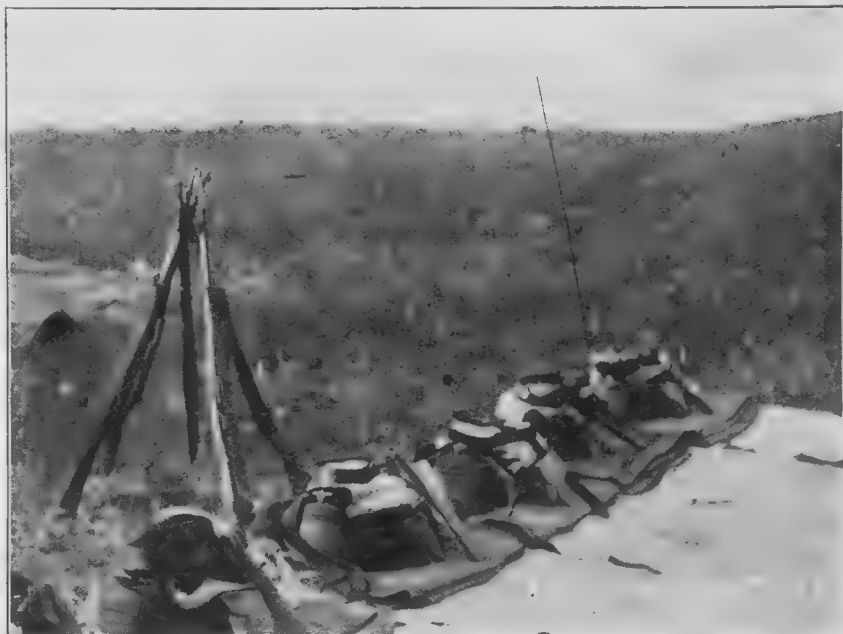
In London there is a "Little Club," which is purely a social institution. It is intended only for those men who by the utmost stretching of the neck cannot rise above the five foot mark. Any above this height are debarred and the door of the club is made so as to admit a man of five feet and no more.

A unique organization known as the "Bald-head Club of America" was formed at Fall Village, Conn. The membership of the organization includes bald-headed men from every part of the United States.

A "Big Feet" Society with the object of spreading the theory that large feet are not only healthy but beautiful has been organized in Vienna by women of social

in the style of the times Dickens loved to write about.

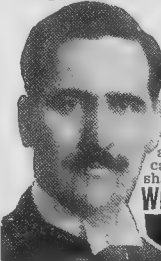
On Christmas Day last they all undertook a journey in old style coaches, over the route followed by Pickwick and his friends. Everyone dressed in the style of Dickens' day, even to the coachman,



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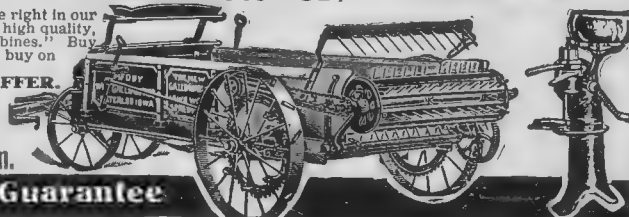
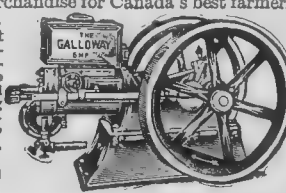
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BILLIARD TABLES—For farm homes, portable and stationary. The game of kings. \$50.00 up, easy terms. J. D. Clark, Billiard Co., Winnipeg. T.F.

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Poultry Chat

By H. E. Vialoux

The big show of poultry at the Industrial Exhibition, just held from July 10th to the 18th, goes on record as the best and largest exhibition of birds ever held in the Canadian West.

Every known breed was well represented and the beautiful pigeons shown were an interesting feature in themselves and show what a keen interest the boys, who I understand were the chief exhibitors in this class, are taking in pigeons, not only in Winnipeg but in the West generally. The keeping of pigeons and bantams also is a pleasant and profitable hobby for our boys and teaches them many object lessons. The poultry, which numbered nearly 3,000 birds, 2,850 to be exact, took three cars to transport it to the show. Two separate carloads of individual exhibits of poultry and one carload of smaller lots of birds were sent to the show. 300 birds from Ontario, 300 from Brandon. Saskatoon sent a large contingent and also De Winton, Sask., and Alberta were well represented, the quality of all the fowl sent in was exceptionally good and favorably commented upon by the poultry judges, R. Orkh, London, Ont., and Prof. Smith of the Minnesota Agricultural College.

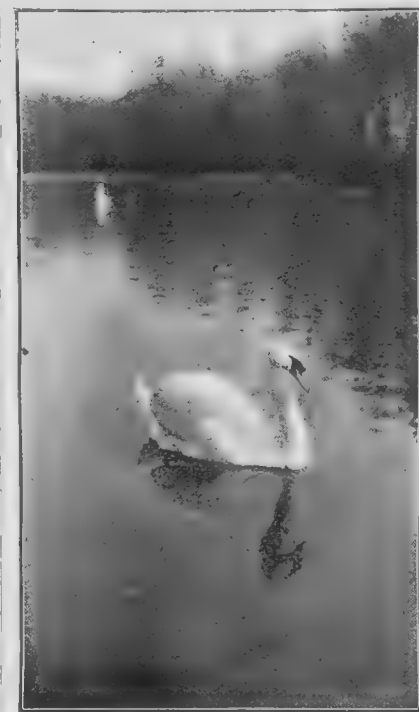
R. Ork, well known eastern judge, handled English breeds, Mediterranean and fancy American breeds and Prof. Smith turkeys, geese and water fowl. Ducks in particular were a large class of fine quality. Turkeys more numerous than usual but not shown in the numbers they should be when raised by so many breeders both east and west. S. M. Mutchmore judged pigeons, guinea fowl, bantams and the beautiful peacocks and pheasants sent into the show from the southern States.

The capable judges had their work cut out but the results gave very general satisfaction to the many exhibitors.

The largest exhibit came in the Barred Rock class. A splendid string of birds showing the "farmers' breed" is still a favorite. The barring was good and many specimens very choice indeed.

Geo. Wood, veteran Barred Rock breeder of Holland and Mrs. Cooper of Treesbank were missed from the exhibitors in this class. Smalley was a prize winner of note and the championship for a pen of eight birds of one color was captured by The Forest Grove Poultry Yards, Winnipeg.

Controller McArthur took the championship for the best pair fowl shown with his Buff Orpington beauties. His Buff Orpingtons were perfect in color and form and in fine exhibition shape.



In the Swan Pond at a Winnipeg Park

S. M. Mutchmore took the championship in White Wyandottes and Pearson Bros., Stonewall, won it in a splendid showing of Rhode Island Reds. In Black Minorca the grand prize went to R. D. Lang, Stonewall. Championship Brown Leghorns, a grand exhibit, captured by W. J. Hoffman. W. J. Currie, of Lauder, Man., won the Hackney Food Cup with his magnificent White Plymouth Rocks.

Many of the Hamburgs and Polish breeds of fowl, Crested Polish, Mottled and Black Javas that for some years had hardly put in an appearance at the poultry shows, were all well represented at the Industrial and made a grand exhibit. The best ever shown in Winnipeg was the current opinion expressed by the visiting public. Bantams were wonderfully well contested and a fine class. The display of eggs was good but not as large as it should be. The first prize went to an exhibit of White Minorca eggs, large and white, perfect specimens of hen fruit.

The birds were fairly well cooped on the whole in an airy building but some of the coops lacked a bottom bar or rail, so when the attendant fed the fowl, a few vigorous scratches sent the bedding out on the floor and the fowl couldn't get their fill in consequence. The arrangements for watering the birds and rabbits might be improved upon during such hot weather.

On the whole, the management are to be congratulated upon the extremely fine show. Poultry keeping appears to be coming into its own at last. More interest has been taken in this industry than ever before this year throughout our western provinces.

Prof. Lewis of New Jersey Gives Results of His Experiments

Prof. H. R. Lewis, of the New Jersey Experiment Station, New Brunswick, N.J., gave an address at a Connecticut Poultry Association meeting which touched on general matters pertaining to the experiments tried out at New Brunswick.

There are four definite factors or cornerstones for success in poultry culture, he said. First, the man, with a strong accent on man; second, well bred, vigorous birds; third, congenial environment for both owner and fowls; fourth, sufficient food of the right kind. Prof. Lewis then dilated on the necessary features, such as early hatched pullets, free range or succulent food when confined; plenty of exercise, and lastly, system in marketing. Other details must be considered, such as eliminating the inferior birds, both males and females, from the breeding and laying yards; to breed from only the very best, and he advises special matings rather than flock matings, if one would secure the best results.

His experience show him that April pullets are the very best; that between February and June hatched pullets everything is in favor of the February pullets; that February pullets are nearly as good as April pullets. He further advises to avoid too late hatches, as they generally are subjected to improper growing conditions; moisture during incubation is of big help in producing big, strong chicks. His method is to start with humidity about 45 degrees at tenth day, to increase it, and at the nineteenth day to soak in the moisture, and a good hatch of the hatchable eggs will be the result. He dwelt on the importance of sanitary methods in preparing the incubator, such as washing out the incubator with zenoleum. In caring for and feeding the chicks, keep growth normal; where experiments have been made with green food alternately, or where green food has been fed and then denied for a time, color bars appear on birds of color, showing that green food is a decided necessity in keeping up a steady growth in young chicks.

Free Range the Ideal Condition.

The ideal thing is to have free range, and abundant shade; in confinement, plenty of green, succulent food at all times. Growing corn for shade means a double profit on the same land. To mature pullets too early is bad business and they should be held from precocious laying if possible. Pullets should be placed in laying quarters about September 1, and one can expect them to lay about October 1. In speaking of houses, Prof. Lewis claims that fowls may be housed at a cost of 88 cents per bird; he believes the cement floor the only kind of a floor, as it is absolutely rat proof and can be much better kept in a sanitary condition. A wooden floor is the worst of all.

Cut straw and cut cornstalks are very good litter if thoroughly dry when placed in house, but worse than nothing if cornstalks especially are full of sap or green when placed in house. Every hen house should be cleaned spring and fall and sprayed with a solution similar to that being used by the New Jersey experiment station, as follows: Five quarts of cream of lime; one pint zenoleum or creolin or any coal tar preparation; one quart kerosene; dilute with sufficient water to use in spray pump easily; five pounds of salt can be added or a pint of boiled rice to make it stick. The best sprayer is a common garden nozzle sprayer. It takes 11 minutes to spray a house 20 by 20 feet. Double yarding system is the best for fowls in confinement, one yard being sown to winter vetch or wheat, peas or oats, then use buckwheat on first yard, then sow beans on second yard.

CORRECTION

On page 33 of the July issue we gave the answer to a certain problem as being 7 1/8. This should have been 7 1/18. We regret the typographical error.

The White Mare

By Ira Rich Kent.

IN THE great towns the mid-August day slew like the pestilence; even in the hills it had been gasping hot. But the worst of it was past now. The blazing shafts came at a more comfortable angle; the trees and houses on the western side of the village street began to throw cool shadows across the deserted thoroughfare. After long, panting silences, the men in the doubtful refuge of the porch began to talk with each other again. Three or four small boys, damp from their latest swim in the tepid millpond, tossed a ball about.

Rodney Evans pulled his moist, uncomfortable sleeve away from his arm with a nervous thumb and finger. "My stars!" he puffed. "That shirt wouldn't be more of a sop if I was to drop it in the pond. Wish I'd taken pattern after the boys there, and gone swimmin'." Then, after a pause for the further contemplation of his own discomfort, "Anybody seen Doctor Loring come back?"

at which she had moved for hours. She was no longer white; sweat and dust covered her with a blanket of grime. Her short, sparse mane and scrubby tail were as dirty as the rest.

"Great little mare, Nancy is," said Daggett. "It does seem queer, though, to see anybody but the doctor drivin' her. But I guess she won't have to haul this feller round much longer."

In Marseilles "the Doctor" meant Doctor Singleton, and none other; and just now his affairs were a tender subject in the village. He was going to quit!

Forty years of rushing over the Marseilles hills in storm and darkness, blazing sun and winter blizzards, had not withered the doctor's boyish heart, but they had played havoc with his never too strong body. The last winter had been a hard one, with much bad weather and much sickness. It had racked him so severely that when it was over he threw up his hands in sur-

his goal ever since he had decided upon his profession—a country practice, with life outdoors, a good horse to drive, and a close hold upon a people who looked to him with personal liking and confidence. Loring knew his limitations; he was not sorry that he was unequal to specializing or a big city practice. But he did not want to be equal to this.

And so far as he could see, he was not.

"I'd forgotten people in the country could be so hostile; I somehow thought they were all warm-hearted and hospitable, and made friends with you right away," Loring muttered to himself, and there was puzzled sorrow in the boyish eyes. "I liked it so much here, too." He spoke as if he had already turned away from Marseilles. "And the old doctor's such a brick. We'd have got on fine together. But I've been here four weeks since he left, and the only friends I have in town are the doctor's housekeeper and the doctor's horse!"

At that he rose and went to water the white mare and her stable mate, the chestnut. Loring loved the horses. That was one of the things he liked about Marseilles, too; it loved horses.

John Loring understood that. What he did not understand was that Marseilles loved Doctor Singleton—jealously—and looked with doubting and resentful eye at any man who would take his place. Nor did he understand that his shyness looked like stiffness and too much reserve, that he had not yet succeeded in adapting himself to men and things as he found them.

As a result, Marseilles had left him very severely alone, sending away down to Leicester for Doctor Brazier. John was called in only when Brazier could not or would not come, and then made to feel himself so much on sufferance that he could not do himself justice.

Marseilles did not mean to be unkind; it was not that sort of a town. But it was sorry and resentful—and very hot. Perhaps the heat had something to do with Loring's discouragement, too. At any rate, when he went in to supper, after he had seen that the horses had theirs, he had fully come to the decision to telegraph Doctor Singleton in the morning, and give up and go home. Perhaps he could regain his hospital appointment. He had failed here; there was no getting past that.

About ten o'clock that night Evans and Morris, with Will Daggett, still sat upon the store porch, drowsing over their talk, dreading their uncomfortable beds. There had been silence for some time when Evans finally got up, yawned, and babbled something indistinguishable.

"What d'ye say?" queried Daggett, just before he succumbed to the infection of the yawn.

"I said —" began Rodney. He paused, his stretching arms still raised above his head. "I say, there must be a fire somewhere to the north!" His voice quickened, as if some one had turned on an electric current. "It can't be more'n a dozen miles off! See?" The others sprang to their feet and gazed with him at the red glow, now growing brighter.

Before they had time to speak again the telephone-bell in the store—the local exchange—rang sharply. Morris hurried in. The others heard him answer the call, the indistinct sound of quick, short replies. They turned in expectant inquiry as he came back.

"Anything about the fire?"

"It's John Culver's house. His wife's burnt bad. He telephoned from Farnsworth's." Morris was breathing hard. "He wants a doctor—the quickest one I can get. What'll I do, Rodney—get Brazier? I hate to send this young cub on the hill. Quick, Rodney, what'll I do."

Evans's mind worked faster than the others. He had not "taken to" John Loring, but he could go straight to the main issue.

"We want the man that can get there first. It's about the same distance to travel, but Brazier's horses can't go with the white mare. She'll beat any of 'em by half an hour. Send for Brazier if you want, but start young Loring first. Speed's what we want. You call Loring. I'll go help hitch up." The big man ran off up the road, pounding hard in the thick dust.

As he ran, he saw a lantern flash at the top of the hill and heard the barn door slide shrilly back. When he came

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panting up, the white mare stood full harnessed, and Loring was backing her into the shafts.

Evans had not breath enough to speak, but his practised hands fastened tug and holdback and girth quickly. The mare pawed the floor and stretched out her lean neck, settling the bit in her mouth. Rodney buckled the reins and tossed them over to Loring. "Got—your—case?" he puffed. "She's burnt bad! You understand? And you know the road?"

John Loring nodded, then remembered the darkness. "Yes—and thank you for coming to help"

Rodney slapped the white mare's flank. "We think a lot of Sarah Culver," he said. "Hurry!" And with that word in his ears, John Loring and the white mare were gone.

That first mad rush down the hill made Loring gasp. As they flashed past the store, he heard some one shout, "Go it, Nancy!" but a moment later another, standing lamp in hand, in a doorway, cried, "Good luck, doctor!" Then he was out on the dark road, with only the stars and the lantern swung from the rear axle for light. "Somebody thought of the man, anyway," the idea came to him pleasantly. "But they know you're the main thing in this, Nancy."

He made no attempt to guide the mare, except to make the turns as they came. She knew the peculiarities of the road



G.T.P. Docks, Vancouver, B.C.

Morris, the storekeeper, brought his chair down on all four legs and stared up the road as if to reassure himself of the accuracy of the statement he was about to make. "No, he hain't gone by. He's probably drivin' round by South Leicester so's to make folks think he's keepin' busy. Old Nancy'll be sort of done up, I'm afraid."

The boys stopped their play and ran up to the porch. "Old Nancy's comin'!" one of them cried. "I heard her go over the bridge by Carey's."

"I heard it, too," insisted another. "Just one heroomp, wa'n't it, Albert? That's the way she always hits it, don't she, Albert?"

"Yes, sir," declared Morris, still gazing up the road, upon which no moving thing was yet visible. "Yes, sir, she's comin' now, just as fast as she went and just as fast as she's been goin' all afternoon. That mare don't know but just one gait—except the one she keeps for hurry calls at night."

While the storekeeper was talking there had appeared round a bend in the broad road a quarter-mile away what seemed to be nothing more than a puff of dust, hurried by the wind. In a moment, however, a swiftly moving horse, in front of a light buggy with a single occupant, could be distinguished. The rattle of slightly loose hubs and spokes shrunk from their sockets by the heat was a much louder sound than the rapid fall of the horse's feet in the dust. Within the minute the team swung past, the driver nodding curtly, and sped on up the hill toward Doctor Singleton's house.

"Swung" seemed the right word with which to describe the motion of the mare. There was an odd rhythm to her swinging hoofs, and the watchers, felt, as Morris had said, that this was the pace

render—not on his own account, but because he feared he might fail at a crisis.

"It isn't fair to the people, Rodney," he said, when Evans expressed the general dismay at his intention. "Suppose I should be tied up with rheumatism and somebody up on the mountain should break a leg. I've got to have help. I'll get a fine young fellow to take the practice while I can still help him a little."

That had been in April. John Loring, the new doctor, fresh from medical school and hospital service, arrived early in June. Doctor Singleton looked him over as Nancy sped them home from the railway station, and decided that Crawshaw had sent him a good man—when the edges were rubbed down a bit and he had fitted into the place.

The doctor took him about on his trips for several weeks, showed him the roads and where everybody lived, introduced him to everybody, and told him all about them. Then when he had said a good many kindly words behind Loring's back, and given him such advice as seemed worth while, he discovered himself—the wise, wise old man—an uncontrollable longing for a holiday, and departed for St. Leon forthwith, leaving John Loring to make his own place in Marseilles.

As the white mare came to a halt on the barn floor, Loring had arrived at the conclusion that there was no place in Marseilles for him to make.

When he had unharnessed and sponged off the mare and put her in her stall to cool off, he sat down uncomfortably on a salt-box in the doorway, still in his hot, brown duster, and stared gloomily down upon the village.

It was a bitter discouragement that enveloped the young physician. Things were turning out so differently from the way he had planned them. This had been

far better than he. Keeping only an easy pressure on the bit, he chirruped once or twice until she came to the full measure of her speed, then left the rest to the horse.

And what a speed it was! It seemed a hundred times to Loring that nothing could save them from catastrophe. They went down the steepest, rockiest hills at top speed; they turned, it seemed, all the corners on two wheels. The rattle of the loose-spoked buggy over the stony road became a roar.

Good fifteen miles it was to Culver's Cross-Roads; and every second was counting in the balance for a woman's life!

The ruddy glare ahead of him grew plainer for a time, then began to fade; the fire was burning itself out. Then as he approached a house he saw a light in the window. A quarter-mile farther on a big lantern set upon a porch lighted a hundred yards of the roadway. At the next house there were two small lanterns out, and as he passed, an old man shouted, "God bless ye!"

Then Loring realized what was happening. The telephone-line, winding on from farmhouse to farmhouse, was speeding along ahead of him all the way to Culver's Cross-Roads the news that they were coming—the white mare and he. And all the world from Marseilles to Culver's Cross-Roads was listening for the sound of the white mare's hoofs, watching for the sight of his shadowy figure, and speeding them on.

Far ahead he saw a light flash out from a dark house, then a shouting. The mare did not slacken. As they came up, Loring saw a team hurried out of the road into the dooryard to make way for him.

"All right, doc!" a big voice cried from somewhere. "Let her out! The road's clear!"

Once or twice after that he passed teams, but they were always warned, and left him a clear track. Once, at a blind turn, far from a house, he found a silent woman standing with a shawl on her head and a big lantern in her hand, making the right way plain. And the white mare kept on fearlessly in the night with speed unslackened. Loring knew her sides were heaving now and the sweaty lather pouring down them. But she only stretched out her neck a little farther and the steady pound of her feet never faltered.

Somehow, out of it all, the quick aid and sympathy of the people, the faithful and courageous striving of the beast, came something that swept away all Loring's black discouragement, all his lack of understanding, his sense of failure.

"They're giving me my chance," he thought, "and they're all helping. They're doing their share—they and the mare. Now it's for me to do mine." He leaned forward as if to help the mare, and pursed his lips to speak to her; but he did not. It seemed insulting when they both knew she was doing every inch of her best.

Smash! A stone from a flying hoof had struck the lantern. Loring wondered vaguely why it had not happened earlier in that wild drive. But more stars were coming out now, and the faint, glowing rim of a late moon peeped over the dark line of the eastern hill. Houses were far apart, but people were still astir and watching for him.

Once a man stood at the roadside, at the head of a harnessed horse. He cried, as Loring came near, "Here's a fresh horse, doctor, if you need one!"

"No—all right—thanks!" and the ready aid was left behind.

"Perhaps it was bad judgment," Loring thought to himself, "but it can't be much farther—and I know Nancy wants to finish the job. Go on, you great old girl!" he murmured to her. "You—" and he ran on, with incoherent, endearing phrases that spelled mainly the high pitch of his own emotion.

Then, all at once, they swung round a bend—and the glow of the dying fire was just ahead. Then the sound of running feet toward him, a cluster of lanterns, voices: "Here he is!" "Hold up, doc!" "Whoa, there, Nancy!"

The mare came to a reluctant halt. But before she stopped, the doctor was up, medicine-case in hand, and springing out of the buggy. Every nerve and faculty was alert for his test. "Which way?" and he took the steps at a stride.

It was mid-afternoon before Loring left the house; but his work was done then, for the time, and well done. Only he knew how near a thing it had been for Sarah Culver's life and how much the white mare's speed had meant to her. But Brazier, when he came some hours afterward, guessed, and the rough, red-faced old fellow told.

"There ain't a thing for me to do!" he growled. "What'd ye get me off up here for, anyway, when you've got an Al man right in Marseilles? I tell you, he and the white mare, they're a team! The mare brought him here in an hour and twenty minutes from the call, you say; but that wouldn't have been much good if he hadn't had the whole bagful of tricks when he got here—and known how to play 'em!" And the old "G. P." rumbled honestly on, making the situation very plain indeed to all within hearing.

Loring got a couple of hours' sleep, and then leaving his patient safe and as comfortable as might be, drove slowly home in the twilight. He would have stayed for the night; but two or three calls had been repeated from the house, and he thought he could answer them.

It was a pleasant evening; the heat was broken, and for all his weariness, it seemed to Loring that he had never enjoyed a drive so much. The white mare was fresh and rested; he could hardly believe it possible. But she trotted on nimbly, almost gaily, pre-



Mount Stephen and Field and Kicking Horse River, B.C.

tending to shy at roadside rocks, stopping to rest at the bottoms of hills, then "larking" up them. She knew the difference between play and work!

Farmers sitting on the porch in after-supper idleness waved their hands at him or called a greeting. One or two covered their friendly impulse to speak with an inquiry as to his patient or the mare. Hired men crossing the road with foaming pails from the cow-tie nodded awkwardly. Boys, getting in the night's wood, or playing I-spy about the barns, called, "Hello, doc!" Sometimes a housewife greeted him shyly—as often as not with tears in her eyes, of sympathy or recollection.

And when he came back to the village, although it was then dark, everybody seemed to know of his return. There were hails from dim figures at the roadside, new tones in the inquiring voices. Rodney Evans came out to halt him in front of the store.

"Hello!" he called, cheerily. "Pretty hard ride last night, wa'n't it? Nancy seems to have stood it all right,"—he patted the mare's neck, then stepped along to the side of the buggy—"and you stood it all right, too, I hear." He held out his big hand in the darkness—Rodney was a very demonstrative man for Marseilles. "Take care of yourself this hot weather."

From the hilltop John Loring gazed back at the village lights and drew a long breath of contentment. These were his people, after all, and the white mare had led him to them.

The Aftermath

By Jessie Wright Whitcomb

SHE was stooping to put a pan of gingerbread into the oven. The door to the main room was ajar. She knew her husband was sitting in there on one side of the stove and her son on the other, and she could see the pleasant light the lamp cast on the neatly set supper table.

A curious tremor seized her as her son began to speak. Nothing but habit enabled her to close the oven door. She still kept her kneeling position by the stove, her whole heart intent on what her son was saying.

He was telling his father what he had already half told her earlier in the day.

"I'm going to get married," he said bluntly. "Next week. I'm old enough. It's rather sudden, I know. I didn't feel like mentioning it any sooner than I had to because you are sure to think I'm too young. But I own my team. I make enough hauling to get along."

As he stopped speaking the silence seemed almost ominous.

The ticking of the clock became oppressive.

blondness and his slowness that had drawn her, birdlike, happy little creature that she was, able really to live only in sunshine and kindness. How she had fluttered around him and tried and tried to please him, and worked until she trembled with weariness to win a word of praise from him, and how she had beaten herself to pieces against the wall of his unresponsiveness and his moodiness! Utterly baffled, she had withdrawn into herself, nerving herself to meet demands and no more; taking rebuffs silently, striving only to obliterate herself, and to save her shivering soul from unnecessary hurts.

Just a series of blinding pictures. Clearest of all was the day, within a year from her marriage, when she rose before daylight, washed and ironed her prettiest dress that he might be proud of her; picked and cleaned and fried two chickens; made cake and biscuit and packed the lunch baskets with deft precision that he might seem pleased before all the relatives who would be at the picnic. That she had not made her preparations, before was due not only to crowding work, but to his refusal, until the last minute, to agree to go. She laid out all his clean things in the little bedroom, blew the horn for breakfast and tired but smiling waited for him at the door. He ate in silence.

"The lunch is all packed and your things are laid out," she said cheerfully. He grunted. When he pushed back his chair and started out the kitchen door she spoke up in quick alarm: "John! You haven't forgotten the picnic, have you? Everything is all ready."

"We're not going to any picnic," he said, and strode on to the barn.

As often as the scene came back to her it occasioned a sort of nausea; she felt it now, kneeling by the stove, and clasped her hands tightly on her breast to quiet herself.

Would the silence last forever in that other room, so pleasant in the lamplight? Would her husband never speak? Would the clock tick always?

She had never again asked for anything she cared about. She had quite withdrawn into herself; and it seemed so long—so long—that gray stretch of years. She had made the most of the fact that her husband was a man respected in the community; she had compared herself favorably with others. But for a nature created for warmth and sunshine and happiness, the years looked long, dull, and full of weariness.

Again came the tremor through her whole spare frame.

A slight preliminary clearing of the throat broke the numbing silence.

With straining ears she was conscious of nothing but the two in there by the stove, and that her husband was speaking. His heavy voice was slow and measured.

"You'd ought to think considerable before you take a step like this, son. It's not for a week, or a month, it's for years—for all your life. What can this girl of yours do to help pull? How old is she?"

"Twenty."

"Twenty is old enough, if she's put her time to good use. Your mother wasn't but nineteen. Right from the start she could keep a clean house, and wash and iron and work with the best. Can your girl?"

"Not like mother."

"When your mother hadn't been married a month she had a bunch of my relatives to dinner, and fifteen of us sat down to the finest meal you ever ate—every bit of it her own cooking and serving. Could your girl do that?"

"No."

"And how about you, son? Can you forget yourself once in awhile? Can you think how your wife feels once in awhile? How about you? I think you're more like me than your mother. Mebbe there's enough of her in you to save you, but I doubt it. You better think a spell. You don't know what misery you'll lay up for yourself. You don't know what nights you'll lay

starin' all the dark hours at a face of disappointment and grief, till you'll go all but crazy to get rid of it—and then can't speak! Better think whether you can sure stand it. I look back and I see things that went wrong all along the way. I didn't know why. I know now.

"Do you know when the hay wagon fell over on me, and I lay here some crushed, before they knew whether I'd ever walk again or not, what I spent the night looking at? Do you know when I was sick with the fever two years ago what I lay night after night seeing?"

"Once your mother was set on going to a picnic. I was onery and didn't like a crowd, and didn't like seeing her folks make a fuss over her. They were all goin' to be there; and I wouldn't agree to go, until the night before. I thought she couldn't get ready. Well, she did get ready some way, though I didn't know it till breakfast was about over. Then I just balked and said we wasn't going. I wished I hadn't looked back—but I did. And I see her face like I'd struck her. And I thinks 'Now there will be a fuss!' She never was any hand to talk back. But, do you know, at dinner, she blew the horn, same as usual, and there was a good meal. She never said a word about the picnic—not one single word. Just was sort of quiet. All the same I lost your mother right there and then. I didn't know it. I wasn't smart enough to know it. But from that day on, whenever she looked into my eyes I knew she was a stranger.

"Do you know what I mean? You better think what it's in you to do, and what you can live through. How will you do? You won't get any such girl as I did. The Lord never made but that one. And yet I lost out! I had forfeited the best gift that would ever come into my life on account of my selfish, ugly nature. I had tried the woman who loved me, sorely and needlessly. The joy of life had been cruelly sapped away by the one who had solemnly promised to love and care for her. And you—you're some like me. Better think, son. Better think awhile.

"Yes," the measured tones resumed after a short pause, "every time I've been down to death's door—and I've had more close calls than most—I've pleaded with my God not to let me die till I'd asked her pardon for that picnic. But I've never spoke, and I know now I never will. That will lie in my grave with me. Yes, better think, son. Better think awhile."

The spare little figure by the stove in the kitchen shivered as with a chill. A strange, slow smile of wonder, incredulity and joy crept over her face. Mechanically she opened the oven door and drew out the long pan of fragrant, golden-brown gingerbread. She heard her son leave the dining room by another door and go out into the cold. She tried to rise to her feet; she was so cramped and stiff that she could hardly stand, but she was quite unaware of it. Neither was she aware that she was taking her pan of hot gingerbread to the dining table to break it up by the light of the lamp. Those things did themselves. To the eye she was what she had been for years—a silent, reserved, unobtrusive, work-worn little woman. Within, a soul was tremblingly stripping itself free from a shroud, quiveringly straining toward life and warmth and love.

"That sure does smell good," said her husband, in an almost forced tone.

Automaton-like she turned toward him, and saw him, just as she had seen him while she was still by the oven, in his chair by the cheerful radiance of the stove. But for the first time in her life she saw the boy in him—not her boy, but just plain boy.

Scarcely conscious of what she was doing, moved by some primal force that charged her whole being, she placed her hands on his shoulders and gazed into his eyes.

"Mary!" he whispered, "the look's gone out of your eyes! Oh, Mary!"

"Meter," explained the teacher, "means measure. Thus a gas-meter measures gas. Can any one tell me what meter in poetry means?"

Then a bright boy answered, "Hot air."

The Villain of Many a Tragedy

By Thomas D. Wood, M.D.

While much is yet to be learned with reference to all of the sources of the contagion in infantile paralysis (anterior poliomyelitis), it is now believed that the germs may be conveyed by some of the domestic animals. We are coming to realize what a dirty and deadly enemy of mankind the house fly is, although it has long been considered quite harmless and only a bit disagreeable and annoying. Millions of bacteria have been found on the innocent-appearing feet of a single common fly.

It is now believed that the fly is responsible for many cases of typhoid fever, tuberculosis, infantile paralysis and other serious communicable diseases, and that germs of infantile paralysis may live for forty-eight hours, at least in the body of the fly.

We believe also that these germs may live for several days in the dust, and more especially in the floor dirt, of a room in a house in which there is a case of this disease. It is important that the highest degree of cleanliness should be maintained, especially in a building in which the disease has broken out. The house should be most carefully kept clean, not by dry sweeping, which scatters the dust and germs through the air for people to breathe, but by mopping

The Fly Can Be Eradicated

It is not difficult, only troublesome to get flies out of a house, even after several generations have developed since the beginning of the season. And you can keep them out. Twenty drops of carbolic acid poured on a hot shovel in a tightly-closed room will give off fumes that will kill all the flies in the room. Sticky fly-paper and poisons are useful, but the most effective way of getting flies out of a house is to kill them, one by one, with "swatters," made of wire screen on the end of a stick.

"Swat the fly" was the slogan of important campaigns carried on in a dozen American cities last summer and is again the battle cry of a larger and more elaborately planned warfare this summer. The crystallized experience of last year shows that while swatting is effective in houses, it is not a solution of the problem of ridding communities of flies. But these campaigns have been of great value along educational lines. The crusade in Washington, D. C. attracts special attention because it is in the nation's capital, and it has the sanction and support of the health department.

A contest with prizes for the largest numbers of flies killed was conducted last summer by one of the leading even-



The Common House Fly (Many times enlarged)

or by use of oiled dust rags, or by vacuum cleaning where possible. This collected dirt should be burned and the moist cloths thoroughly disinfected.

The latest lessons we are learning about infantile paralysis and other diseases point many morals with reference to the importance—for the prevention of the disease—of the highest standards of cleanliness and sanitation in the construction, equipment and keeping of the house.

"Swat the Fly" Still a Popular Slogan

Suppose a fly were as big as a sparrow, and the filth which it carried on its hairy body and legs were plainly visible to the naked eye. Would you drink milk from a pitcher into which a fly of that size had fallen? It is only because the fly is so tiny that its dangerous character as a carrier of disease germs is not apparent. The germs are there, whether one can see them or not—germs and filth from every place where decaying animal or vegetable matter can be found for it is on such material the fly feeds by preference.

Epidemics have been traced to flies which carried germs from unprotected cesspools to the milk-cans of an otherwise clean dairy. The germs carried by a single fly are sufficient in number to infect whole families. On one fly as many as 6,600,000 disease-causing bacteria have been found, and in a recent experiment the average number of germs found on the bodies of each of 414 flies was 1,250,000. These germs were counted by dropping each fly into a bottle of perfectly sterilized water, after which the water was subjected to microscopic examination. The germs found in the water represented the number of germs that would be found in a milk pitcher after a fly had struggled in it for a moment or two.

Every female fly is the possible progenitor of billions of flies during a single summer, but only about 8,000,000 of these usually survive to become carriers of disease.

ing newspapers. The health department was able, by closely observing the progress of this contest, to locate "fly centers" or localities where unsanitary conditions provided breeding places for flies. Many of these places have been wiped out, and all of them will go. School teachers taught their pupils to regard the fly as the greatest menace to health. Settlement workers took up the fight, taught lessons of cleanliness and carried into the alleys warnings emphasized by striking pictures on cards. Commendations of the crusade came from pulpits and, while all Washington was swatting the fly with the mistaken idea that the pest could be wiped out by that means, a great awakening was going on and the foundation being laid for complete victory in the future.

The 1912 campaign in Washington opened informally in February when the same newspaper which conducted the contest urged everybody to search for half dormant flies. It was pointed out that one female fly killed before the egg-laying season began would be worth several millions swatted later on. The possibility of heading off millions of flies by a single stroke of a swatter or a blow from a folded newspaper appealed to the Washingtonian, and he went to work.

Then to prepare for the big fight a week of big cleaning was planned. The District Commissioners gave the aid of all the machinery of the District government; the Y.M.C.A., the W.C.T.U., the public schools and in fact everybody in Washington went to work cleaning up. The District contractor could not handle the dirt and rubbish unassisted but a Citizens' Central Committee saw that he had help. Then the fly fight began, and will be waged all summer along broader lines than those of the first campaign.

Once a house is clear of fire, screens will keep them out. A mixture of carbolic acid and kerosene swabbed over a screen door will drive away the flies that usually congregate there waiting for

some one to open it and let them in. If the garbage can is equipped with such a fly trap as can be bought in most house furnishing shops, the flies will gather there for the most part, and be caught before they can enter the house. Then, if food is kept screened and everything that goes into anyone's mouth, spoons, tumblers and baby's nursing-bottles are scalded after a fly has walked on them, there will be little danger of infection.

The really important thing is to teach children that a fly is just as dangerous as a rattlesnake—even more so, for it leaves a poisoned trail wherever it walks.

The test of the good housekeeper used to be the flyless house. Later it was the amount of fresh air and sunshine she let in. Now it is the combination of both—a task more difficult than that which grandmother faced, but not impossible.

The Sturdy Heel

Euphemia had come home from the normal school. She used to be "Effie," but her childish name had expanded with her growth, and she was living up to it. Her mother was a brisk little woman who did prodigious quantities of housework in a cheerful spirit, and stayed not to consider the appearance she made in process of doing it. But her meager culture sometimes troubled Euphemia.

"Mama," said Euphemia one day, "do you ever think it would be better to walk on the balls of your feet?"

Her mother was careering round the kitchen, beating up eggs at the table, now and again pausing to stir something on the fire. She stopped in mid-air.

"The balls of my feet?" she repeated. "My feet are all right."

"Yes," said Euphemia, delicately, "but you get a better poise by throwing the weight forward. Besides, mama, it makes less noise. Sometimes you step very heavily."

Her mother still paused, a spoon in one capable hand. She looked like a woman who could cook anything ever thought of, and preside jovially over the eating of it.

"Effie," said she, thoughtfully, "Effie, did you ever get up at three o'clock in the morning and see to the milk and get the breakfast for five men, and then do a big ironing while you were fussing about dinner and looking out for a teething baby?"

"Why, no, mama," said Euphemia, almost fretfully. "You know I never did."

"There, dear, of course you didn't," said her mother, tenderly. "I wouldn't have let you while I had the strength to do it. But I tell you what, Effie, if you ever do undertake anything like that you'll find the only way to get through it is to put your heels down hard, same as you grit your teeth. Why, sometimes, when the work's getting ahead of me, and I know I've got to run like a dog all day to keep up, I should just sit right down and give out if I couldn't hear my feet go pound, pound over the house. Then I know something's going on."

"Yes, mother," said Euphemia, quite meekly. "You sit down now and peel the potatoes, and I'll iron out the towels."

Claire: "Ethyl is awfully angry with Jack. He threw a kiss at her."

Lotta: "Why did that make her angry?"

Claire: "Oh, she says there are some things that ought to be delivered in person."

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The Home Doctor

Care of the Scarlet Fever Patient

By Edith B. Lowry, Physician, Surgeon and Graduate Nurse, and Author of "False Modesty," "Truths," "Herself."

How frequently we hear a person say, "I have had trouble with my car ever since I had scarlet fever" or "I am unable to do any hard work since I had scarlet fever." My heart troubles me so much at times." These are very common experiences and the worst phase of them is that many of them might have been avoided by careful management or nursing.

The most mild case of scarlet fever may result in very grave complications or sequela. For this reason, the mild cases must be as carefully looked after as are the severe cases.

The nurse who takes care of a scarlet fever case must resign herself to be isolated for at least six weeks. During that period she will be alone with her patient most of the time and must be prepared not only to nurse the patient during the height of the disease, but also to entertain him during convalescence. The latter period is one of the most trying with a restless child, and the nurse with ingenuity enough to devise a variety of entertainment is best fitted for this class of cases.

The specific cause of scarlet fever is unknown, that is, the bacteria that causes the disease has not been discovered as yet. However, scarlet fever is known to be highly contagious, usually occurring in epidemics. The disease is more common in the fall and early winter months, although it may appear at any time. The contagious element is very tenacious and has been known to exist in clothing for twenty years.

The onset of this disease is sudden. A child who has seemed to be perfectly well may begin to vomit suddenly without any apparent cause. If the child is old enough, he may complain of a severe headache. An examination will reveal that the throat and posterior part of the mouth are fiery red. The temperature is quite high and the pulse rate increased.

The second day the rash appears, first on the neck and chest and then spreading to other parts of the body. The rash is punctate, that is, dotted with points. The tongue is coated white with enlarged papilla giving it the typical appearance known as the "strawberry tongue." As soon as the rash appears, the temperature begins to drop. The rash will disappear upon pressure leaving a white line. The rash lasts from five to seven days. As soon as the rash begins to disappear, the desquamation, or "peeling," begins. This may last from two to six weeks.

This desquamated skin carries the contagion of the disease. This may be carried to others on the clothing of people who have been near the patient. It may be carried in the food, especially milk.

There are three forms of scarlet fever, the simple, the anginoid, and the malignant. The latter is so severe that death has been known to occur within twenty-four hours, and even before the appearance of the rash.

In the treatment of this disease, the first requirement is isolation. A well-ventilated, light, airy room should be chosen. This should be stripped of all except the necessary articles of furniture, even the rugs. The patient and nurse should remain in this room, and no visitors should be allowed except the physician. In the doorway leading from this room to other parts of the house, there should be hung a sheet which should be kept moistened with an antiseptic solution, as a solution of chloride of lime or a five per cent carbolic acid solution. Arrangements should be made so that the meals can be brought to the door of the room and the waste taken away. It is not well for the nurse to use the same bathroom as is used by other members of the family as she may scatter the contagion from her clothes. Separate dishes should be set aside for the patient and these should not be placed with the dishes used by the family. The night gowns and bed linen used by the patient and the nurse should be put to

soak in a five per cent solution of carbolic acid before being removed from the room. They should be boiled then, but should not be washed with the family washing nor sent to a public laundry.

The diet of a patient should be light, but nourishing. During the height of the disease, the diet should be liquid, and, even after the patient is apparently well, very little meat should be allowed for several weeks.

Besides the general care of the patient and the special directions given by the physician, the nurse should rub the patient's entire body with olive oil or lard, morning and evening. This oiling tends to prevent the severe itching which sometimes is almost intolerable after desquamation commences. It also keeps the skin softened and helps to prevent the desquamated skin from floating about on the air.

The patient should remain in bed until all evidences of the rash have disappeared and afterwards if there are any complications.

The complications and sequela may be numerous and severe. A false membrane may form which resembles that of diphtheria and may cause unnecessary alarm.



C.P.R. Hotel, Balfour, B.C.

Malignant, black or bloody scarlet fever is a very severe form. In this form, there are hemorrhages into the skin. These form black spots which give the disease the characteristic name.

Cervical adenitis, or enlargement of the glands of the neck, is common. As a rule, these return to normal in a few days, but, in some cases, may break down, leaving large ulcers which require considerable time to heal.

Nephritis, or inflammation of the kidneys, is one of the most common sequela. It may not appear until the child is apparently well and has been playing with other children for several days. It frequently is very severe and may cause death. All during the course of the disease, the urine should be watched close. It should be measured every day, even after the child is well enough to be playing out of doors. The danger is not passed for several weeks. If there is any diminution of the quantity passed in twenty-four hours, this should be reported to the physician at once.

Otitis media, or inflammation of the middle ear, is not uncommon. It is due to an infection through the Eustachian tubes. This usually can be avoided by spraying the mouth, throat and nose several times a day with a mild antiseptic solution. The child should not be allowed to blow his nose severely, as this may force some of the infected material from the throat into the passages to the ears.

The toxins of this disease seem to have an affinity for the heart muscles and may injure them severely. For this reason, the patient should remain in bed, even though the attack is mild. Remaining quietly in bed relieves the strain on the heart and makes it better able to resist

the toxins. If the pulse should become rapid or irregular at any time, the attention of the physician should be called to this condition.

The patient should be kept quarantined until all evidences of desquamation have disappeared. The palms of the hands and the soles of the feet are the last to peel, usually. It also is advisable to keep the patient isolated until all discharges have ceased, as these may carry the contagions.

After the patient is pronounced ready to be let out of quarantine, he should be given a full bath (including a shampoo of the hair) and be dressed in clean clothing that has not been in the sick room. The nurse should take a similar bath and change of clothing. The room should be fumigated thoroughly. Everything possible should be boiled. The woodwork should be washed with a five per cent carbolic solution and the entire room and contents fumigated with formaldehyde. During this process all dresser drawers and closet doors should remain open, the bed clothing should be hung about the room in such a manner that the gas will reach every portion. The cracks around the doors and windows should be packed carefully and the room remain closed for at least twenty-four hours. Books are best burned, as it is hard to fumigate them thoroughly. If there is any question as to whether anything has been fumigated thoroughly, it had better be burned, as the loss of anything is better than the risk of a life.

The nurse, during the course of the disease, should take precautions that she should not contract the disease. She

The corset of sixty years ago was a cruel and unyielding instrument of torture, exercising its pressure in such a way as to interfere with the breathing apparatus; athletics for girls were almost unheard of, and few rooms were properly ventilated—especially bedrooms—all of which causes may have conduced to that condition of cerebral anemia which is the underlying reason for a fainting-fit.

Cerebral anemia means an insufficient supply of blood to the brain, and may be brought about in various ways. When a person faints from a sudden shock, caused by an accident or from some unnerving sight or sound it means that the feeding of the brain with blood has been sharply interfered with, resulting in a temporary loss of consciousness.

A hemorrhage from any part of the body will act mechanically to produce the same result.

Persons with weak or disordered hearts often faint readily, because any sudden demand upon the heart may cause it to send out a hurry call for more blood than the system is able to supply. The same thing is often seen when a person convalescing from an acute illness faints from a slight exertion, sometimes even from a too abrupt change of posture. The blood rushes down to meet the call upon it, and the brain is left with too little to go on with for the moment. This also applies to sufferers from chronic anemia, and to persons with defective circulation, whose blood supply is always insufficient.

For a simple fainting-spell but little treatment is needed. The patient should be placed in a horizontal position in order to equalize the circulation, and should be allowed plenty of fresh air. A whiff of ammonia cautiously given acts as a quick stimulant. In a case of prolonged faint, cold water may be sprinkled over the face and chest, or a mustard plaster placed over the region of the heart.

Precocious Children

All those entrusted with the care of the young are faced by a grave problem in the case of children who inherit or display precocity.

The guiding to maturity of the simple, normal child who passes naturally from stage to stage of its development, is a comparatively easy matter. The trouble is largely that the nature of precocity is not understood. Most parents, for example, hail the signs of it with delight, and do all they can to foster them. They treat precocity as a gold mine, to "be worked for all it is worth," but here they make a great mistake.

There are several types of precocious children, presenting varying degrees of peril to the training system, and this peril is greatly lessened by a capacity to classify the types. There are certain children, born of healthy and intellectual stock with fine physiques. They inherit usually very active nerve-centers, which imply, among other things, quick and eager brain processes. These children are hailed with justice as the legitimate flowering of their heredity, and then all concerned, including of course, the poor child itself, hasten to work havoc with the fair prospect by a cruel and short-sighted system of forcing.

These children being naturally strong and well, can bear an enormous amount of the system without breaking down, but they do not make the men and women they would have made under wise restraint.

They should be kept much with other children, noticed little by their elders, interested in physical pursuits, and moulded into symmetry by a persistent holding back.

There may not be much wrong with the child who reads the Greek Testament at four years of age, but there is certainly something wrong with the parents who let him.

There is another very different type of precocious children. These are the offspring often of gouty or tuberculous parents, and inherit, if not actual disease, at least faulty physiques. They are often beautiful, engaging children of great mental brilliance. They often have phenomenal memories which are developed at the expense of all other mental faculties. They are not physic-

Fainting

If one may judge from the fiction of one's grandparents, the act of fainting, or becoming unconscious, almost took rank as a social accomplishment. The young ladies, and even the young gentlemen if they were very fascinating, spent a great part of their time in swoons; and as extreme emotional sensibility was the keystone of fascination in Byronic days, it follows that these incessant and alarming syncope were the direct result of emotional shocks.

Now although it is true that emotional shocks will cause fainting spells in certain persons, still one cannot resist the impression that many of these otherwise excellent young persons were either giving themselves a treat, or at least weakly yielding to an unfortunate social taste. Still it may be conceded that the conditions of those days were more in favor of fainting than are our own.

ally strong enough for any sustained effort, and after a brilliant childhood they exhaust themselves and become commonplace.

These children should be made to lead physical lives, every effort being directed to form a good constitution. A country life is almost a necessity in their case, and the mental development should be made as gradual as possible.

Lumbago

This distressingly painful affection is muscular rheumatism located in the large muscles of the loin.

The attack usually comes on quite suddenly, sometimes seizing the sufferer in the middle of a walk without the slightest premonition. The pain is intense, and is increased by the slightest motion of the body.

The victim of lumbago or any other form of muscular rheumatism becomes painfully aware of the fact, which perhaps he had not before realized, of the great flexibility of the body and of the intimate relation between the different parts of the body; for it seems impossible for him to make any motion whatever, of the head or of the arms, without feeling a sharp twinge in the back. He dare not turn in bed, lift his head or even raise his arms, for every movement seems to be originated and performed by the sore back muscles.

There may be a little swelling of the affected region, but usually there is no external sign of the great well of misery lying just beneath the skin. The pain lasts a few days or a week, and may then disappear as rapidly as it came, although there is often considerable soreness or an occasional twinge for a day or two.

Lumbago may be distinguished from pain in the back due to other causes by the fact that the agony is extreme whenever the slightest movement is made and is absent, or at least, bearable when the patient lies perfectly quiet in bed, and also that the muscles are tender when gently squeezed. The affection is more common in men than in women and attacks adults chiefly, the muscular rheumatism of children taking the form usually of wryneck. Why this should be so it is difficult to say.

Lumbago occurs more frequently in gouty persons, although that is no explanation, since we do not know why the loins should suffer in gouty individuals more than the muscles of the neck.

In mild cases the drinking of an abundance of water, to which some baking-soda is added, may give a measure of relief. Gentle rubbing of the parts with a cloth dipped in ammonia and hot water will often mitigate the suffering, and after the rubbing with a cloth wet with this solution may be laid on the parts and covered with a hot-water bottle.

The diet should be light, without meat or highly seasoned food, and especially without beef tea or meat broths of any kind. The bowels should be kept open.

One who is subject to lumbago should be careful to avoid a chill, and should live, frugally, avoiding the use of much meat or highly seasoned food in his diet, and drinking only plain water or milk.

Sometimes the attacks are prevented or made less frequent by the wearing of a broad flannel belt over the underclothing.

Blushing

Blushing is a curious phenomenon, often very disagreeable to the sufferer. It is due to a sudden relaxation of the walls of the minute blood-vessels of the surface of the body, and is classed by physicians among nervous affections of the circulation.

Self-consciousness is usually the exciting cause or habitual blushing, which occurs more commonly in bashful children, and in girls more frequently than in boys. Those who blush easily are generally of a sensitive, nervous, temperament, and as contact with the world modifies this somewhat, the habit gradually disappears with age.

The face is the part where blushing more commonly occurs, although any other part of the body may show the same change. One who watches the

blushes of a painfully embarrassed person may see a faint pink flush spread over the ears and throat, as well as the cheeks. It is said that among uncivilized tribes, where much of the body is habitually exposed, blushing, when it occurs at all, may involve all the uncovered parts. It is probably because the face is the part by which one is identified—that which personifies the individual—that it is the recognized seat of the blush.

Sudden attacks of general blushing without any apparent reason may affect those who are somewhat advanced in life, and constitute a most disagreeable symptom.

Children who blush easily should be trained to overcome self-consciousness or bashfulness. They should be persuaded not forced—to take a prominent position among their playmates, rather than to hold back and speak only when they are spoken to. Undue timidity should be overcome, because it injures the chance of success in business or the social world. The "speaking of pieces" in school, if the child can be persuaded it will be good for him, will go far to cure morbid blushing.

The spontaneous blushing or flushing of adults may be benefited by tonics, remedies to aid digestion, a generous but simple diet, cool bathing, and plenty of exercise in the open air.

fell last year—putting out three alternate leaf stalks, from six to ten inches in length. In a word, the plant of the second year generally emerges from the ground as a stubby stem, which puts forth three long leaf-stalks, each of which bears at its tip three light-green leaves. These triple leaves rise to about the same height and spread themselves rather symmetrically outwards.

Ivy poisoning manifests itself first in a tiny, watery pimple, usually accompanied by slight itching. Soon smaller pimples form around or near the first. If not checked, the poisoned area spreads, and the itching and burning increase.

Ivy poisoning is usually not difficult to control if not over severe, and if taken in time. The poison is contained in an oil secreted by the plant, and which does not penetrate the skin very rapidly. If one thinks he has been exposed he should wash the exposed parts with salt and water or hot water and soap and afterwards bathe thoroughly with alcohol or listerine. These are preventive measures to be used before the poison has taken effect.

When the blisters have begun to form ichthyol spread freely upon the blisters and covered with a soft cloth is a good remedy. Listerine and hydrogen peroxide are also good. But the following prescription given by a physician where the surrounding woods was filled with



G.T.P. Oil Plant and Docks, Vancouver, B.C.

How to Deal with Poison Ivy

By Craig S Thoms

Those who camp by lakes and rivers, or even stroll occasionally in the woods, should know how to deal with poison ivy. While some are immune from its effects, others cannot touch it, or even be near it without getting poisoned, especially when they are warm and the pores of the skin open. Bad cases of poisoning sometimes run into chronic eczema.

Unless one is able to recognize the poison ivy plant on sight its leaves are the first to be picked for decorations in the autumn, as about the first of September its leaves turn a brilliant scarlet, and the plants bear clouded-white berries. Girls, ignorant of the plant, have been known to pot it and take it home for house decoration.

The plant may be easily recognized by noting carefully the following points:—

1. It is usually about one foot high. Sometimes an old plant in rich soil will grow two or three feet high, with many spreading branches. Immature or stunted plants may be only a few inches high, but the general height is about one foot.

2. Each leaf-stalk bears three rather light-green leaves about the size of the woodbine leaf. They must be carefully distinguished from the woodbine with its five rather dark-green leaves and from young box elder shoots with from three to five light-green and deeply serrated leaves, and from young ash shoots which bear from five to seven dark-green leaves.

3. Note the short, woody stem, only a few inches long—from which the leaves

ivy, and who was famous for curing those poisoned with it, the writer knows from experience to be unsurpassed: Powdered sugar of lead, three drams; tincture of opium, two ounces; water to make eight ounces. Apply four or five times a day.

This same physician advised to avoid water, not to rub, and to leave the affected part uncovered. When poisoned one should be careful not to get the blood heated.

Why do Boys Die?

(By Twells Bex, in the "Daily Mail," London).

In the United Kingdom ten hundred and forty males are born against every thousand females.

If the male death-rate were the same as the female death-rate there would be more men than women. Inasmuch as in this country we have no experience of the social and economical aspects of that condition it is mere theorising to dwell upon it. But we have enough present experience of the social and economical evils of a surplus of women to wish that the census figures could be altered to show at least an equal division of the sexes. Some of these evils are so pressing that I ask if it is not time for a wide and authoritative inquiry into one of the chief causes of this discrepancy. We are possessed of a fever for Royal Commissions upon all sorts of problems real or artificial. What delays a Royal Commission to discover "why the babies die?"

I am not forgetting that it is not only in infancy that females have greater ex-

pectation of life than males. The greater arduousness of a man's life, the greater risks he takes by his greater adventurousness, his lesser resistance to the temptations of the flesh, the perils of pioneering, the toil of war, the sea and emigration, dangerous and exhausting industries—all of these help to swell that discrepancy whose terms, in plain mathematics, are eighteen women to seventeen men.

But Nature, who forgets nothing, remembers these drains on the male population. She gives us a send-off birth-rate of 1,040 boys to every 1,000 girls, a reserve that should cover all those extra hazards of the male existence and ensure an equipoise of the male and female population in adult life. But all the surplus is lost before the boys come to adolescence—it is wiped off by the mortality of male infants.

Does Nature intend all that mortality? Is she so purposeless as to indulge in futile creation doomed to fruitless extinction? Does she not rather step aside, saying, in effect, to the world: "I appoint and decree the proportions of your birth-rate—and that is my mystery that you may not solve; but I leave it to you to maintain those proportions—and that is for your intelligence and care to achieve."

There is a dictum that boy babies are more difficult to rear than girls. It is taken for granted with a sort of fatalism. Yet the boy baby is surely as lusty at birth as the girl, he has surely within him the germ of that virility that will some day make him the stronger animal, the seed of that stamina that will make him heavier in bone and muscle, more stubborn in physical endurance, more proof against wear and weather than his mate? What real weakness is inherent in him that should put upon him this handicap? How is it to be accounted that the extra mortality of male infants only commences after they are weaned and up to the age of four or five—dating, in fact, from the time when they commence to be fed, clothed and cared for according to the hard-and-fast immemorial tradition that treats both sexes in this matter alike?

A suggestion has recently reached me as to the greater incidence upon boys of infantile mortality. My correspondent declines to believe that boys are inherently more delicate than girls. Alternatively he urges that, if it be true that they are more delicate, a systematic and scientific inquiry is urgent to discover how that extra vulnerability can be guarded. His own theory—startlingly disturbing to the custom of centuries—is that there may be something amiss in the routine of feeding, clothing, and rearing boy infants in exactly the same way as girl infants. He argues that such custom is, after all, purely empirical—an inheritance from days when science and hygiene were unknown. He asks, in face of that unchanging waste of boy life—wastage of "workers" and "fighters" in the division of the sexes—of the manifold evils of an increasing majority of women, why should we accept as a ruling of Providence, that the boy babies must die?

Here is a suggestion that cuts into the root of many troubles. The problem of the eighteen women to the seventeen men is so hydra-headed that it is exacting the almost bored pre-occupation of all public thinkers. The militant Suffragettes are, of course, its most obvious symptom. But their agitation for the vote that they probably would not use if obtained is only froth on the surface of the real unrest of feminism. The real trouble, the increasing trouble, of woman is not that she has not enough opportunity in politics, but that she has not enough opportunity for her dearer sphere as the mistress of a home and the mother of children. The grievance written in invisible ink across the Suffragist propaganda is that there are eighteen women to every seventeen men.

Who—daring in streets, trains, and public places—can fail to notice what a writer, more vigorous than chivalrous, has described as the monstrous regiment of women? Women invade almost every department of man's work, but the existence of abounding female labor

—in the highest ranks of skilled work no less than in unskilled work—is, in reality a bondage and not an enfranchisement to feminism. The better a man can maintain himself, the more that he achieves independence, the happier he is and the more he fulfils his life. Will any honest sociologist maintain that this is so with a woman? Is the happiest woman the independent woman fighting for her bread and roof in the hurly-burly of the world, or is she the dependent woman, untouched by those hard issues, doing that work of such infinitely greater use to humanity—the care of a home and children?

Wave after wave of industrial unrest has surged over the United Kingdom. How much of that discontent may not be indirectly caused by the disturbance to all classes of labor by the surplus woman's compulsion to work, by her ousting of men from employment, and her lowering of wages? How much of the brawny productiveness, the 'forward momentum' of a nation, is weakened if its population has a minority of men? Women do not hold frontiers, they do not dig mines, they do not build bridges and ironclads and spin great networks of commerce. They do not dredge secrets from the great depths of science; they will not gamble for, and win, improbabilities by man's glorious folly of adventure. They are, in short, so much better and of such finer grain than men that men through all ages will take the brunt of the world to shield them; so much weaker than men that a woman-led nation would lapse into weakness itself. We drift towards that weakness if we do not confront our problem of a minority of men.

Granular Eyelids

Trachoma, or granular eyelids, is the disease which the authorities are striving so hard to keep from becoming established in this country. It already prevails here to a considerable extent, but it could be overcome if fresh cases could be excluded; and it is because many would-be immigrants suffer from it that they are turned back from these shores every year.

It is a disease which afflicts chiefly the poorest classes in Europe, especially in Russia and Poland, and its spread through contagion is increased by the dirty and unhygienic surroundings in which these people live.

The disease is extremely contagious, and if introduced into a public school is likely to attack a very large number of the pupils unless it is early recognized and the sufferers are excluded.

The inflammation, which soon becomes chronic in its course, involves at first the mucous membrane which lines the lids, but is almost certain, if neglected, to spread to the covering of the eyeball. If the lid is examined it will be seen to be studded on its under surface with a number of little round bodies of a grayish-white color, embedded in the thickened mucous membrane. The upper lids droop, so that the eyes are only half-open. After a time the eye itself becomes affected and the cornea grows opaque. This leads to more or less complete blindness.

The treatment of granular lids must be energetic, and begun early, if relief is to be hoped for, since the disease is a progressive one, which advances steadily to scarring and impairment of vision unless checked in time.

The treatment is one calling for the skill of the physician. Domestic remedies are useless, even harmful, since the application of them causes dangerous delay and postpones the institution of scientific measures of relief.

For the protection of others it is vitally important that the sufferer from granular lids should have his own toilet articles,—soap, towels, and even wash-basin,—which must on no account be used by others. The towels and handkerchiefs used by him should not go into the common wash, and should always be thoroughly boiled for ten or fifteen minutes and ironed with as hot an iron as can be used without scorching. It is only by the exercise of persistent precautions of this sort that the other members of the family can be protected.

Talents that we use are those that increase. Those that we hoard and bury are the ones that are taken from us. The love and service that we give enrich our own lives and those of others.

Temperance Talk

The Root of the Evil

At a ball on one of the big Atlantic liners recently, it is said the fortune of those in attendance aggregated \$1,000,000,000. There were about 500 people present, we are told, which gives an average of \$2,000,000 for each person. But it is to be presumed that some of those present were not wealthy. Of those who were really wealthy, the average would stand much above \$2,000,000 each.

There are only two primary factors in the production of wealth, namely: land and labor. It is not to be taken for granted for a moment that this immense wealth was earned through the labor of those who possess it, though it certainly was earned by labor, for in no other way can wealth be created. It is quite likely that much of this wealth was inherited, but that does not bring us any nearer to the point is to how the original possessor managed to obtain it. As all wealth comes of labor, directly or indirectly from land, it follows that if this wealth was not earned, it must have been taken from others who did not earn it. The

rate or wage will always be close to the margin of subsistence, and often as we know, is below it. Hence we have poverty growing out of the power of privilege to exploit the earnings of the common people. Hence we have vast fortunes wrung from the toil of the exploited.

An Example

Nashville, Tennessee, is a city that has had a reputation for disregard of liquor laws, but there is likely to be a change, judging from an interview which recently took place in the City Court, and which is reported as follows by the Roanoke—World-News:

"Mr. Sheriff," said Judge Neil, "some of these men boldly threatened the court with assassination, others that my house would be burned down over my head if they were not permitted to continue to open their places and sell as they formerly did. I know that you are ready to do your duty and that you will carry out the orders of this court. I expect to have my way about this thing if I am burned out



C.P.R. Stockyards, Winnipeg

latter presumption is what is actually true. None of these large fortunes were ever earned by those who possess them, or by those who transmitted them to the present possessors. It is safe to say that no great fortune was ever at any time earned. These fortunes come of the privilege which we confer upon a few to levy a tax upon their fellow-citizens. The pennies of the poor go to make up the millions of the rich. Even the widow's mite and the orphan's crust is tolled to add to the vast fortunes of the privileged few.

As all wealth comes of labor applied to land, so all privilege has its source in monopoly of land. Land monopoly forms the congenial soil out of which all other monopolies spring. Privilege has its roots deep in the soil. We may cut off some of these superficial monopolies or privileges but we can never get complete relief until the great parent of evil is destroyed. Until the land is freed and equality of opportunity is restored to all.

The Creator has supplied the land and all that appertains thereto, the air, the sea, waterpowers, the forests, minerals—all natural materials for the use of all his children. These form the natural opportunity for the production of wealth through the application of labor. We allow a few to monopolize these natural opportunities which were provided for all, whereby they are able to compel others to yield up to them a portion of their earnings. Those who are shut out from natural opportunity must work for those who have monopoly of opportunity, at a rate fixed by those who enjoy the privileges of monopoly conferred upon them by society. That

of house and home and am forced to live in a tent on a vacant lot. For the present, you will see that every saloon door in Nashville is locked. You will place a deputy in front of every place in the event it becomes necessary to do so in enforcing this order."

And the sheriff replying said: "I want it distinctly understood that to the limit of my power and capacity I will execute the directions and orders of Judge Neil in this matter. It goes without saying that I will execute every warrant for arrest or search that may come into my hands. And I further want it understood that I will, under this order of the criminal judge, proceed to actively carry out the order to the extent of my power, both with reference to looking up saloons, and with reference to placing deputies at saloons in all cases necessary to enforce the judge's order, and will appoint and deputize any number of deputies that may be found necessary to carry out this order. My conception of the duties of a sheriff is that he shall promptly and efficiently execute the orders of the courts of the county, and I shall perform this duty to the letter as I understand it."

Destroy the Destroyer

Acidic liquor made in the distillery, brewery and winery, and sold in the saloon and liquor stores, destroys character, health, happiness, efficiency, wealth, will, productive power, business, homes, love, life and immortal souls.

It produces drunkards, criminals, paupers, insane, prodigates, orphans, gamblers,

prostitutes; sorrow, suffering ignorance, idleness, want, disorder, divorce, disease and death.

What good is it? Who is blest by it? Is it right to license and authorize its sale for money?

Would you ever vote to license such a curse?

You should vote to prohibit its manufacture and sale.

To vote to authorize its manufacture and sale is a greater offence to humanity than to make and to sell it.

Keep your hands free from the blood of men by voting to prohibit it anywhere in the nation.—California Issue

Fight it Out

Does Destruction seem to lurk
All about?

Don't believe it! go to work!

Fight it out!

Danger often turns and flies

From a pair of steady eyes;

Ruin always camps apart

From an undefeated heart.

In the spirit there is much,

Do not doubt,

That the world can never touch!

Fight it out!

Do the portals of your brain

Freedom lack?

Never let them thus remain;

Push them back!

Do not give the efforts o'er,

If they number half a score;

When a hundred of them fail,

Then a thousand might prevail.

Germs beneath a clod must lie,

Ere they sprout;

You may blossom, bye-and-bye;

Fight it out!

All the lessons of the time

Teach us fair,

'Tis a blunder and a crime

To despair!

When we suffer, 'tis to bless

Other moments with success,

From our losses we may trace

Something better in their place.

Everything in earth and sky

Seems to shout,

"Don't give up until you die;

Fight it out!"

It Sounded Awful

A temperance lecturer once preaching said:—"Now, boys, when I ask you a question, you must not be afraid to speak up, and answer me. When you look around, and see all those fine houses, farms and cattle, do you ever think who owns them all now? Your fathers own them, do they not?" "Yes, sir," shouted a hundred voices. "Where will your fathers be in twenty years?" "Dead," shouted the boys. "That's right. And who will own this property, then?" "Us boys," shouted the urchins. "Right. Now tell me, did you ever in going along the street notice the drunkards lounging around the public-house door, waiting for someone to treat them?" "Yes, sir; lots of them." "Well, where will they be in twenty years from now?" "Dead," exclaimed the boys. "And who will be the drunkards then?" "Us boys." "Everybody was thunderstruck. It sounded awful! It was awful, but it was true.—
The Vanguard

Why?

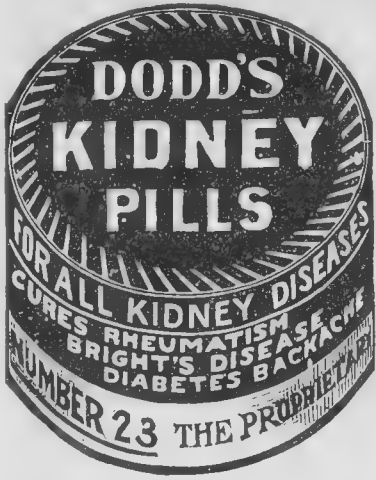
1. Some say alcohol gives strength. If so, why do athletes abstain while training for a race or other contests requiring strength?

2. Some say alcohol gives endurance. If so, why do great employers cut off the supply of drink when work of an especially arduous or lengthened nature is required?

3. Some say alcohol gives heat. If so, why do travellers in the Arctic regions who take drink succumb to the cold, while total abstainers remain unharmed?

4. Some say alcohol is good in hot countries. If so why did Stanley refuse it to his men during his forced march across Africa in search of Emin Pasha?

5. Some say alcohol steadies the nerves. If so, why do surgeons abstain before performing a delicate operation?



HAVE YOU A BAD LEG

With Wounds that discharge or otherwise, perhaps surrounded with inflammation and swollen, that when finger on the inflamed part it leaves the impression of the skin you which defies all the have tried. Perhaps swollen, the joints same with the the skin may be disallowed to conyou of the You may have hospitals and is hopeless, or to amputation, can cure you. I don't say perhaps, but I will. Send to the Drug Stores for a Box of

GRASSHOPPER

ointment and PILLS, which is a certain cure for Bad Legs, Poisoned Hands, Ulcerated Joints, Housemaid's Knee, Carbuncles, Snake and Insect Bites, &c., &c. English Prices, 1/11 and 2/9 each. See Trade Mark of a Grasshopper on a Green Label. Prepared by ALBERT, Albert House, 73 Farringdon Street, London, England.



USE ABSORBINE, JR. LINIMENT FOR IT
Goitre, Swollen Glands, Cysts, Varicose Veins, Varicosities anywhere. It allays pain and takes out inflammation promptly. A safe, healing, soothing, antiseptic. Pleasant to use—quickly absorbed into skin. Powerfully penetrating but does not blister under bandage nor cause any unpleasantness. Few drops only required at each application. **ABSORBINE, JR.**, \$1.00 and \$2.00 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Book 2 G Free. W F YOUNG, P.D.F., 138 Lyman's Bldg., Montreal, Canada.

Her Squint

In Europe many curious superstitions half of medicine, half of witchcraft, still survive among the peasants. Occasionally immigration brings them to our shores, usually from less enlightened countries than England; but in a recent instance the patient, who was afflicted with a bad squint, came from Devonshire.

She was, except for that defect, a wholesome, rosy, pretty creature, from a remote farm on the moors, very anxious indeed for a cure, but with little hope that it could be effected. She had come to the doctor only to satisfy a friend who had greater faith in his powers than she.

A squint, she told him, had but one cause: spying upon a couple who were courting. If a child were born with it, one of the parents must have done so; if it developed later, then the afflicted person was herself the culprit.

There was but one sure cure; the victim must persuade some pair of compassionate lovers to invite her to be present during a "courting hour." Then, at parting, the afflicted eye must be closed, and each lover stroke the eyelid three times; when it was opened the squint would have disappeared.

"But then why haven't you taken the cure?" inquired the young doctor, curiously.

"Oh, I couldn't," explained the girl. "I couldn't bring myself to ask it of folk that were courting, sir. They might have laughed, or they might have been angry—and anyway, 'twas too much, and I couldn't ask it, sir."

Much to her surprise, she was easily cured without the necessity of embarrassment to any fond and foolish couple.

Young People

Under a Cake of Ice

By Albert W. Tolman

IT was three o'clock on a clear March afternoon when Henry Duncan, ax on shoulder, walked whistling out of the village of Winterport on the Penobscot River. He followed the main road for about a hundred rods, and then took a by-path through the fields that led him down to the water, nearly a half-mile north of the town.

His goal was a dock between two old wharves, where lay his coasting schooner, the Elsie, tied up the previous December, when the Penobscot froze over, and now, although the river had been open a fortnight, still thickly ice-clad from the lapping of the water against her sides. It was his mission that afternoon to cut off this winter coat, and begin to get his vessel ready for the season's business.

out of the way. It fell across his body, bearing him backward and pinning him down upon the mud.

The plight in which the young owner so unexpectedly found himself was both painful and dangerous. There he lay, flat on his back, covered from the tips of his toes almost to his shoulders by a slab of ice weighing several hundred pounds.

The under side was rough with irregular bosses, and these, pressing down upon the mud, held up the cake from his body; otherwise his life would surely have been crushed out in a short time.

So far as he could tell, no bones had been broken, but his body and lower limbs were fastened into absolute immobility. His arms, however, were free, and he could breathe with no great difficulty. Pressing his hands strongly against the edge of the slab, he attempted to drag himself from under it.



Swimming Pool, Banff Spring Hotel, Alta.

Duncan sprang lightly down the slippery bank, and stood on the old wharf, with its sodden log-ends and brown, rotting cobwork covered with masses of clinging rockweed. The tide had just begun to rise, and was still some distance below the schooner's rudder; the hard mud bottom of the dock was bare, except for a few stranded ice-cakes.

It had been a cold winter, and the coating on the Elsie was in some places more than a foot in thickness. The melting warmth of the March sun had set the water flowing between the outside planks and their covering, so that the ice had started away a little from the side. If it were creased into sections with an axe and then cut more deeply, it would fall off in great slabs.

Descending a short ladder at the head of the dock, he took off his coat, laid it upon an ice-cake behind him, and began chopping away at the mass that concealed the outlines of his vessel near the stern. At first he worked with considerable caution; but as the ice was unexpectedly hard and came off in very small pieces, he grew a little impatient and struck more vigorously.

There was a sharp cracking, and a section more than ten feet long and nearly as high as the schooner's side split off bodily.

Duncan saw it coming, but so quickly did it drop that he had no time to get

But struggle as hard as he might, he found to his great alarm that he could not work himself backward the fraction of an inch. He began to shout for aid: "Hi! Hi! Hi! Help!"

The narrow dock resounded with his cries. From the opposite shore of the river a faint echo rolled back. How could they help hearing him in the village, half a mile below? He became silent and waited. Surely rescue would come soon. But at the end of ten minutes no approaching footsteps had gladdened his ears. Again he sent forth shout after shout; but still there was no response. The dock was in an unfrequented spot, under a high bank, and the wharves that hemmed it in prevented his voice from being heard. Evidently it was useless to count on assistance from others.

Duncan turned his head and looked out across the level river. It was a beautiful afternoon. The Penobscot seemed rejoicing at its freedom from the chains of winter. No breeze rippled the surface visible between the wharf-ends. An occasional ice-cake, drifting slowly by, was the only thing that broke the monotony of the smooth blue current.

The pressure upon the prisoner's body was becoming heavier and more painful, chilling it and checking the circulation. He could just breathe, and that was all. Pull and strain as he might, he could not extricate himself. Then a sudden fear struck him as he noted the progress of the tide. It had already crept up several inches!

He was near the lower end of the slab. The bottom of the dock sloped sharply downward, and he saw that before the tide could rise high enough to float the entire mass and remove the



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Winnipeg, Canada

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The Western Home Monthly

Winnipeg

pressure from his body, his face would be covered and he would assuredly be drowned.

The young navigator had a strong, active body and a clear brain. He fully appreciated his peril, but saw that it was idle to waste his energies in frantic and unavailing efforts. He looked about for his axe, hoping to cut himself free. A few feet to his right the handle projected from beneath the ice-cake. A single trial showed him that it was out of reach, and he at once dismissed it from his thoughts.

But one resource remained. In the pocket of his coat, a few feet behind him, was a small jack-knife. Stretching his arms backward at full length he touched a sleeve, and very carefully drew it toward him. In a moment the open knife was in his grasp, and he mustered all his powers for the coming struggle. With so small an instrument he would have no more than time to cut himself clear before the tide should reach him. Every stroke must tell.

To gain his liberty he set out to cut three sides of an ice cake sixteen feet

long, sixteen wide, and from six to ten inches thick. The fourth side was the edge directly before his face. This would allow him to sit upright, with his head above the slab, and when the rising tide lifted the ice, he could easily pull his legs out.

With freedom of motion and a suitable implement, his task would have been a trifling one. But handicapped as he was by being held down in a cramped position, armed only with a short, slender steel blade, and unable to lift his head high enough to see the surface he must attack, he did not underrate the difficulty of the achievement.

Stretching his arms forward above the edge of the slab, he began with strong, cautious strokes to draw his knife across the crackling surface. Little white shavings and sparkling fragments sprinkled his face and cheeks, and fell in heaps on each side. Deeper and deeper grew the rifts; before many minutes he would be free!

He struck a hard spot, and bore down a little too heavily. Snap! The brittle steel, chilled by constant contact with the ice, broke short off. As the blade gave way his hand came heavily down upon the surface, and the knife flew from his grasp.

his arms. The beating of her paddle wheels died away, and he was again left to himself.

It was now not far from four o'clock. The sun was declining toward the west, and the banks were beginning to cast their shadows toward the river; and it was growing colder. Duncan's body was stiff and numb from the fearful weight that was grinding him down into the mud. The sharp edge of the ice seemed to cut his flesh.

All the while his brain was busy with schemes to get the knife that he knew must lie not far away on the ice above his head. If he only had a short stick, it might be possible to pull the tool within his reach; but nothing of the sort was at hand. Then it came to him that he might make a noose with his handkerchief, and perhaps fling it over the knife.

A few minutes' careful angling on the unseen surface, and to his great joy he regained possession of the precious instrument.

Duncan now addressed himself to his task with renewed energy, tempered with caution. Never in his life had he done any harder work than with that little penknife.

Now he would strike a shelly place,



Smoking room on a C.P.R. liner, Pacific service.

For an instant this catastrophe, coming so unexpectedly, paralyzed Duncan. Then he remembered that the tool had another blade, and swept his fingers over the ice in the hope of grasping the horn handle. To his horror he could nowhere discover it. He tried again, straining and stretching forward with all his might, but again failed.

Sick with disappointment, he let his head drop back upon the mud, and lay for a moment with closed eyes, then turned his face to note the progress of the tide. It was rising quietly, more terrifying to him than if it had come on with sound and tumult. Already it washed the foot of the spikes across the dock.

Resignation now would be cowardice. Duncan breathed a short prayer for strength, and again faced the situation.

A rushing far up the river broke the stillness of the afternoon. The Boston boat! Perhaps some one on board might see or hear him.

But he was doomed to disappointment. Just as the steamer came opposite the dock she whistled for the Winterport landing, and the hoarse bellow of escaping steam drowned the shouts he raised. And so swiftly did she speed by the narrow opening between the wharves that not one among her scores of passengers perceived the frantic waving of

and his progress would be rapid. Then the ice would grow hard and blue again, rendering his advance slower. All the time there grew upon him an increasing terror of the tide. He had never known that it could rise so fast. Often in summer, when he had been waiting for it to float his vessel, it had barely crept up the beach. Now every minute showed a steady gain.

There was a patter of feet, a scraping of claws on the wharf across the dock. Then on its capsill appeared the head and shoulders of a hound, outlined against the clear sky. Duncan recognized him as a dog belonging to a neighbor, and the wild hope flashed into his head that here was a messenger that might summon assistance. Oh, if he could only be made to understand!

With voice and gesture he tried to coax the hound down into the dock. The animal evidently appreciated the fact that something was wanted of him, for he ran whining back and forth on the edge of the wharf, as if seeking a place to descent. Finally, however, to Duncan's bitter disappointment, he turned and bounded off.

The two sides of the ice-cake parallel to his body were now cut through, but the hardest of the three, that across his thighs, had hardly been touched. And the water had already laid its icy clutch on his hair. How freezing cold it was! It had crept under the cake, and was chilling his whole body. It was flowing into his ears. The back of his head and neck seemed to be turning into ice.

Then came ten minutes of painful, desperate effort. The shipmaster's body was almost destitute of feeling because of the fearful numbness that had crept over it. About him the rising water

An Oil That is Prized Everywhere.—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil was put upon the market without any flourish over thirty years ago. It was put up to meet the wants of a small section, but as soon as its merits became known it had a whole continent for a field, and it is now known and prized throughout this hemisphere. There is nothing equal to it.

edded and gurgled. His whole life depended on that little sharp piece of steel set in the horn handle. The cake was cut half-through; a few more strokes would do the work.

Again that slight snapping sound! The brittle blade had broken like the other!

With a mighty effort Duncan flung both arms powerfully down on the tongue that still held to the slab by its half-severed end, preventing his escape; but the firm mass showed no sign of yielding. Again, and still again, with the strength of despair he dashed his elbows against the unfeeling ice, bruising them cruelly. But his second and third attempts proved as fruitless as the first.

"You never can do it! You never can do it!" a voice seemed to keep saying over and over in his ear.

"I will do it!" he shouted. And for the fourth time, his muscles hard as steel and his energies doubled and trebled by the deadly peril, he hurled his tense forearm upon the mass that held him down.

Crack! The cake split off, and lay loosely across his chest.

He had succeeded at last, but not a moment too soon, for the water was

Lost Neighbors

"Are you sure you know the way, Jeannette?" said mother, cheerily.

"Why, of course I do, mamma! I go right down this street, and down the next street and turn the corner, and then I'm there."

Mamma kissed her and said: All right. One loaf rye bread, remember."

Jeannette really did know the way to the bakery, or would have if she had not happened to be looking at a dear little pony cart just when she ought to have turned the first corner. So she went on to the next street, and that carried her into a strange neighborhood. When she got to where the bakery ought to be, it was not there at all. Where was she? She looked around in sudden terror. Nothing was as she remembered, tearfully. There was an open lot on the corner, with a dog in it. She was afraid of dogs. She ran on down the street. Perhaps she had not gone far enough to reach the bakery. She heard a little wailing cry, and looked across to the opposite sidewalk.

There was a little girl just as big as she, and this little girl was crying, too; she began to wonder what could be the matter.

"She feels bad, and hasn't got anybody to comfort her," Jeannette thought. She

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lapping his cheeks. With a final endeavor he pushed the severed cake aside, and putting his arms behind him, lifted his stiffened frame to an upright position. The long chilling pressure had almost numbed his body, and he was weak as a reed from the struggle he had won.

A few minutes more, and the rising tide floated the slab sufficiently to allow him to draw his legs from under it, and he crept slowly up out of the water.

It was hard work to climb the ladder at the head of the dock; but grit and resolution conquered, and Duncan found himself at last on the moldering timbers of the wharf. It would not do to remain there, however; so, slowly and painfully, he started to drag himself homeward.

The effort he was obliged to make, hard though it seemed, was of the greatest benefit to him, for it gradually set the blood circulating once more through his benumbed body. By the time he had gone two hundred yards he was able to rise to his feet, and begin a slow, hobbling walk. On reaching home he said nothing of his adventure, although he felt its effects for weeks afterward.

Duncan is now captain of a three-masted schooner, well-known in the coasting trade. In one of the drawers of the desk in his cabin is a horn-handled jack-knife with both blades broken. This he preserves as carefully as a veteran of a war might treasure some object that had stopped the bullet aimed at his heart.

The hog house should be well ventilated and it should have an abundance of sunshine. These two things are very important but they have been overlooked in many of the buildings that have been put up in the past

looked around. "There isn't anybody but me. I guess I must go." She ran over.

"Hullo! Don't cry—I'm here! I won't let anybody hurt you," and Jeannette put her arm around the other little girl.

"I want—my mamma!" she sobbed. I can't find my house!"

"That's funny," she said. "You're lost, and I'm lost, and you found me and I found you! But I want my mamma!"

"Don't cry! I'll find your mamma," promised Jeannette. "There's a man coming out of that house. Let's ask him!"

"No, you won't be 'fraid with me! Come He'll be gone!"

When the grocer's clerk saw the two little girls coming toward him he waited.

"Will you find her mamma, please?" asked Jeannette.

"I'm Charlotte Cashen. I'm four years old. I live at 55 Summer street," spoke up Charlotte.

"Oh, Mrs. Cashen's little girl, are you? Why, yes, I'm going right past there."

He put her on the wagon seat. "You want to ride, too?" he asked Jeannette, looking down kindly at her. She cried eagerly: "Oh, please, I'm lost, too! I want the bakers' shop, and I can't find it. I only found Charlotte!"

"Well, well, two lost kids!" chuckled the boy. "Jump in, then," and he swung her up beside Charlotte. "We'll stop at the bakery as we go along. Where do you live?"

"On Summer street—that big, white house right on the corner. I'm Jeannette Jacobs."

"Oh, ho, ho!" laughed the grocer's boy, shaking his broad shoulders. "And you two children never knew each other before—living only a stone's throw apart?"

"No, we never did," they declared.

"Well," he said, you'd better go shopping together after this, so when you get lost you'll have company."—"Michigan Christian Advocate."

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The Western Home Monthly
WINNIPEG, MAN.

In the Other Pocket

"I can't quite make your change," said the country storekeeper, painfully recounting the pile of pennies in his hand. "It's a cent out of the way." "Oh, never mind," returned the magnificent summer boarder. "But it's my cent," was the moving rejoinder.

Sometimes it does happen to make a difference if we know who owns the cent. The New York Press tells this story of a man who, early on Monday morning, came to the assistant treasurer of a church.

"I attended a service yesterday," said he, "and I made a mistake when you took up the collection. I had a penny

and a five-dollar gold piece in my pocket. I think—"

Here he stopped to take breath, and the other man interrupted him with some impatience. He had heard just that complaint before. Somebody was always hunting a five-dollar gold piece.

"I think you are mistaken," said he. "We had no five-dollar gold pieces in Sunday's collection."

"That's just what I am trying to get at," said the old gentleman. "You ought to have had one. I meant to put mine in the basket, but I made a mistake and dropped in the penny instead. Here is the gold piece."



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WINNIPEG

On Sleeping Outdoors

By H. Hesson.

And to the end of every advertisement is appended these magic words, "with screened sleeping porch" and nightly grows the cult of those who sleep outdoors.

Are you one of the great majority who leave their Ostermoors to woo the balm of sleep on one of those rest-no-more's, a porch couch? If so, lend ear I pray thee to the sad tale I have to tell. Being a cliff dweller on the third roost of an apartment house my bedroom space is limited and a shopping-visitor drove me from my bed to the joys of sleeping on the porch. The vehicle of my adventures was a common or garden stretcher with a sandwich-thin mattress, reinforced with various travelling rugs and wedged into a corner under a stone window ledge. An improvised screen of a clothes horse covered with a curtain at the foot was to serve the double purpose of modesty and protection from the early sun. About 12.30 I slid gingerly in and settled down in the customary sag in the centre and contemplated the scurrying rain-laden clouds with forebodings. Scarcely five minutes elapsed when a blinding flash of lightning illuminated the scene and

the tender mercies of a park bench, although right at my own doorstep. I called frantically to my brother who arrived at the door in his pyjamas and a wild burst of mirth, and with our united efforts we moved all the furniture on the porch, which was some, and got the stretcher as far from the open walls as possible, then I spread a large waterproof coat over the bed, put up an umbrella and promptly had hysterics of joy—slightly incongruous at 3.30 a.m. when you have been dumped, bored, rained on and generally maltreated all night, but there are some occasions when the only thing left to do is to laugh or to cry and the former seemed better under the circumstances. Before I finally fell exhaustedly asleep under my umbrella about a million and a half birds had begun to twitter and call as only about that many birds can twitter and call just at daybreak. Somewhere on the wrong side of six o'clock the sun came up as brilliantly as if there had never been rain in the world. The improvised screen was as little good for a sun shield as for an umbrella, and the long hot sun fingers came stealing in and it was little sleep was left for me. My first experience of sleeping outdoors netted me approximately: Three and one-half hours sleep; tender spots in both sides and my back; stiff joints from the dampness; straight hair from the



Showing nice stretch of breaking on farm of Mr. Paige.

simultaneously with the thunder clap the legs of my stretcher collapsed and deposited me with no uncertain thump on the floor, the sudden jerk upset the screen which promptly smothered me in the folds of a woolly red curtain. Rising phoenix-like from the debris, I scurried around in the decidedly damp atmosphere to find a substitute for the stretcher's weak legs. Nothing was available of the right height but a white enamel pail with which I finally bolstered up the head of my faltering couch. By the time I had returned to try and woo the fickle goddess of sleep the rain was coming down in sheets, fortunately not into the balcony directly but making everything of a dampness decidedly unpleasant. Trying to settle again into the "sag," my none-too-well covered rib bones encountered the edge of the pail through the springs and the apology mattress. Turn as I would, some tender spot was discovered in my anatomy by that two-edged pail and then my brother came out. His stretcher in an opposite corner of the porch had received a shower bath on the pillows and in great disgust he moved all the clothing into a leather-covered couch in the sitting room. Agonized by the pail, I finally transferred my bedding on to his forsaken stretcher and moved it into the middle of the floor, put the clothes-horse screen around the head and settled down again. This time no weak joints collapsed and no pails arose below me like jagged mountain peaks. But suddenly, with no warning at all, the wind changed, and with swishes of joy the rain fell right across and over me. Turned out of my room, with not even a leather couch left now, here was I as forlorn a waif as if left to

dampness; that tired feeling; eyes like burned holes in a blanket; a bad temper. Can you beat it?

No Place for the Cow

A young woman of great, perhaps too great, sensibility begged to be excused from visiting an aunt who lived in an old fashioned house, where pictures of a certain period were in evidence. "There is an engraving of a blacksmith's shop in the dining-room?" said she, hysterically. "You can't expect me to eat my dinner there. I smell the hoofs."

A similar criticism came from one who suffered not from overrefinement, but from something quite different. She was a woman of recently acquired wealth who, says the New York Tribune, went into an art gallery and asked for a painting of a certain size.

"I have just what you want," said the dealer.

He showed her a beautiful animal painting, but she looked at it for a few minutes, and then shook her head.

"It won't do," she said. "I want this picture for my drawing-room."

"But it's a beautiful thing," ventured the dealer.

"Not for a drawing-room," announced the woman, conclusively. "You couldn't have a cow in a drawing-room."

Tramp (while the young magistrate helplessly turns over the pages of his law book)—"Please allow me to assist you, page 317, the third section from the bottom."

Household Suggestions

Apple Sauce and Its Variations

By Marion Herrick

Rare is the housewife who does not consider a dish of apple sauce, well-made and well-seasoned, one of her best table allies. Apple sauce acts as a stimulant to jaded appetites, as a relish, as a dainty. It is pretty to look at when served in a clear glass dish. It fits into many emergency desserts. It is eminently the dish of the child or the invalid as well as the "men folks."

It is easy, however, to get into a rut in making apple sauce. One forgets the many varieties of ways in which this fruit may be made dainty and strike a new note in the family meal. Here are some recipes which will appeal to the housewife tired of making apple sauce "the same old way."

Crystal Apples—Pare and slice very thin eight greening apples. Cover with boiling water and let cook until tender, but not soft enough to break. Have

apples, the centers of which have been filled with some pretty-colored jelly or jam. Do not pour the syrup over the apples until it is partly cooled. Flaming apples are especially attractive for "surprise" suppers during the winter. This same process is followed, the apples being cooked in sugar and water until tender but firm enough to keep their shape. Then remove to a dish and fill the centers with raspberry or apricot jam. Pour the syrup which has boiled down thick over the apples.

A "different" way to prepare jellied apples is to cook the pared and cored apples in a syrup made a little acid with lemon juice. When cold, coat with a red jelly, as raspberry, and serve on slices of sponge cake, plain or with orange frosting. Sprinkle chopped almonds over the top. This is only one of many ways the housewife can adapt materials she has at hand in forming delicious apple desserts which will be new and appetizing.



Smoking Room, "Empress of Asia," Pacific Service, C.P.R.

ready a syrup made by melting two cupfuls of crushed sugar over the fire, adding just enough water to keep it from burning and a few bits of lemon peel. Skim out the slices of apples and drop them into the hot syrup. Shake gently over a slow fire until the slices are almost transparent. Served in a pretty glass dish this is most attractive.

Apple Sauce by Slow Process—Take enough Baldwin or greening apples to fill a small stoneware jar, like a bean pot. Add three-fourths of a pint of sugar and one-fourth pint water. Cover tightly. Place in the oven of the range after supper and let it remain until morning. The apples will be rich in color and flavor.

A compote is a fresh fruit stewed. It may be molded with rice or other cereals and make a delicious dessert for children. Or, served with cake, it makes a good plain dessert in itself.

Apple compote—Make a syrup by boiling three and one-half cups of sugar and two and one-half cups of water for five minutes after it has actually reached the boiling point. That is what is known as twenty-eight degrees. Each five minutes will thicken the syrup one degree. Have the apples pared, cored and left whole or cut into halves, quarters or slices. While the syrup is boiling drop in a few pieces at a time and let boil until tender. A few slices of lemon and pieces of cinnamon and cloves, boiled in the syrup, improve the flavor. Remove the cooked apples with skimmer and arrange with the pieces of lemon around a glass dish. The syrup may boil down twenty-five minutes in all when it will be thirty-two degrees and strained over the fruit. The same process is used for jellied apples, letting the syrup boil until it jellies, and pouring it over the cooked

Stuffed Apples as Garnish for Cold Meats—Pare medium-sized greening apples, core and scoop out center with large spoon. Chop fine one large onion, and add the same amount of chopped mushrooms. Smother in butter until all moisture evaporates. Remove from the fire, add the same amount of bread crumbs, one whole egg, fine herbs and season with salt, pepper and a little nutmeg. Fill the apples with this mixture, place a little piece of butter on top of each. Set in buttered pan and bake for about fifteen minutes. These are very excellent to serve with pork chops, sausages and other meats.

Simple Apple Chutney—Cook five pounds of good ripe apples, pared and cored, with two quarts of cider vinegar and two pounds of brown sugar. Let this cook until it is quite soft. Add to the apples two pounds of seeded raisins, one onion, one ounce each of white and black mustard seed ground, two of ginger, one tablespoonful of salt and three shredded red pepper pods. After all these ingredients are added to the apples, let them boil up once. Put into an earthen crock and let stand until the next day. Bottle and seal.

Apple Souffle—Prepare apple sauce and run through a colander. Season to taste with vanilla, butter and sugar. Let this pulp (or puree) cook until quite dry and firm. To one and one-quarter cupfuls of apple, add the whites of four eggs whipped very stiff and sweetened with three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Mix lightly and quickly, turn into baking dish and bake in slow oven twenty to twenty-five minutes. Serve with any desired sauce.

A souffle is a dish made light by the addition of whipped whites of eggs.



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PUFFS
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For variety's sake, keep all three on hand, and serve them in various ways. In the morning serve with sugar and cream, or mixed in like nuts with your berries. For luncheons or suppers serve in bowls of milk. These dainty, floating morsels form an ideal dairy dish.

When you serve ice cream, scatter over each dish plenty of these nut-like grains. Use them in candy making. For hungry children in the afternoons, douse them with melted butter.

There are a thousand occasions to enjoy Puffed Grains in summer if you always have them ready.

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Sole Makers

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("THE SPICE MILL" (N.Y.), SEPTEMBER, 1913.)

Unscrupulous manufacturers of baking powder, in order to sell their product, sometimes resort to the old game of what is known as "the glass test." In reality it is no test at all, but, in cases where the prospective buyer does not understand that the so-called "test" is a fake, pure and simple, the salesman is sometimes able to make him believe it shows conclusively that the so-called baking powder he is selling, and which of course contains egg albumen, is superior to other brands which do not contain this ingredient.

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Fashions and Patterns

9968—A Neat and Becoming Dress—For morning or afternoon wear. Percale of a simple pattern in blue and white with trimming of white pique is here shown. The model is also good for seersucker, gingham, chambray, lawn, batiste, dimity, linen, linene, or tub silk. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Pattern 10c.

9980—A Comfortable Play or School Dress.—As here shown, blue gingham was used with blue and white striped percale for trimming. The closing is effected in front with eyelet lacing, but may be finished at the centre back, if preferred. The bloomers may be of the same material as the dress, or of sateen, galatea or cambric.

9625—Ladies' and Misses' "Balkan" Dress—This comfortable and effective blouse style seems to have supplanted the "Middy" and "Norfolk" styles in general favor. As here shown striped gingham in brown and white was used with trimming of brown and self covered buttons. The design is also suitable for silk or linen materials, and for other wash fabrics. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: for ladies—36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure, and in 3 sizes for misses: 14, 16 and 18 years. Pattern, 10c.

9987-9973—A Pretty Summer Dress—French linen in a new blue shade embroidered in self color is here shown. The model is developed from Ladies' Waist Pattern 9987, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 9973. It is also good for serge, voile,



9985—Ladies' One Piece Dressing Sack.—For simple easy development, comfort and convenience, this style may well be recommended. It is cut with body and sleeve "in one," and may be finished with a belt or with sash ends. The model is splendid for crepe, lawn, dimity and other soft fabrics. As here shown white batiste with insertion and lace was employed. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. Pattern, 10c.

9971—Girls' Dress with Long or Short Sleeve.—This attractive model is finished in Balkan style, with panel or vest effect. The sleeve in wrist length is gathered to a band cuff. The short sleeve is in kimono style. The dress is good for any of this season's popular materials. Blue and white striped percale, or white linen with trimming of a contrasting color, would develop this style nicely. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Pattern 10c.

crepe, chiffon and moire taffeta, gingham lawn, batiste and voile. The waist has deep yoke portions with sleeve in kimono style. The tunic of the skirt has a facing in flounce style. The waist pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure.

The illustration calls for two separate patterns, 10c. each.

9981—A Unique and Comfortable House Apron.—The body and sleeve in one idea has been carried out in garments of every sort, hence the busy sewer and home dressmaker will welcome this mode in an apron that is not only simple but practical in that it covers most all of the dress worn underneath, and is easy to make because of few seams. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. Pattern, 10c.

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9966—A New and Stylish Under Garment—As here shown, Swiss embroidery and batiste are combined. The model is also good for dimity, lawn or nainsook. The model is composed of a camisole or underbodice, cut with raised waistline, and a five gore skirt that may be finished with or without a flounce. This style is well adapted for wear under transparent waists and dresses of sheer fabric. The camisole and skirt may be finished separately. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 3 3/4 yards of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures 1 3/4 yard at the lower edge.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

9838—Ladies' House Dress in Raised or Normal Waistline—Percale, lawn, seersucker, galatea, cashmere, linene or flannelette are all appropriate for this style. The fronts are slightly low at the throat and finished with a neat rolling collar.



The sleeve has a shaped cuff. The closing is at the side front in skirt and waist, and the simple gored skirt has a tucked stitched inverted plait at the centre back. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6 1/4 yards of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures 2 yards at the foot.

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9974—Girls' Dress—Blue linene with blue and white striped percale is here shown. The fronts cross diagonally over a vest of the striped material. The square neck opening is finished with a round collar. The "set in" sleeve has a pretty cuff. The skirt is a four gore model, with tuck finish in back and front. The design is good also for gingham, lawn, dimity, challie, linen, percale, galatea, serge, henrietta, tub or taffeta silk. White lawn with trimming of all over embroidery and edging would make a pretty dress in this style. Or, if linen were chosen, the free edges could be em-

broidered in scallops, and a neat design embroidered on vest and cuffs. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 3 1/4 yards of 40 inch material for a 10 year size.

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9972—A Pretty Gown for Youthful Figures—Figured dimity in white and blue is here shown. The waist is simple, and becoming. It is made with long shoulder effect, and has a sleeve that may be finished in wrist or shorter length. The three piece skirt is gathered at the top, and finished with a deep tuck fold in front. The pannier may be omitted. Silk, crepe, lawn, gingham, ratine, eponge, duvetyn, taffeta and linen are also appropriate for this style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires 6 yards of 44 inch material for a 14 year size. The skirt measures 1 1/2 yard at the foot. Pattern 10c.

9964—A Practical Boys' Suit—Galatea, gingham, chambray, linene, linen, seersucker, or kindergarten cloth, may be used for this style. The model will make a fine play beach suit. The waist is collarless and has double breasted fronts. The patch pockets on the trousers may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. It requires 2 yards of 36 inch material for a 4 year size.

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9984—Girls' Dress with Lining and with Long or Short Sleeve—As here illustrated white batiste was used, with insertion and edging of "Val" lace. The design may be developed with or without a yoke, and with short sleeve finished with a ruffle heading, or with sleeve in wrist length, finished with a band cuff. The model is good for voile, crepe, lawn, challie, gingham or silk. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 3 yards of 40 inch material for a 4 year size. Pattern 10c.

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9978-9977—A Charming Beach or Porch Dress.—This pretty style was developed in light green ratine, with vest of green and white striped pique. It is composed of ladies' waist pattern 9978, cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure, and ladies' skirt pattern, 9977, cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. The designs are good for all wash and woolen goods. For gingham, lawn, dimity or linen this model would be appropriate. The skirt measures $1\frac{1}{3}$ yards at the foot.

9991—Ladies' Dressing Sack or Negligee.—It will develop nicely in any of the materials used for house sacks. For trimming, lace, edging insertion or ribbon are suitable. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. For the style illustrated in the large view it will require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 27 inch material, or $5\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 14 inch flouncing for a medium size. Pattern, 10c.

be easy to develop. The free edges may be bound with tape or braid or finished with a stitched underfacing. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small medium and large.

Pattern, 10c.

9979—A Popular Seasonable Style.—Blue ratine embroidered in self color, was used in this instance. It is finished with slightly raised waistline. Epouge, taffeta, striped or figured voile, crepe, gingham, lawn, dimity, batiste and tub silk, are all desirable materials for 7 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 its development. The pattern is cut in inches bust measure.

9969-9967—A Stylish Summer Frock.—White crepe embroidered in lavender was used for this design. The skirt is draped in bustle style at the back. The set in sleeves meet yoke sections over the shoulder. The waist pattern is cut in



9976—A Good Style for the Growing Girl.—White linen, embroidered in self color is here shown in this illustration. Striped or figured percale, lawn, challie, plaid or checked gingham, chambray, linene or galatea are all good for this design. The pattern is cut in sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12. It requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40 inch material for an 8 year size. Pattern 10c.

9988—Girls' Dress with Yoke, and with or without Tunic.—Long waisted effects are very popular for girls in their teens. The right front is shaped over the left, and the yoke portions, cut in "V" outline, are trimmed with a pretty collar. Galatea, percale, gingham, or chambray, pique, linen, linene, lawn, silk or challie are all good materials for this style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Pattern 10c.

9841—Ladies' Apron.—Suitable for lawn, percale, gingham or alpaca. The model is comfortable, simple and will

6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. The skirt in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires $9\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27 inch material for the entire dress. The waist and skirt may be used separately and are suitable for voile, serge, linen, taffeta, madras, ratine, linen, gingham, lawn or percale. The skirt measures about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards at the lower edge.

This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. for each pattern.

9975—Ladies' Kimono or Lounging Robe.—Such pretty patterns in crepe, lawn, batiste, dimity and silk may be obtained for garments of this kind. This model expresses grace and comfort in its simple lines. Dainty pink and white lawn was chosen with a neck finish of washable edging, and a decoration of velvet ribbon. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. It requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36 inch material for a medium size. Pattern, 10c.

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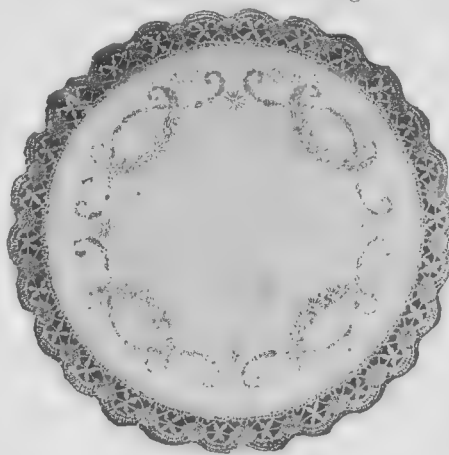


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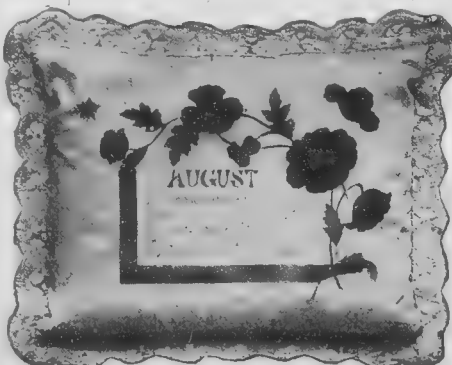


No. 6022
Centre Lace Edged 60c.
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month of roses; and July, carnations, thus completing the cycle. We shall continue to stock these designs during 1914 and our readers will doubtless avail themselves of the opportunity to remember gracefully the birthdays of their friends as nothing could be a more charming gift than one of these pretty pillows embroidered and made up as described in these columns.

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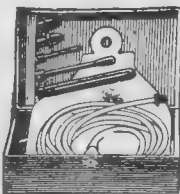
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About the Farm

The Profits from Pure Bred Sows

A good brood sow, properly handled and fed, is worth more than a brood mare. Last spring we had two sows to farrow 12 pigs each and we raised 23 of the pigs. When eight months of age these pigs averaged 274 pounds and for them we received \$7.85 per hundredweight, or \$494.71 for the 23 shoats.

We recently attended a sale at which pure bred sows sold for \$50 to \$90. Even \$50 seems a rather big price to pay for a single sow, even though she be young. But suppose that young sow in the course of her active usefulness will produce 75 pigs. She should do better than this, but with average success these are safe figures. We will assume that the purchaser is a small farmer and from these 75 pigs he intends to make selections for the foundation of a herd of superior excellence. Suppose he reserves 12 of the pigs for his own use. This leaves him 63 pigs to sell either as breeders or as fat shoats. Pigs of superior breeding which have the right type for the

profit. The animal with the greatest capability for economical production needs the greatest care and attention to bring about this production, and it is only by bestowing care and attention upon an animal that the largest profit can be secured from it whether the offspring is to be sold as breeding stock or in the open market. The farmer who is prepared to give the care and attention required is warranted in paying almost any price for choice foundation stock, but the farmer who is not prepared or who is not willing to do his part would better do the best he can with his grade stock until the time arrives when he resolves to take a deeper interest in his business.—W. F. Purdue.

A Quarantine Pen for the Hogs

By quarantine pen we mean simply a pen or a few pens which are situated a safe distance from the main hog pens or yards. Such a pen should contain comfortable sleeping quarters as well as room for exer-



On D. Adamson's Farm, Gladstone, Man.

economical production of pork can be grown at a cost of from 75c. to \$1 more per head as represented in the cost of the foundation stock, than can pigs from a sow of ordinary breeding worth probably \$30. Then taking into consideration the better gains and the larger weights which can be achieved with well bred hogs of the best type with a given amount of feed, there can be no doubt whatever that if every one of the pigs is fed and sold upon the open market, the farmer who bought the high-priced breeding sow will be ahead in the transaction, provided the sow is handled with ordinary intelligence. But in the meantime he could sell many good pigs to his neighbors for breeders, and he would have the 12 reserved for his own use, which with good judgment in mating offer opportunities for still further improvement and a continued lessening in the cost per pound of the meat produced by the superior animals compared with the ordinary scrub or grade stock.

It must always be kept in mind, however, that no matter how good the stock the first essential for success in breeding pure bred stock is that the breeder must be a good feeder as well as a good judge of animals. While blood will tell in the quality of the produce, yet this blood without good management will not produce ideal results, and will not bring the breeder a

cise and should be so arranged that the owner need not go inside to feed or water.

Such an arrangement seems a lot of bother, but it is a very wise plan to follow. As the number of hogs increases, diseases will become more troublesome. Already cholera has found its way into many sections of the northwest. Every new hog coming to the farm should be kept by itself for at least ten days or two weeks. Then if it has shown no indications of sickness, spray it with a good dip and introduce the animal to the herd.

Keep the quarantine pen clean and ready for use. If any of your hogs get sick and you have any reason to suspect a contagious disease, at once separate the well hogs from the sick.—Robert C. Ashby, Washington Experiment station.

Poultry Management

People pay highest prices for products which are naturally out of season. Broilers command highest prices in early spring. With plenty of winter eggs and the necessary incubating and brooding equipment, the raising of winter broilers is comparatively easy. The hatching should begin in the fall so as to have good-sized broilers for the holiday trade. The broiler business is hard, tedious work and requires, like most branches of the poultry business, plenty of experience, but it can be made profitable. Surplus cockerels are usually kept over until they weigh from three to five pounds a piece, and then sold as roasters. But frequently it is advisable to caponize surplus cockerels. When rightly conducted this branch of the business is profitable.

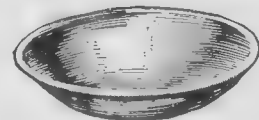
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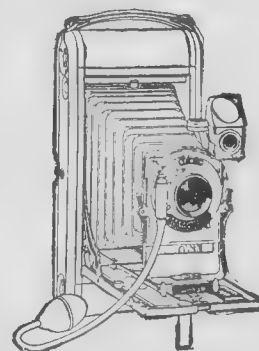
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As a rule the markets are well supplied with poultry products of ordinary quality, but the supply of good poultry is much behind the demand for same, hence high prices for first-class poultry. The object should be then, the production of high grade stock. Along this line much may be accomplished by proper fattening, but this does not mean the addition of a layer of fat over the carcass. The main object of fattening is to finish the bird, to make it more meaty and the meat tender, juicy and more palatable.

There are two practical ways of fattening, pen and crate fattening. In pen fattening, the birds are simply restricted to a pen with a small yard attached, and are fed fattening rations. In crate fattening, the birds are kept in smaller numbers, four to six, in specially made crates in a darkened place. Pen fattening is in many cases more convenient, but crate fattening can be easier controlled. The fattening period is three weeks. The day the birds are put in they are not fed at all, only water given them. The next few days they are fed sparingly, and then they are given all the food they will eat three times a day.

To make a success with poultry as well as in any other business, it is not enough to produce the goods. One must be able to sell his product to the best advantage. One reason so many farmers fail is because they are poor business men. Business ability is a gift in itself, and not many rules can be laid down to this end. One must study the different ways and means of the poultry business, know the market demands, and keep his eyes open to what is constantly going on in the poultry world.

In marketing a product, the appearance must never be sacrificed because of lack of time or expense of having it look right. It is the goods of a thing that attracts people's attention. The egg boxes and shipping crates should be neat and attractive.

Quality in chickens is denoted by smooth oily, leg scales. The old country breeds excel in this respect.

Hens can be divided according to laying powers, into three classes,—those that lay no eggs in winter, those that lay from 1 to

30, and those that lay from 30 to 40. Some have said that if a hen lays a lot of eggs in winter she will not lay so many in the spring as a hen that laid only a few during the winter. I have found that the hen that lays in winter will lay as many eggs in the spring as the hen that did not.

The Value of a Feeding Trough

When the weather is dry and the ground hard there is no objection in scattering grain, provided—and this is extremely important—that too much is not supplied. There is no means of gathering any that remains, and if too liberal a supply is given it is sheer waste. The same thing applies when there is a scratching shed attached to the roosting compartment—so great a boon to both fowls and to owner.

In wet weather, on the other hand, the grain should only be fed from a trough; otherwise wastage is bound to ensue.

Soft food, too, should always be given in a trough. We have often seen mash thrown down on the ground, with the inevitable result that a large proportion of it was wasted. The fowls trample on it, making what they do not eat at once quite unfit for consumption.

Mash, therefore, should always be fed from a trough, and under no circumstances—no matter how dry the ground—should it be thrown down on the ground.

A trough can be made very simply and at a very small cost. Two pieces of wood, nailed together at right angles, with end pieces, are all that are required.

Window Gardens

By Frances Roberts

When a man has plowed his yard and sodded it and rolled it and finally succeeded in raising a carpet of soft green velvet,

he does not consent gracefully to any request from his wife for a flower bed. It is easier to grow geraniums than grass, and it seems to take the combined efforts and patience of the family to cover the brown earth that stretches around the house, with any sort of sod. One sympathizes with the man who stood on the velvety turf in front of an old English Country place and feasted his eyes on the green expanse that rolled evenly from the house to the hedge that kept it within bounds.

"I've dreamed of a lawn like this," he said, enviously, "but I never hoped to see one. How did you manage?"

The Englishman looked at him quizzically and then let his eyes wander along his pipe stem to the bowl. "Well," he drawled, "you plow the land and sow it first to oats. Cut them down and plow under. Plant your grass seed, roll the ground and—wait for about five hundred years."

All of which goes to show that a lawn, worthy of the name, is a most desirable adjunct to a house, although it is not obtained without worry, disappointment and the cost of much grass seed and time.

"I tell my wife that she can have her flower beds anywhere she pleases but on the lawn," generously volunteered the proprietor of an ideal bit of turf which he had snatched from the surrounding wilderness, that stretched ragged weeds to the very fence, and dressed in a neat suit of finest green.

It is this adoration of the lawn which is making women turn, even as their English sisters long since turned, to window boxes. Women must have flowers, and the hour's work in the moist earth among the tender plants has saved many of them from nervous prostration. If they cannot have flowers on the lawn they will have them in the windows, and the box of training vines, aflame with nasturtiums or vivid with geraniums, has grown to be a part of mansion and cottage. When rightly placed so as to accentuate the lines of window or porch, it is a picturesque addition, but the box that is put on stilts against the house has no part in it and is an abomination that rots the siding and its own unsteady legs.



Peace and Plenty. A B.C. Farming Scene

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This is the age of utility, the wise men say, and mere beauty is not sufficient excuse for existence. Nothing should be in the home but that which will become really a part of it. A box is no more necessary to the usefulness of every window and porch than is the palm or fern that has found its way into every room until one cannot partake of the simplest of household pleasures without sharing them with some scraggly leaved plant.

The artistic window garden is the one that harmonizes with the style of the house it adorns. Great pots of strange-shaped cacti, century plants or palms are more in keeping with the ornate mansions whose owners imagine they have reproduced the outline of an oriental palace, even though they have filled it with American comforts, than is a box of stiff geraniums or feverfew which never thought of growing in a tropical country. A box-bordered path with prim beds of old-fashioned flowers carries out the suggestion in a colonial house, for a housewife of the year

1700 would not have permitted untidy boxes of "growing things" to be fastened to her windows for a moment. It is the simple, ordinary, commonplace house, of no particular style or period, which takes most kindly to the decorative touch furnished by vines and flowers in the window.

An old house, a big square box of simulated stone, that had been closed for several years, was recently put in order under the direction of a woman who intuitively does all things well. Its unbroken walls presented a difficult problem, and there was much figuring and planning, for there was not money to make extensive alterations and the query how best to increase the beauty was supplemented by the additional question of the least cost. But given a clever woman and a house, much may be accomplished, and the unprepossessing box has been transformed into a prepossessing home through the fairy agency of "growing things."

Two of the French windows in the parlor were made one and thrown out two feet,

thereby breaking the long line of wall and securing an attractive lounging seat within. From the corner was swung a quaint Japanese flower basket under a peaked hood. A chain and pulley enabled the contents of the basket to receive the necessary care and also added to the novelty. The French window in the second room was given a hood or awning whose supports were lost in the tangle of bloom in the box at the base. The upper sash was filled with inexpensive fretwork.

The treatment of the two windows in the dining room was much the same, only as the room was flooded with sunlight the fretwork filled the sashes. The boxes were filled with hardy plants and vines, the awning protected them from the glare of the sun, and they grew into a riot of color that framed each window.

In unrealistic novels Priscilla still trails her muslin skirts down the graveled garden paths, a flapping hat wreathed with roses on her soft curls and a basket slung from her arm. With delicate hands, carefully

gloved, she snips the dead leaves and fills the basket with the choicest flowers. In real life, Mary in a trim shirt waist and short tailored skirt leans from her window to put in order the box of bloom that forms her only garden. Mary may not be as picturesque as Priscilla, but she does not interfere with the cultivation of the lawn, and as has been said, a yearning for a smooth, even, green turf is a passion shared alike by men and women.

Window gardens are no longer a novelty; they are becoming a necessity

What is a Hen Worth?

By W. N. Scott, Trail, B. C.

We were struck by a paragraph in a booklet sent out by the B. C. Poultry Association, in which the author, John H. Robinson, of Boston Mass., states: "It is frequently stated that early hatched pullets are worth \$1.50 to \$2.00, or even \$2.50, each for egg production alone. Such statements are, on their face, absurd, and very few hens are sold for layers at such prices. Persons who buy hens for laying purposes, only, at such figures pay an excessive price for them. Assuming that the pullet will lay, say twelve dozen eggs within a year after beginning, that the eggs will sell for twenty-five cents a dozen . . . for egg production alone, one cannot afford to pay much above their market value as poultry for pullets."

Most of us who breed nothing but so-called "fancy" poultry have been in the habit of valuating a hen by her conformity to standard rather than by purely commercial standards. The argument and conclusion, however, of Mr. Robinson appears to us so wide of the mark that I decided to start off a discussion and would like to see other commercial poultrymen take it up.

In a recent farm journal a dairy expert endeavored to figure out the value of a cow. His summing up was, that if a cow made 160 lbs. of butter a year, worth 30 cents a lb., that she was worth 160 x 30—\$48.00. If she made 600 lbs. she would be worth \$180.00. Such reasoning struck me as financial rubbish. According to U. S. Experimental Farm Investigations, it costs about \$95 a year to properly feed a cow. On an investment of \$48.00 I get \$48.00 worth of butter, put \$95.00 worth of feed into her and assuming she has not depreciated in value, I am 100 per cent in the hole. On an investment of \$180.00, I get \$180.00 in butter. Allow \$95.00 for feed and am \$85.00, or nearly 50 per cent ahead. Assuming that the 160-lb. cow was worth \$48.00 for beef, a man would need to get her for nothing and sell her in one year to break even. The principle of interest on investment is the only sound basis for computing value of live stock.

The pen accommodation for 1,000 hens in B. C. could be put up for \$1,000. The hire of one man at \$75 a month to give his full time to the birds which cost \$900 a year. Depreciation allowance of 10 per cent on buildings, another \$100, and another \$100 for interest on the investment of \$1,000 at 10 per cent. The feed bill at \$1.75 per bird will run \$1,750 a year, a total annual outlay and allowance of \$2,850, of \$5,700 for two-year period. If 10 dozen eggs a year for a two-year period be a fair average, and price in B. C. will average 40 cents a dozen, to be conservative, the income from eggs would be \$8,000.

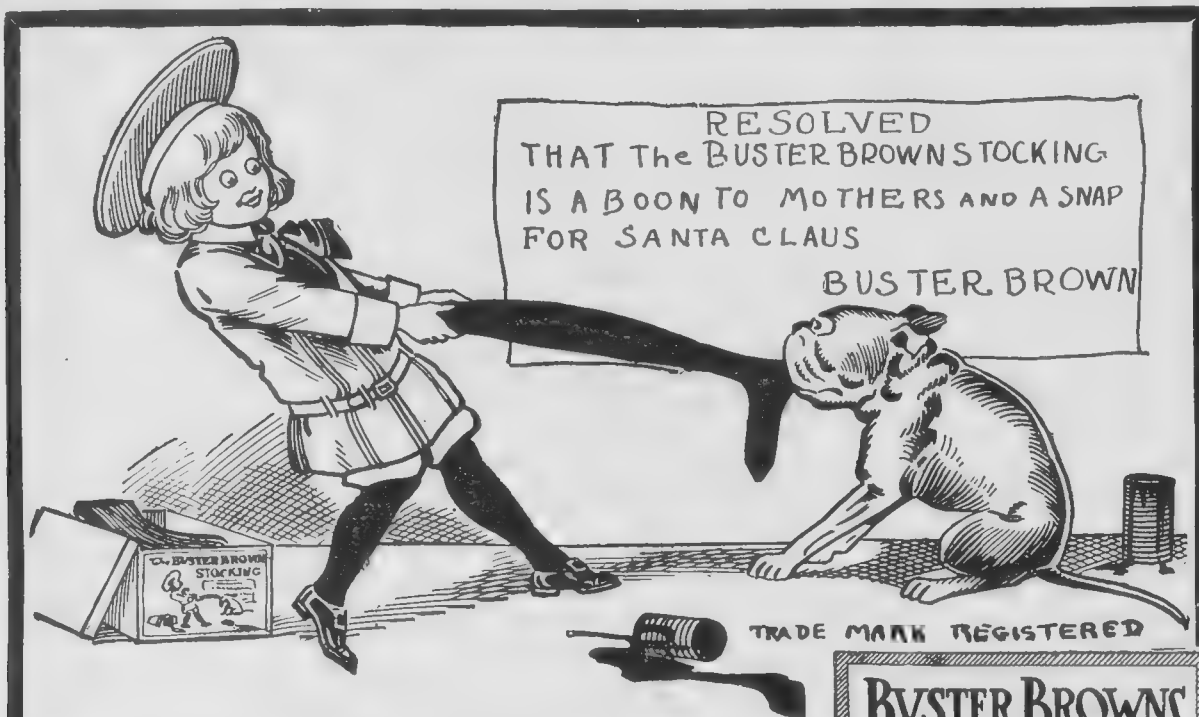
At the end of the second year the hens will easily bring \$1.00 each for meat, so that total return will be \$9,000 for two years.

If the expense allowance be \$5,700 the net profit is \$3,300 or \$1.65 per bird per year. If such a bird as a pullet cost \$3.00 she would return 55 per cent per annum on the investment.

The manure from 1,000 birds in two years would total 100 tons, worth at least \$10 a ton as a fertilizer, or \$1,000. Throw this in for contingencies, also \$100 worth of grain bags.

When one can save the \$900 a year for hired help, buy feed at carload prices, average 45 cents a dozen for eggs and 22-27 cents a lb. for dressed fowl, as we do in the Kootenays, one need have no hesitation in paying \$3 each for well matured early pullets, simply as a commercial proposition if—you know the business. If not, buy 10 hens and learn, the \$100 will come later.—"Successful Poultryman."

Wise mothers who know the virtues of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator always have it at hand, because it proves its value.



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Of course he is! Every healthy, normal boy is. Buster Brown Stockings stand the wear because they are made of long fibre cotton specially twisted and tested for durability, with a specially knitted double leg and three-ply heel and toe. They are fast dyed in Black and Leather Shade Tan, shapely and excellently finished.

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Buster Brown's Sister's Stocking for the girls is a splendid looking stocking at a moderate price. A two-thread English mercerized lisle stocking, that is shaped to fit and wears very well indeed. Colors—Black, Leather Shade Tan, Pink, Blue and White.

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With warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

This treatment will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit and before long you will see a decided improvement—a promise of that lovelier complexion which the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

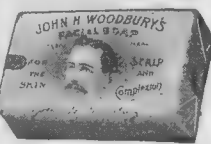
Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake. Tear off the illustration of the cake shown below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's today and try this treatment.

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Correspondence

A Carload Wanted.

Amulet, Sask., April 8th, 1914.

Dear Editor: Having been a reader of The Western Home Monthly for some time, I thought I would write a few lines. I am eighteen years of age, Canadian by birth, am fond of all kinds of sport, especially dancing. I think there is nothing better than a good dance in the winter time. I tried to learn skating, but couldn't make it go. I was oftener on my head than I was on my feet, so I gave it up. I can play either piano or organ. Well, so much for what I like. There are a number of bachelors around here. Most of them wanting a good housekeeper. I think there ought to be a carload of old maids shipped up from Ontario as there seem to be lots of them down there. Girls are getting pretty scarce here, as they are all getting married. I certainly pity some of these poor bachelors. It's pretty hard lines, when they work in the field all day, and then have to come in and get their own meals ready. I don't blame a bachelor for smoking, as I think that is the only comfort he has. Well between that and talking to the cat. If any of the readers would like to correspond with me my address is with the Editor. I will sign myself as,

Only Me.

The Country More Healthy.

Ontario, April, 1914.

Dear Editor: My grandmother takes The Western Home Monthly and we all enjoy its pages more than any other book or magazine we have ever taken. I live in the country not very far from the city of Hamilton, but I like the country best. Some girls in the city think that the girls that come from the country are not worth much, but I don't think they know what they are talking about, for if they did they would not talk so. They certainly have not got the rosy cheeks and such a free and easy time as the country girl has. Of course she has to work hard sometimes, but then work is good for her. I belong to the Methodist church, and neither dance or play cards. There has been quite a lot said about married life being a failure. Well, I don't think it is a failure, but one of the most beautiful things in a man's or woman's life if based on true love. I have a brother working in the city, and I miss him very much now that he has left home. I sing and play a little, but I don't whistle. I like winter pretty well, especially the skating part, but summer better, as I love to go roaming through the woods looking for all the beautiful things of Nature. There is a lovely big bush right across the road from our place, and some people think it must be so lonesome. Well, I think I must close now, I would like to communicate with "A Farmer's Daughter" in the April number. My address is with the Editor,

A June Rose.

Which Would You Prefer?

Sutton, Quebec, April, 1914.

Dear Editor: I have been an interested reader of your magazine for over a year and I enjoy reading it more than any other paper we take, especially the letters. In answer to the question, "Is marriage a failure?" I think it is in the majority of cases, but it is not necessary that it should be, if people would be sure their love was lasting before they were married it certainly would not be a failure. But that question is getting old. I would be very pleased to see answers on this question, "Which would make the better wife—a clean, cranky woman, or an untidy, affectionate woman?" I would greatly prefer the former if I were a man, which I am not, and therefore hope I may never live with either. I have always lived in Canada but my ancestors were Scotch and Irish, so of course I claim to be that too. I live on a farm, and at this time

of the year we are very busy making and canning maple syrup which is shipped to the Western provinces. I like the syrup very much and would not live where it was not made for a farm. My favorite sport is to drive around the country. I have a nice little horse that's always good unless otherwise, which she is quite often, so I have to keep my eyes open for scares. I should like to receive letters from any of the Westerners who care to write to a frightful looking kid. If any correspondent in Ireland or England happens to see this letter I would be very glad indeed to hear from them. Promising to answer all letters. I will sign myself,

Kittie.

What is Love?

Coronation, Alta., June 4, 1914.

Dear Editor—I have taken your magazine for several years and have been much interested in some of the subjects which have been discussed in the correspondence columns. I have never written myself but after reading all that has been written on the subject of love and marriage I feel that I should like very much to express some of my views on this subject. I am thirty-one years old and have spent that time in different places in the States between the Atlantic and Pacific and for the past seven years have been a farmer in Alberta. I have known many women and have had what is commonly called a number of "love affairs," and I might say here that I am still unmarried. I am writing this letter with the one purpose, that it may be of help to men, and girls too, younger than myself. To boys and girls of certain temperament there is something strangely attractive, something almost sacred, in the attachments formed during school days, something in the "first love" which can never be experienced again. School days are over and the boy and girl drift apart, but one and sometimes both keep on dreaming dreams of love and in a fertile imagination this "first love" finds good soil for growth. But as a few swift years go by quite often one or the other forgets about the early attachment and marries and the other, perhaps it's the boy, keeps on dreaming of what "might have been." And so often many years are wasted taking a sad and melancholy pleasure in vain imaginations which might have been spent joyously in the love of other women. Then, after a time, it may be years, he finds as he holds some sweet girl close in his arms, that what he experiences now is love and what he has spent so long dreaming of was simply imagination. It may have been adoration or even worship but it was not love. Love as we are speaking of it here cannot be realized from an attitude of worship, but its full realization can only come from the contact of a close embrace. And now another thing, this applies more especially to the girls. A man meets a girl at the age when her mind is full of the pure beauty and absorbing romance of love. The girl thinks she falls in love with the man, but what she really does is fall in love with love. Some other man, not any other man, would have done just as well and oftentimes better. What I want to say, girls, is this, that the idea that there is only one man in all this world for you and the teaching that matches are made in Heaven is all trash and nonsense. And when a young man through these columns some time ago in all seriousness and with the simplicity of twenty-one years, asks "Is there such a thing as love?" I can understand him and feel sorry that he has never yet experienced this sweet illusion. And when we say illusion we cover perhaps far more than half the cases, for what else is it when we have thought and dreamed since school days of something as more permanent than life itself and suddenly at twenty-five as you press a pure, sweet girl, whom you have known less than a year, close to your heart, you find what you thought was love is not love at all and then e'er another



Why that Corn?

Why that pain, when Blue-jay would stop it instantly?

Why have a corn, when Blue-jay would remove it in two days?

Why that discomfort, when millions of people could tell you a way to get rid of it?

These are the facts:

Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. And from that instant all pain is stopped.

Then, while you work or sleep or play, Blue-jay undermines the corn. In two days you can lift it out, without any pain or soreness.

Think how easy, how simple.

While you pare corns, or doctor them in other petty ways, Blue-jay is taking out a million corns a month.

It is simply folly, in these modern days, to suffer from a corn. A single test will prove this.

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Little Boy Was Not Expected to Live

Was taken Sick with Diarrhoea

They Were 30 Miles From a Doctor

SO GOT

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Extract of

WILD STRAWBERRY,

Which Cured Him

Mrs. Fred Schopff, Pennant, Sask., writes:—"I used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry when my little boy was not expected to live. We were thirty miles from a doctor, when the little fellow took sick with Diarrhoea. He at first would sleep nearly all day, and at night would be in pain, and would have a passage every five or ten minutes. This went on day and night until he began to pass blood. I gave him "Dr. Fowler's," but without any good effect at first, so I began to give him a larger dose, and soon he began to get relief. It was the only medicine I had in the house at the time, and I always keep it now for inside of three days my boy was out playing, and was as well as ever."

This grand remedy has been on the Canadian market for nearly seventy years, and is without a doubt, the best known remedy for all Bowel Complaints.

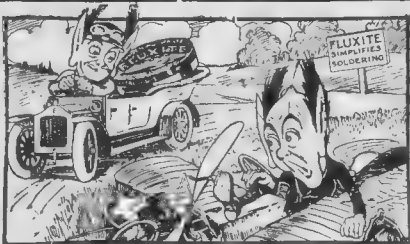
Refuse to take any other preparation when you ask for "Dr. Fowler's."

There is nothing else that can be

"JUST AS GOOD."

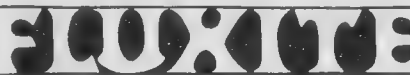
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See that the name of The T. Milburn Co., Limited, appears on the wrapper.



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His courage dims,
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He trusts his limbs.

It's used in making Army Aeroplanes, is



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Simplifies Soldering
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The "FLUXITE" SOLDERING SET contains a special "small-space" Soldering Iron; a Pocket Blow-Lamp; Fluxite, Solder, etc., and a pamphlet on "Soldering Work."

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for publication. Send us your verses or melodies. Experience is unnecessary. WE WILL REVISE, WRITE MUSIC TO YOUR WORDS, PUBLISH, ADVERTISE, AND COPYRIGHT IN YOUR NAME. Our composing staff best. Instructive book, "SUCCESSFUL SONGWRITING," free.

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year has passed this girl has passed from your life, her place to be taken by another. And so I say that when we characterize love as an illusion, as a sweet and passing fancy, we have come very near the truth in more than half the cases. I should be glad to hear from those who think I am wrong and those who think I am right too. We may say this should not be so, that may be, but I have only tried to show you what my experience has taught me are the facts we meet in the world of life and passion and love.

Sunset Bill.

A Mind of Her Own

Toronto, Ont., June, 1914.

Dear Editor—First let me express my great appreciation of your very interesting magazine, The Western Home Monthly. I must confess that I knew nothing of it until visiting in the country a month or so ago when I was fortunate enough to discover several of the back numbers. After obtaining consent, I carried these home with me and have since been enjoying them to a great extent, especially the correspondence column. It was a letter written to the column by "Teetotaler" in 1913 (excuse the figures and please do not think I am a year behind in everything), that prompted me to write. In this particular letter "Teetotaler" provided me at least with a very startling piece of information. I understand him to think (he

Cheerfulness a Great Gift

Belvedere, Alta., June, 1914.

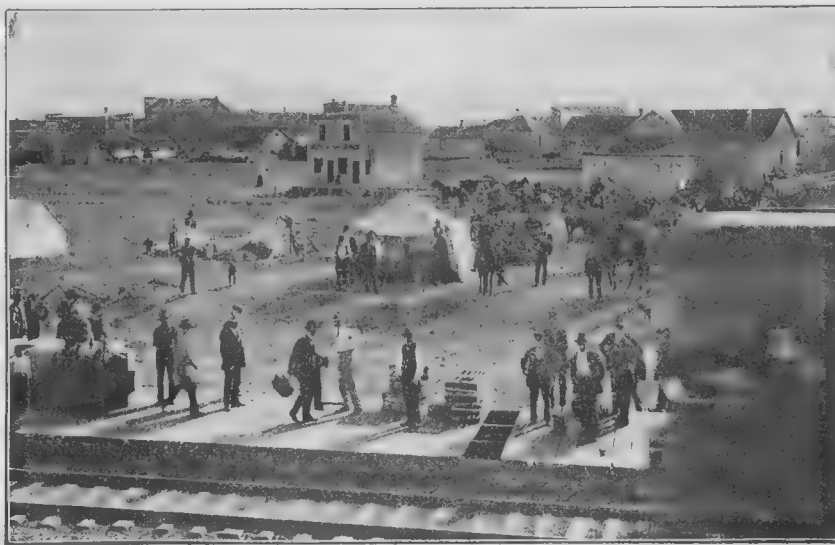
Dear Editor—This is my first letter to our correspondence column. I have been a subscriber since January, so I thought as I read the other letters that I would like to write too. We came from Ontario four years ago and now we live sixty miles northwest of Edmonton and forty miles from Morinville our nearest station. I have no brothers or sisters so I sometimes feel down-hearted but I cannot say lonesome. Out in the country I think it is impossible for any one to get really lonesome, that is if they are anyway cheerful and fond of outdoor work. I love riding, milking cows, etc. I can't say I like housework, but of course it has to be done, so why not go about it in a cheerful manner and get it done, and then you are free and it is off your mind. I don't know what else to write this time but hoping to get some correspondents, I am,

Sweet Sixteen.

Teaching School

Manitoba, June, 1914.

Dear Editor—I have just been reading the correspondence page in The W.H.M. My father has been a subscriber to our paper for years. I read "Chubby's" letter in the January issue. A great many people seem to think that a school teacher has very little to do at school and can do nothing useful else-



Strathmore, Alberta, and C.P.R. Distribution Town

wrote so, at any rate), that the Western girls do not care to marry and "neither have they any sympathy for bachelors." They write merely to find out how many young men will be foolish enough to write to them. Unless I am very much under the wrong impression, "Teetotaler" would have us believe that the Eastern young ladies are very anxious to marry and, as a last (?) resource, write to the correspondence column of The W.H.M. in order that they may become acquainted with some Western bachelors, with whom "Teetotaler" seems to think we sympathize so much. Many young men simply spoil themselves by being so conceited as to think that every girl who smiles in their direction is in love with them while very often she is just amused at the superior airs of the opposite sex. If "Teetotaler" still reads The W. H. M. and is unfortunate (?) enough to see this, I do hope that he will understand that because I live in the east I am not trying to become acquainted with him, that I am not anxious to marry, since I haven't reached my twentieth birthday yet, and if I were anxious, there are heaps and heaps of good and capable men right here. I fear you will think, dear Editor, that I have been taking up too much of your no doubt valuable time for a newcomer, but I could not resist writing. I hope you will allow me to visit you again and that you will not all think I am an old crank with a mind of my own. I despise "sticks in the mud" and admire a person who is full of fun but can be serious when the occasion demands it. With best wishes I bring this epistle to a close.

Aura Lee.

When Holloway's Corn Cure is applied to a corn or wart it kills the roots and the callosity comes out without injury to the flesh.

where. Those who have no experience in teaching or training children can hardly realise how much patience and tact are required daily in a school room where there are thirty or forty children. In such a school a teacher's work is not finished at 4 p.m. A rural teacher's work may be finished at 4 o'clock, but as we often find ten or twelve pupils in as many as seven or eight classes, the teacher will likely have work to do after hours. Is it often hard to obtain a good boarding place close to the school. Sometimes you cannot even go to church more than two or three times a year unless you walk three or four miles. Well girls, what do you think of Bismark's letter? I intended to send mine last month and was going to discuss the topic which he mentioned. I do not understand why girls who leave home at the age of sixteen or seventeen to be school teachers should know nothing about housework, sewing, etc. Such knowledge is easily carried and often useful when you are away from home as well as when at home; so get busy girls and learn to be housekeepers while you are at home. If there are any who think I don't know whether it be possible or not, I would like them to read the following sentence and not think that it is written for self praise. I have a second class certificate, a fair knowledge of music and all kinds of housework, can do a lot of my own sewing, and have taught school for nearly two and a half years, although I am not yet out of my teens. Any who care to write to me my address is with the Editor.

Prairie Rose.

They Only Laugh

Deloraine, Man., June, 1914.

Dear Editor—We have taken The Western Home Monthly for many years

Had a Weak Heart and Bad Shaky Nerves for Years

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Cured Him

Mr. H. Percy Turner, Marie Joseph, N.S., writes:—"I have had a weak heart and bad, shaky nerves for years, and have tried almost everything, but nothing did me any good till I was advised to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I was surprised to find how one box helped me, so I tried two more and am now completely cured. You may use my letter as an aid to others suffering from heart or nerve troubles."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are a specific for all run down men and women troubled with their heart or nerves.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



The
Painless
Drugless

Road to Health

Are you run down? Has disease sapped your vitality? Throw off this worn-out feeling and regain robust health by use of Oxydonor.

Thirteen Years' Use

"Having had an Oxydonor in my house for thirteen years, I prize it more highly than ever. It has cured me and my family of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Salt Rheum, Neuralgia, Sick Headaches, Bronchitis, and Womb Trouble; also cured Colds, Sore Throat, La Grippe, Pneumonia and Fever. I would not be without Oxydonor in my house for one day."

Mrs. A. E. Edgecombe, 131 Gore Vale Ave., Dec. 16, 1913. Toronto, Ont.

Beware of fraudulent imitations. The genuine is plainly stamped with the name of the originator and inventor, Dr. H. Sanche.

Write to-day for free book on health.

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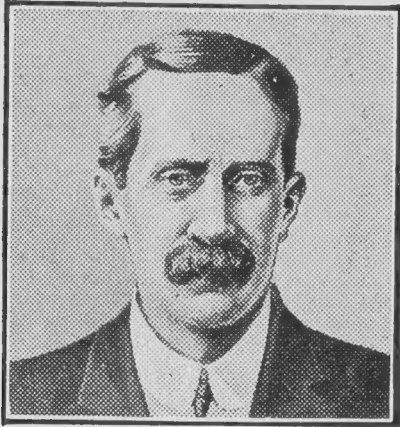
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WINNIPEG

WHOLE FAMILY USES THEM

"Fruit-a-tives" Keeps Young And Old
In Splendid Health



J. W. HAMMOND Esq.

SCOTLAND, ONT., Aug. 25th. 1913
"Fruit-a-tives" are the only pill manufactured, to my way of thinking. They work completely, no griping whatever, and one is plenty for any ordinary person at a dose. My wife was a martyr to Constipation. We tried everything on the calendar without satisfaction, and spent large sums of money until we happened on "Fruit-a-tives". I cannot say too much in their favor.

We have used them in the family for about two years and we would not use anything else as long as we can get "Fruit-a-tives".

Their action is mild, and no distress at all. I have recommended them to many other people, and our whole family uses them".

J. W. HAMMOND.
Those who have been cured by "Fruit-a-tives" are proud and happy to tell a sick or ailing friend about these wonderful tablets made from fruit juices.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c.
At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.



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Original
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LEG** LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED
by Cutter's Blackleg Pills. Low-priced, fresh, reliable; preferred by Western stockmen, because they protect where other vaccines fail. Write for booklet and testimonials. 10-dose pkg. Blackleg Pills \$1.00 50-dose pkg. Blackleg Pills 4.00 Cutter's Blackleg Pill Injector 1.50

Discounts: 250 doses, 10 p. ct.; 500 doses, 20 p. ct. Use any injector, but Cutter's simplest and strongest. Every package dated, unused pills exchangeable for fresh after date on package. Do not use old vaccine (ours or any other), as it affords less protection than fresh. Insist on Cutter's. If unobtainable, order direct. Send check or M. O. we pay charges and ship promptly. Vaccine and injectors pass duty free. THE CUTTER LABORATORY, Berkeley, California.

and find it a very interesting paper. It is always welcomed in our home. I always delight in reading the correspondence columns and think some of the letters are very interesting. I notice in the May issue "Honey Dew's" letter and feel like answering it. She seems to have great sympathy for the "Lonely bachelors of the West." Now, I have three brothers in the West and they just laugh when they read such letters. They say that the bachelors in the West are not all lonely. As for Women's Votes—we are greatly in favor of same as they are much needed in the Northwest. We would certainly do all in our power to abolish the bar. Some of the girls are so afraid of offending the men if they should say a word or two favoring women's votes. I think "Honey Dew" is one of these. Hoping I am not taking up too much space I will sign myself,
Manitoba Pearl.

"Sheho" on a Trip

Gloucester, England, Victoria Day.

Dear Editor—With very best remembrances to yourself and my Canadian friends I write you these few lines, thanking you for printing my letter which I wrote from Invermay, Sask., in March, and also for the space you so kindly permitted me. I came from Invermay, Sask., on April 15th for a holiday, knowing that if I did not take a holiday then I never would. I had a fine trip, which might interest the readers of The Western Home Monthly. I started from Invermay on the night of April 16th, arrived at Winnipeg on the morning of the 17th. I stayed in Winnipeg all day. I walked in and went all over Eaton's store and bought a few presents. The night of the 17th we started by train from Winnipeg to Montreal, thence we changed and caught a train for St. John and we had to stay until the following Wednesday before we could embark. On the night of the 22nd we sailed for the dear homeland. We never saw any land for five days. We did not see any icebergs as we took the winter route. We arrived in Bristol on the morning of the 28th without mishap and had glorious weather. I am afraid I am taking up too much space so will bid you good-bye for the present.
Sheho.

Homesteads for Women

Bladworth, Sask., June, 1914.

Dear Editor—Will try and write a few lines to the column. I see one correspondent in the May issue proposed that some of the young men should give their views on "homesteads for women." Now, I for one think this a capital idea as I think a woman or girl should have as much right to file on a homestead as a man. If they had it would go a long way towards making the now lonesome drag of homesteading more like living than it is at present. I have seen some settlements where there would be scarcely a woman in a whole township. It makes things look kind of homelike to see a woman around the farm. I think a man batching on a farm is up against a hard proposition, as he can't, or hasn't time, to prepare his meals as they should be, specially during seeding and harvesting as he has to put in all the time possible in the field. I will close, wishing the column every success and will sign as before,
Engineer.

Now Then Manitoba Girls

Alberta, June, 1914.

Dear Editor—It is with great pleasure that I let people know that I am a subscriber to your interesting and valuable magazine. The departments of your paper are well chosen and very ably handled. I am a homesteader in the best province in the Dominion and will say that the man who can't make good here will never do it in any other place. I will not give a tabulated description of myself as some do, suffice it to say that I am a regular "Kelly" with all the trimmings. However, I will mention the fact that I am still in the bachelor state, and if any of you charming Manitoba girls want some fun why just drop your uncle a line. To those wishing to know about any part of Northern Alberta I can give a fair idea as I have been from the G.T.P. to the Arctic circle. In closing will say that my address is with the Editor, and wishing everyone success, I remain as ever,
Peshishik.

A "Helping Hand" Extended to the Middle Aged Woman

THERE comes a time in every woman's life when she undergoes an important change. This is a critical period. It is a time when a woman needs her full health and strength. For your own sake you should anticipate this.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

The latest in medical science is contained in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser—new and revised edition of 1008 pages, only 31c. Address Dr. Pierce's Invalid's Hotel, Buffalo

has been recommended for over forty years as a tonic for women. It is helpful in the equalization of the circulation of the blood and in regulating the action of the bowels. Nervousness and low spirits disappear. Happiness and contentment take their place.

Sold in tablet or liquid form by Medicine Dealers—or send 50 cents for sample box



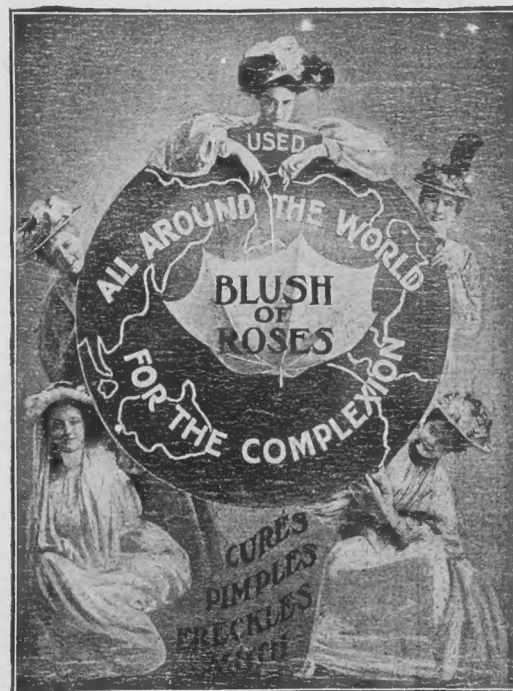
The Secret of Beauty

is a clear velvety skin and a youthful complexion. If you value your good looks and desire a perfect complexion, you must use Beetham's La-rola. It possesses unequalled qualities for imparting a youthful appearance to the skin and complexion of its users. La-rola is delicate and fragrant, quite greaseless, and is very pleasant to use. Get a bottle to-day, and thus ensure a pleasing and attractive complexion.

BEETHAM'S La-rola

Obtainable from all
Chemists and Stores
M. BEETHAM & SON,
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FREE! FREE! TO LADIES



A Bottle of Blush of Roses

The regular price of the bottle of Blush of Roses I send free is 75c. In other words, it is a regular full-sized 75c bottle that I give to any lady absolutely free. The most perfect face preparation and complexion beautifier. Whiten the face as soon as applied, still its use cannot be detected. BLUSH OF ROSES is clear as water; no sediment to fill the pores. BLUSH OF ROSES will positively remove tan, freckles, pimples, blackheads, liver spots, moth-patches, erysipelas and salt-rheum. Remember this, no matter how dark or sallow your complexion may be, you will see it improving day by day until a clear, smooth and beautiful complexion is obtained. Gentlemen who admire a lady's fine, clear complexion are not adverse to having the same themselves. And why should they hesitate to use the BLUSH OF ROSES? It is clear as water, takes the shine from the face, removes all the impurities of the skin and leaves no sign like powder or paint. The only clear, pure and harmless face preparation made. Cures eczema and all skin diseases. Price 75c per bottle. Address Mrs. Frances E. Currah, Windsor, Ont.

Write For Free Trial Offer

Blush of Roses is Also For Sale by the
T. EATON CO. LTD., TORONTO and WINNIPEG

Woman and the Home

Little Helps

Face cloths made of three thicknesses of mosquito netting are very satisfactory, especially for traveling. They keep white and dry quickly. A good finish for the edge is made by crocheting a small scallop in white, pink or blue silk.

I have found that in making traveling cases to hold toilet articles, such as brush, comb, toothbrush, and cases for other things, like rubber overshoes, it is better to stitch the rubber lining separately. Then when you wish to wash or iron the case, slip out the rubber case and you can iron the outside when it would be impossible to do so with the rubber lining.

"I've triumphed over these rubber men at last," declared a business girl. "I used to wear out three or four pairs of rubbers in a season until I learned to have a lift of leather (one thickness) put on the inside of the heel and another on the outside, to which was fastened the regulation heel plate. The cobbler will do the work for ten cents, and this lengthens the life of the rubbers so much that now I need only one pair a season."

Every mother of a small son knows how well-nigh impossible it is to keep a bandage on his finger. Also, how frequently little boys' fingers are in need of bandaging. Before throwing away old kid gloves cut off the good fingers for "finger stalls" for the boy. Cut the under side short, but let the top run back to the wrist of the glove; then split this strip to form straps to fasten around the child's wrist with a small safety pin. These stalls will be quite large enough to cover the bandaged finger of a small child and will save endless time and worry. For larger children use fingers from a man's glove.

A Daughter's Story

When it was proposed that George and I should go to his parents place to live after our marriage, it was I who demurred. I liked his father and mother, but — I wanted a home of my own. They urged our coming. Finally, to please them, I consented. Do you know, I had not been there a week before I knew that it was all a mistake. We should not have been cajoled and coaxed into coming. In the first place George's mother, in some respects the dearest, kindest hearted woman in the world, was, decidedly "cluttery." I, by nature and the teaching of a very neat mother, had an abhorrence of seeing things thrown around and I seemed to be picking up and putting away all the time. Mother Thompson didn't seem to care. She would laugh and say good naturedly: "Mary has a steady job," and then throw down her garments right on the parlor lounge or piano, if it chanced to be the handiest.

Then Father Thompson had a dreadful habit of chewing tobacco and spitting. I used to feel actually sick at times, yet, was it not his own home? How could I object, I, who had no legal right there and then, besides, he was so pleasant and always ready to do the chores and let George and I go away, how could I find fault with a life, long habit that, probably, had never been criticized and of whose nastiness he had no conception?

George was very good to me and I hated to complain to him of his own father and mother, especially when they were more than generous in the matter of division of the profits of the farm.

But somehow I felt as if I had no home, was, in truth, a sort of "pilgrim and stranger."

One day a lovely spring Sunday, I suddenly thought of a way out, a possible way out, if all hands would agree.

There was on the place a house that had been intended for a hired man and his family. It contained, for I had examined it thoroughly, five rooms, one very small, and it was much out of repair and needed a coat of paint very badly. But, in my mind, I saw this little house renovated and set in order and George and I living in it, in our own dear little home. I spoke to

him about it. At first he thought that, after the spaciousness of the big house I would be discontented with this smaller abode. Then, as I kept talking about it, he, too, became enthusiastic. We rather disliked speaking to the old folks about our desire, for fear they would think us very ungrateful, but, do you know they metaphorically as it were, jumped at it and I learned then, for the first time, that they, too, had been putting up with us as much as we had with them.

I heard Mother Thompson say to her husband: "I wouldn't have said one word, not if they'd stayed here forty-eleven years, but I think it's a mighty good thing that George has such a sensible wife. I'm tired of being picked up all the time. Mary

Training Boys to Cook

If any mother is perfectly certain that her boys are to spend all their lives in town, and if she is also certain that every emergency will find them amply supplied with money so that they can afford to buy cooked food or patronize restaurants perhaps she can feel easy about not teaching them to cook; but even then there are occasions when all manly men wish they had been trained to prepare a few dishes in their mother's kitchens. With domestic helpers so very scarce on the farms, it is not to be wondered at that many farmers' wives are teaching the boys to cook and to insist that cooking shall include dishwashing and cleaning up when they are done.

It isn't easy to persuade boys to like cooking unless there are some extra inducements to offer. Most boys think it looks "sissy" to putter about a kitchen; but once they are convinced that many good times go with a knowledge of cooking, they are not so hard to catch. One mother craftily helped to build a small furnace in the back yard where the boys could fry

If there are any of these in the home they should not be forgotten on "packing up" day. The rainy day—remember.

A pressed flower album is often of great interest to boys and girls. A large book should be taken along, in which the flowers may be pressed. Besides the pressing book, another book should be ready for the mounting of the flowers. This mounting book should have pure white drawing paper in it. The flowers will appear better on pure white paper. A tiny bit of mucilage will easily hold the flowers in place. The rainy day is a good time to look after this pressed flower album.

Not one person in ten ever will forget the times when they used to play school. Twentieth century children have seemingly inherited the liking for it, for in nearly every neighborhood every summer there are usually to be found a bevy of children forever playing the old old game that Socrates no doubt played in the long ago before he grew so wise. This game is an ideal one for the rainy day at the resort. The pleasure is heightened if a small moveable blackboard is provided, together with chalk and erasers for the little teacher. A box or two of crayons will not come in amiss, while plasticine, the very sound of which smacks of kindergarten days, always pleases little folks.

It is a wise idea also to have with you weaving paper of many colors. Colored squares of paper will suggest drinking cups and pianos which the childish hands are so apt in making.

Sewing cards also seem to attract many children. Three or four dozen of these cards will be none too many. Then tuck in as many spools of mercerized silk as you wish, together with a package of sewing card needles. The advantage in using these kind of needles lies in the fact that they are pointless and hence safer for the tiny seamstress. Little girls who have passed the doll stage and are yet too little to read to any advantage, will find sewing and embroidery very fascinating, especially if beautiful pieces of cotton, wool and silk are provided in a dainty work box.

With these amusements inside, the children will forget the dashing of the waves and the screaming of the wind-tossed sea gulls. At candle lighting time a happy group of youngsters will all agree that a rainy day is a happy day when mother takes that same day by the forelock.

Mother Hunger

If only I could find her—for the mother-hunger's on me;
I want to see and touch her, to know her close beside;
I want to put my head in the hollow of her shoulder,
I want to feel her love me as she did before she died.

In all the world is nothing, love of husband or of children,
In all the world is nothing that can soothe me or can stir
Like the memory of her fragile hand on which the ring was slipping—
The hand that wakes my longing at the very thought of her.

The window in the sunshine and the empty chair beside it,
The loneliness that mocks me as I find the sacred place!
O mother, is there naught in the unerring speech of silence
To let me know your presence, tho' I cannot see your face?

Thank God that I have had you—that we held each other closer,
As women and as sisters and as souls that claimed their own,
Than any tie of blood could bind; and now my heart is bleeding,
My heart is bleeding, mother, and yours is turned to stone

O, no, I've not forgotten the triumph and the glory—
I would not bring you back again to struggle and to pain
This hour will pass; but O, just now, the mother-hunger's on me,
And I would give my soul to-night to kiss your hair again.
—H., in "Good Housekeeping."



Commencing a Mountain Climb in the Canadian Rockies

is so awful neat that I never know where anything is of mine any more and I have felt as if I was out somewhere visiting for a long time."

Then the dear, generous creatures fell to planning what they should give us to start to home-making with, and I guess they'd have stripped the house if we'd have let them. Now we're both contented. George and I have our own dear little home and the old folks have theirs, yet we are near enough to be helpful and handy, and we never have had and never shall have, a quarrel. Perhaps we never should, even with our varying tastes, if I had stayed at the big house, but none of us were really contented and now we all are. So, perhaps, my way may help solve the problem that is to-day destroying the harmony of so many households and keeping them from being homes

their own fish, boil green corn roast potatoes and pop corn without musing up the kitchen and the way those boys took to cooking was most gratifying. In a few weeks they could fry bacon, boil eggs, cook corn and potatoes and even make doubtful looking corn cakes on their outdoor furnace. It took a great deal of dirt and confusion out of the kitchen and trained the boys in useful work, besides keeping them at home under supervision.

Taking the Rainy Day by the Forelock

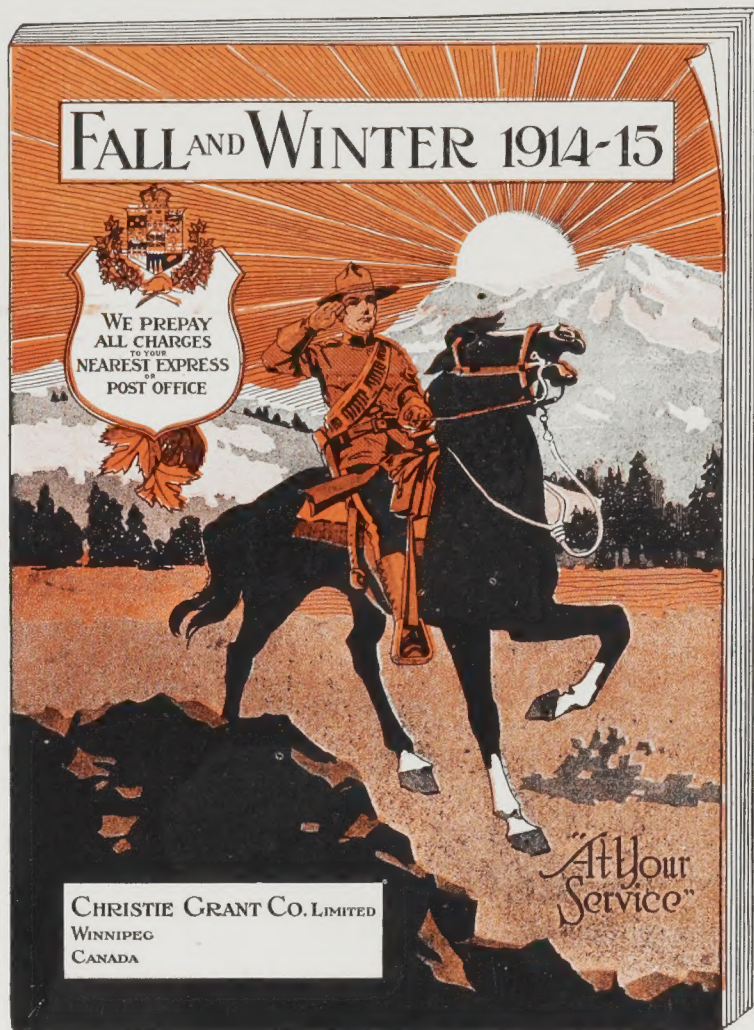
By G. Wolfe, Simpson, Sask.

Even at the liveliest of summer resorts "Some days must be dark and dreary; some days the rain must fall." It is then that the dearest of children will droop, whine and eventually spoil your day. Happy is the woman who not only takes the rainy day by the forelock, but who also solves its problems before she flits to her summer home.

Among the many of children's amusements, none seem more universally liked than carron, crokinole or checker boards.

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